

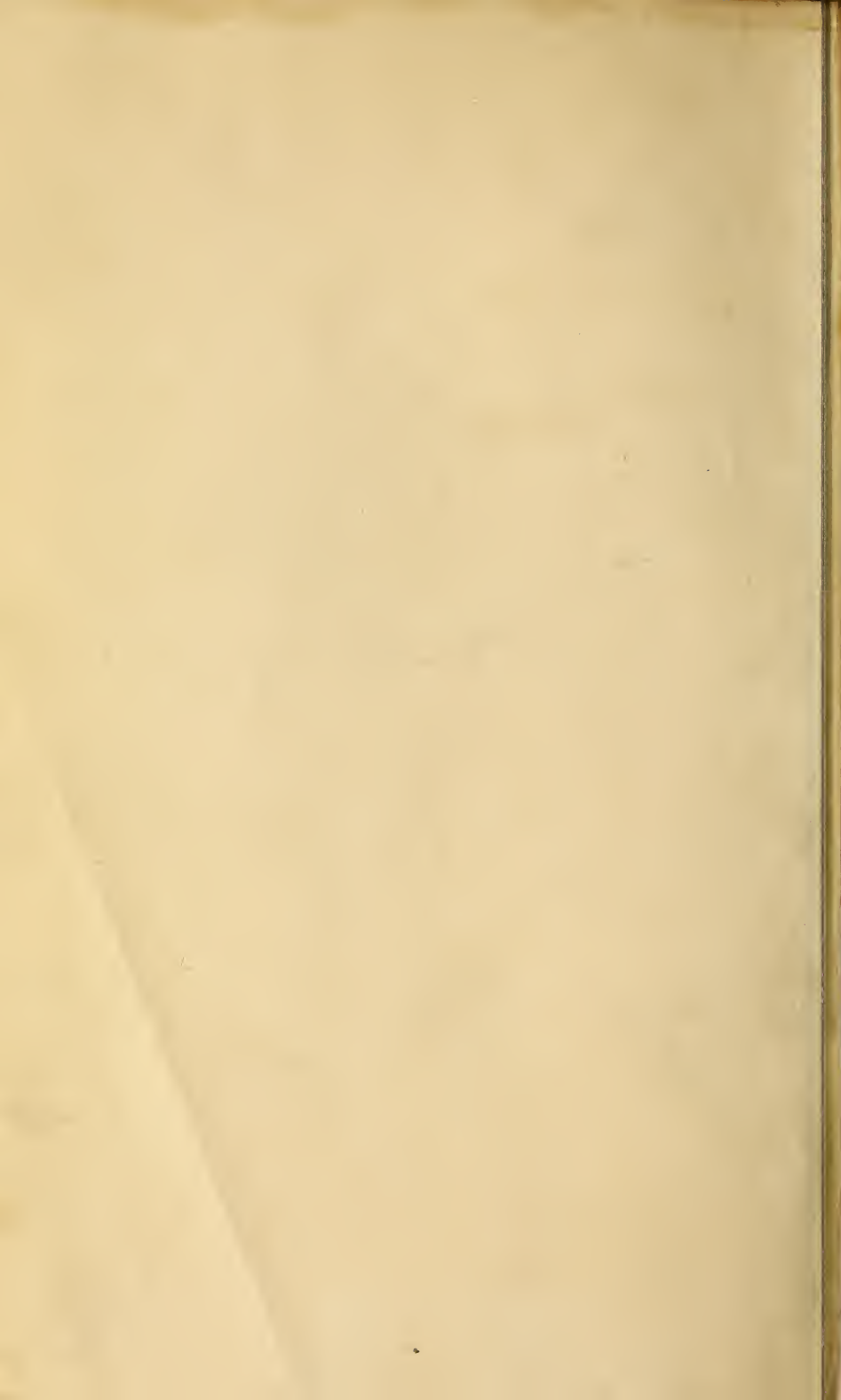


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Wofford

College

Journal

OCTOBER, 1902.

VOLUME

NUMBER 1

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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i

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All advertisements must be in our hands by Nov. 1st, and will belong to us. None will be returned.

All advertisements must be addressed to our store, and be marked on the envelope "Advertising Contest." The winning advertisement together with the name of the writer will be published in the next issue of the Wofford College Journal. An impartial committee of three men will decide as to the merits of the advertisement.

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Prof. HUGH T. SHOCKLEY, City:

Dear Professor—As you see by measurements enclosed, I have gained  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in normal chest measure. I am gaining more rapidly now than at first. I feel better than I have for five years, and am satisfied that the exercise has produced my improved health.

(Copy.)

Yours truly,  
 Rev. M. L. BANKS.

# Wofford College Journal.

## Literary Department

S. M. DAWKINS, EDITOR.

### *The Changing Season.*

Summer has passed with its sultry days  
Of burning heat and beating rays;  
The fiery orb now southward goes,  
Yielding slowly to winter's snows.

The golden colors of autumn gleam  
Along the banks of the winding stream  
In ribbons of yellow, and crimson, and gold  
Which wasteful nature now unrolls.

Among the hills the colors flame  
In gorgeousness of hue and stain—  
Vermillion tints with dash on dash  
In varying richness brightly flash.

And the tinkling cow-bells from the hills,  
With a sound of music which beats and trills,  
Ring out in the twilight's fading glow  
As the chill October breezes blow.

—S.

### *Three Kinds of Monopolies.*

(Oration of Wofford's Representative at the State Oratorical Contest.)

If some profound student of economic conditions, one who has studied deeply the causes which produce the aggregation of monster industrial monopolies, and their effects upon the general public, were asked what problem was of greatest moment to the American people, he might well say: the problem as to how the people might be given their rights with reference to patent, municipal and transportation monopolies.

We know that the evil of all privileged and monopolistic

V. 14  
10/1902

combinations is real, yet much of the talk about them is vague and indefinite. Those who complain seldom define their grievances clearly and still less often perceive the compelling causes which are at work. The result is that great confusion of thought is manifested and conflicting remedies, bewildering in variety, are proposed. Many people have the notion that combination is in itself an evil or that it necessarily results in evil. Others think that competition is at fault, and they would have the law interfere by granting to private individuals, some privileges—privileges which would, in all probability, give them an undue advantage over the masses of the people. Yet it is plain that competition is the natural order among free men, and plainer still that the community derives many benefits from it. As a matter of fact none of these lines of thought go to the heart of the matter. The truth of the business is that the evils of which there is so much complaint arise generally out of the restrictions created and out of the granting of rights and special privileges by law. The true remedy will be found in removing these restrictions and abolishing these privileges, giving to all parties equal rights.

But before forming any conclusions or offering any solution to this great problem let us look into the inner workings of the three most important restrictions and special privileges against which commerce and industry now struggle so vigorously. Let us first look into the operation of patent monopolies.

We know that a manufacturer is willing to pay a high price for an invention that the public needs. An inventor will therefore demand a high price of a manufacturer when he knows that the latter, (by having the sole right to make and sell this) will gather to himself a rich harvest. When a manufacturer buys a patent from the inventor, for seventeen years no other man but himself can make and sell this invention. Much may be said in favor of our government's granting these patents to individuals or to a body of men. This grant encourages individual genius. The rewards that are offered for the products of individual



genius are a great incentive to those who are trying to invent something useful. But the point is that where individuals gain, whole communities lose. We can find many cases where business men, who have gotten a monopoly patent, put their prices so high that the masses of the people are unable to get the benefit of the invention. It was only until about five or six years ago that the telephone was generally used by the public. The Bell Telephone Company took out a patent on their 'phone and kept it for upwards of seventeen years. The result was that during this time it could not be possessed by all but was enjoyed by the moneyed few. We see clearly that the inventors were rewarded at the expense of really denying to the masses of the people the use of the invention.

The question now arises can we find a system that shall insure for the inventor his just reward and also let the community get the benefit of his invention at the same time? Instead of allowing an inventor to sell a monopoly of his invention to one man let us make it a law that he shall sell to any man who is willing to pay the market price of his invention. Under our present system suppose a man brought before the public an invention for utilizing heat, whereby many millions of tons of coal might be saved each year. The inventor would probably receive from one manufacturer a sum of \$100,000. The manufacturer pays this high price because he can get a monopoly patent on the invention and because he can sell it to the exclusive benefit of his own private interests. Under the new system proposed the inventor would be compelled to sell this invention to any manufacturer who is willing to pay him the market price of the invention. Instead of the inventor's receiving \$100,000 from one manufacturer he would probably receive \$100,000 from each of fifteen manufacturers. Instead of one manufacturer making and selling the invention, fifteen men will have the same privilege. Instead of having a monopoly on this invention we should have free and full competition. Instead of the inventor alone being rewarded. whole com-

munities would enjoy the use of his invention, which use can only be brought about through effective competition.

Now let us turn to the discussion of municipal monopolies. By municipal monopolies we mean those that have been granted by the public authorities to private corporations, furnishing us with water, lights and transportation. We call them monopolies because, as we know by experience, we cannot have in their case any force-giving and lasting competition.

There are many and grievous evils resulting from the granting of such privileges to private individuals, and what is still worse, many of these evils are unknown. Does private ownership of public utilities tempt rich men to wrong courses of action and does it on the other hand place great power in the hands of ill-gotten wealth? We know that private parties manage private property in their own interests, and, yet on the other hand, we know that regulations demanded in the public interest are often brought forward, not to promote the public interest but to promote the flow of wealth from the treasuries of private corporations into the pockets of corrupt legislators. We can find many cases where private corporations use their money and power to bribe the municipal authorities and to get control of the city's business. But leaving out all questions of competition is it possible that our gas works and other public utilities would serve the public better in the hands of a private corporation? We know that the public utilities are for the most general use of the public in the community. Then, shall we trust an agency so powerful, the proper use of which is absolutely essential to our welfare, into the hands of a few to be used for their own private gain and power? Clearly not. Where it is done, we shall see the moneyed few rewarded at the expense of the general public, since the overnecessary expense is the product of private ownership. As long as these great rewards in the form of franchises are granted to private individuals our industries will be hampered, our politics will be corrupted by bribery and fraud and our people will have to pay unnecessarily high prices for

these kinds of service, and, owing to the poor quality of the service they will be subjected to daily and hourly inconvenience.

We have seen the evils that grow out of private parties owning public utilities and the true test of our civilization is our own ability to remove these evils. Both theory and experience have forced us to the inevitable conclusion that the only way to remove this greatest enemy to purity and efficiency in city governments is to take these great municipal monopolies from private hands and use them as public functions. This kind of management has won its spurs in England. The government in English cities fifty years ago was just as bad as ours is now. For the last fifty years it has continued to improve so that we find in nearly all English cities that the government owns and controls its public utilities. At any time and in any place when right-minded people know that the responsibility rests upon the government, they will give their attention to the betterment of the government, and instead of asking others, — private corporations, to help them, they will help themselves. Not until then shall we have these great municipal monopolies in their modern form, operated as public functions at cost, without discrimination against any one and with equal opportunities for all.

The last and greatest monopoly with which we have to deal is the transportation monopoly, of which railroads form the most important class. Since the principles, however, which should direct the relations between the government and the railroads will apply equally to all other forms of transportation agencies, it will be sufficient to discuss here these principles with reference to railroads only.

We have found from experience that railroads are the common inheritance of mankind. The farmers, merchants and manufacturers are the chief factors in the building up of our great trade centres; and the traffic carried on over our public highways could not long exist without the stimulating influence of these busy marts of trade. Notwithstanding the fact that railroads ought to be operated as public

highways, we should not be led to think that our government is free from monopoly in the railroad business. There is no sentiment so strong that it may not be crushed out; there is no government so watchful that it may not be imposed upon. But this very freedom of action that our government gave to the first owners of railroads has laid open this particular field of wealth to all sorts of abuses. The abuses, of which there is so much complaint, arise from the operation of our public highways by private parties. The evils against which our people now struggle so vigorously, come to us in the shape of discriminations and consolidations. Railroad magnates are forced to admit that the discriminations against individuals and whole communities grow out of an attempt to increase their income by granting favors to weak enterprises and overtaxing strong ones.

The most generous of these discriminations is that practiced against individuals because it has a demoralizing effect upon individual industry and energy. Where discrimination exists, every shipper is placed in the hands of a private corporation and independent citizens become mere parasites, living at the will of others. Some shippers are afraid to lay bare the abuses practiced by their patrons for fear that others may receive more favors and crush them out of business. Worse than all, the railroads demand that great secrecy be maintained by those to whom these favors are granted. Thus we see no shipper is confident that his competitors do not have better rates than himself.

We know, too, that discrimination against whole communities has arisen because railroad corporations wished to increase their business at competitive points at the expense of their rivals. Where competition existed, the railroad owners offered every inducement in rates to control "the through business," but at non-competitive points their charges were unreasonable. The railroad magnates forget that their lines are common highways for all points that touch them. They forget that all towns have equal rights and that the only difference which should exist is the difference between

service and cost. Thus the very nature and extent of the unjust discriminations they have practiced have led us to the inevitable conclusion that the advantages and privileges granted to certain towns and cities are designed only for personal and selfish interests. Is it possible that our government shall bear much longer this railroad despotism? Shall we be satisfied to have this veil of secrecy drawn over our eyes that we may not see the irreparable injuries done to a free and enlightened people?

The evil we meet face to face in unjust discrimination is by far less than that which comes from consolidation. It is doubtful whether there is any interest in the commercial world that has a greater tendency toward consolidation than has the railroad interest, and we know if consolidated wealth and power are not restrained by wholesome laws and public watchfulness they will ever take undue advantage of the masses of the people.

Combinations have been formed already until the entire railroad stock is almost absolutely controlled by a score of men. These great railroad magnates, representing the cold-blooded Shylocks, can actually sit around a table and control nearly every mile of railroad in the nation. By a stroke of the pen they can lock the wheels of every locomotive, they can make discriminations in rates, they can build up one section of the country and they can tear down another, and they can form partnerships with other industrial pirates so that there shall not be an independent business in the whole nation! Right now a great fight is being made in Minnesota and many other Western states against the consolidation of the "Great Northern" and "Northern Pacific" Railways under the guise of the "Securities Company." The people fight it because they believe it is a great economic and commercial wrong, and because they think it is an attempt to do away with competition, upon which the future of every city and community depends. Those who have read the future from the past know that the strangling of small trade centres, the destruction of individuals and communities and the gagging of a free press—the things which fol-

low consolidation—have arrived at a point where they threaten the steadfastness of society and the existing form of government. But shall the glory of commercialism under the present form of government blind us to the fact that big combinations are being formed which may, at will, overthrow the whole fabric of our government? Shall this system be allowed to keep on at its present rate until our cities shall stand as beggars at one end and look at wealth pouring into the pockets of the few at the other? Clearly not! Then how can we remove these great transportation monopolies?

The only way to root out the evil is to institute a most thorough system of national and state control over all the railroads of the country. Then the public authority and not the privileged few shall have full supervision over the rates and conduct of the railroad business. They shall have the power to investigate when the rights of the people are infringed upon, and the power to act when justice in this field of public industry is trampled down. We shall see the authorities of both nation and state so harmonized as to avoid any conflicts since they have no purpose to make any laws at which the railroads may complain, nor have they any other desire than to establish rules of equality and justice for the protection of the public.

Not until this system is instituted shall we be freed from the immorality of unjust discrimination.

Now that we have these remedies offered to us let us strive to get men of character, ability and intelligence at the head of our public affairs in order that these remedies may be used for the good of the general public and for the betterment of every individual. Not until then shall we have free and full competition, which is the life-blood of American trade. Then and not till then shall we have a condition of prosperity both general and permanent.

W. K. GREENE.

### *How Kitty Outwitted Her Father.*

---

'Squire Jim Williams, of Buck Swamps, was something of the usurper and the tyrant at home. All Buck Swamps feared, respected, but did not love him. His only daughter Kate and sole heiress to his property, did likewise. Had it not been for her Cousin Mary Fort, the peacemaker, who lived with them solely as a companion for Kitty, there would have been many a spicy debate between father and daughter; but the peace-loving Mary somehow managed to avert the approaching calamities.

The latest and most gross act as a usurper on the old 'Squire's part, was the matrimonial scheme with regard to Kitty and Harry Zimmerman, son of old Harry Zimmerman of Gum Swamps. The old 'Squire had an "eye for biz" when he contemplated making this match. There was the usual good reason, the adjoining of properties, which both the 'Squire and the old man Zimmerman were so desirous to unite. There were also the inconsistent parents, who were totally blind to all expostulations and all opposition on the part of the two most deeply interested in the matter.

That she was eighteen and Harry was her age and half his own, was considered by the 'Squire as only a frivolous excuse for her objecting to him.

"I don't need your coffee-drinking, baseball-playing, bicycle-riding youthlets for son-in-laws; none of your goody-goody youngsters for me, if you please. Harry Zimmerman is a man of sense, that's the kind you want and you shall marry him and him alone."

"I shall do no such thing," broke in little Kitty warmly. I always did despise him and he never did care anything for me—why we don't speak at present."

"That's a small matter," quoth old 'Squire Jim in a very gross tone, "That can be easily remedied."

"Well sir," she said surveying him with apparent coolness, "You can do just as you choose concerning the matter,

but I, being a chip of the old block, will see what steps I can take myself," and closing the library door with a slam, she left the old gentleman to cool quite alone.

Such were affairs at the Williams house; they were not much better at old man Zimmerman's.

"Say Harry" quoth his father, "it is high time you are bringing in a wife; little Kate Williams is all right."

"But I never did like Kitty, father, and I'm sure the girl has no desire to marry me."

"Fiddlesticks sir, the girl has sense, she must see the advantage of the match. It will be the occasion of our adjoining properties and both the 'Squire and I desire it most earnestly."

"Well, I have no idea it will come to pass," he said calmly.

"But I tell you it shall, if I have a say-so in the matter."

Apoplectic old Zimmerman became so wrought up with excitement that Harry, whom his father had always treated as a mere lad in spite of his years, escaped into the parlor and left the irate gentleman to drink his XX and to cool his ill temper all alone.

A week or two later, the 'Squire and old Mr. Zimmerman took affairs to themselves and formally announced the engagement. Harry and Kitty immediately took counsel together against the mighty and very calmly accepted the situation, somewhat to the surprise of every one. So they were said by all the people around to be engaged, and matters dragged along in a dogmatic way for quite a spell. Kitty's father was surprised indeed at the turn affairs had taken, but being a little deceptive, bespattered himself with sickly flattery that his Stonewall Jacksonism had conquered, so he kept silent.

Harry and Kate were quite a cute couple, inasmuch as one was nearly always absent, and when both were present they seemed very much bored. Zimmerman, when congratulated, always maintained an incomprehensible silence; and if by chance they were together they would fence in the ironical speeches and laugh slyly at each other. This armed peace-



fulness had existed some months when, I, Will Allen, son of Richard Allen, come home from West Point on furlough.

Now as heretofore said, I was the son of Dick Allen, of Dillon, near Buck Swamps. From our youth up Kitty and myself had been kindred spirits—climbing ladders, wading ditches and playing hide and seek together; then after becoming somewhat older, passing through a period of shy constraint, and finally walking, riding and flirting together with great vigor and much enjoyment. It was not, therefore, such a strange coincidence that a little after my appearance that Kitty should receive a pressing invitation to spend some time with a friend in Latta, a village about six miles distant, and a few days afterward I should do the same. Of course the girl's going met the disapproval of the 'Squice, but she could be as obstinate as he when she so desired and being of the female sex naturally carried the day. Kate and Zimmerman parted romantically in a shady grove on a bright summer's day; then she returned home in a hilarious mood and he turned himself thoughtfully Gum Swampwards.

On the day following Kate made her exit and Mary was left housekeeper-in-chief. Now Mary had grown strangely pensive of late, her quick step had lost its elasticity and in her hazel eyes there were at times a most grewsome appearance. The change was inexplicable in that as they were such great friends, but what made it the more so was, that with Kate's departure Mary began to recuperate. But women, however, are funny, funny beings.

On a beautiful Friday afternoon about a month after Kate had made her exit, Mary was on her way to a neighbor's who lived in Latta, when suddenly there burst before her the figure of a ten-year-old lad, whom she soon recognized as one of Kitty's day-school pupils; and she was just going to give him one of her curtain lectures and a good thrashing when sliding close beside her, he almost mysteriously slipped a letter into her hand ere she was aware.

"Miss Kate telled me to gie' it to nobody but you," he murmured lowly. Then after clearing the perspiration

from his knitted brow with the corner of his sleeve, he nestled himself on the hedge by the roadside. Mary now broke the seal and surveyed its contents with suspicion.

"Mammy said fur me to fetch it to you dis arternoon as it wuz your riglar day to go to town, I'se be lackly to meet ye in de road an' wouldn't hae' to go up to de big house, an' when I git back home she gie' me a nickel."

His voice was raised from a whisper to a roar, he pulled his dingy cap on the back of his head, and splitting the sand with his bare feet, ran nickelwards. Mary, after the departure of the "black runner" and after some meditation, again opened the grimey letter rather nervously and read thus :

DEAR MARY :—I want you to let no one see this, so have arranged that Tom Major will meet you in the road on your way to town Friday afternoon. I have some shocking news to tell you, but do not be horrified. I am married to Bill Allen and want you to break the news to father and Harry Zimmerman. I could stand the way things were going on no longer, they were simply becoming unbearable. I have arranged everything all O. K. with regard to the marriage and hope to see you in a few days. I want you to be sure and deliver the news to Harry in person, for he will be more than anxious to know about it.

Very sincerely your cousin,

KATE.

Mary read and reread the letter again and again, and for some moments she was unable to grasp the mystery ; but as the thinking faculties returned she began to realize the dilemma she was in. What a task Kate had thrust upon her ! Her young pride within her revolted and her very heart shrank from the situation. She did not mind breaking the news to the 'Squire, but how could she to Harry, the Harry that she thought cared so much for Kitty, and whom she herself loved so dearly ? That was what was worrying her so. It was a hard task indeed. But there was no way of escaping the truth, in the uttermost part of her aching heart it stood revealed. Harry's love which was so trivial to her cousin was all the world to her. How could she ever

expect to deliver such a message to him without betraying herself? "Heaven help me!" she cried despairingly.

Yet as she was bewailing her fate, which was occasioned by Kate's faithlessness, and pitying poor Harry, a ray of hope sprang up within her bleeding heart. It was reflected in tender loving Nature, for the birds sang to its tune, the sun shone with celestial brightness, the sweet-scented lillies ever shed forth the quintessence of their fragrance and even the soft south wind began to vibrate in undulating harmony and whisper in the ear of Mary the exquisiteness of the God-sent message.

So first in an apprehension of fear then in an anticipation of joy, Mary turned her back upon the gray little village of Latta and beat a hasty retreat towards Gum Swamps and to the residence of Harry Zimmerman. Right through the fields she went over hill and dale, dale and hill until she reached the grove directly in front of the house, when she met the idol of her soul. Then the silent, timid Mary blushed and turned pale alternately.

"I have some news for you, Mr. Zimmerman," she murmured lowly.

"Is it anything of importance?" Harry asked inquiringly, and had her eyes met his at that moment she would have discovered a young smile escaping from his tranquil face.

"Yes, indeed it is."

"Let's walk to the spring," he begged, "and you can tell it to me gently."

"Oh! Mr. Zimmerman, what do you suppose?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Kitty is married to Will Allen!"

She gazed at him very apprehensively, he seemed grave but to her surprise very quiet and unmoved.

"I am so sorry," she said sympathetically.

"I am glad," said Harry heartily.

"Glad!"

"I am glad to hear it," he repeated, "I knew it was going to be. Kitty and myself planned it."

"You did! What can you both mean?"

"Well," said he dogmatically, "Kate and I never cared for each other. I knew that she loved 'someone else' and she knew that I did the same."

Mary's heart seemed as if it would burst so great was the suspense, and as their eyes met her cheeks flushed.

"Kate's someone else has taken her away from me," and seizing her by the arm, and stealing a kiss he said, "Oh Mary, won't you be my someone else?"

Someone talking to the old 'Squire some time afterward remarked that Harry had married Mary instead of Kate.

"I don't care for that," says he, "I just as live have Zimmerman for a nephew as a son-in-law, and I believe if it were left optional I leetle bit liver."

POWER W. BETHEA, '04.

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### *An Improvement Needed.*

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In some respects the state of South Carolina is today in a pitiable condition. Statistics show that in respect to the illiteracy in this state in comparison with that of the other states, she does not occupy an enviable position, and in respect to the amount expended for the education of her youth she stands next to last on the list of states, Alabama alone being below her.

The state of Massachusetts expends for the education of every young man within her borders, nine times as much as South Carolina does. These two states have long been rivals, and in days gone by we matched her almost matchless Webster with our Hayne and Calhoun, but now, however hard it may be, we must acknowledge that our rival has outstripped us, and will continue to do so until our state awakes from its lithargy and improves its educational system.

Someone has said, "In a free government like ours the government can only be perpetuated and advanced to that extent that the average intelligence of the community can solve the arising problems. The only discovered adequate means of universal education is the free public schools, sup-

ported by taxation and open to all, regardless of condition or fortune. Here is the only hope of training for that social and political service which a free government demands."

What is the average intelligence of our communities? Certainly it cannot be very high when one out of every ten young white men in the state cannot read or write his own name. That fact is appalling, but true nevertheless.

Garfield once said that the real power of a state rests upon the intelligence and virtue of its citizens. The standard of the intelligence and virtue of the masses of our citizens must be raised by the public schools. In order for this to be accomplished, in our opinion, we must have three things, (1) compulsory education, (2) light but thorough work and (3) better salaries for country teachers.

The subject of compulsory education is one that has been discussed much of late, but it is one that we as students of the economic condition of our state should never cease discussing until the legislature passes a law righting this wrong. We do not mean by compulsory education that all children should be compelled to attend school for nine months in the year, but it does seem just that the State of South Carolina should have the right to demand that its future citizens be sent to school for six months in each year while they are between the ages of nine and fourteen. They are then in the formative period and their future worth to the state depends to a great extent on their training then. Of course there would be exceptional cases to provide for, but in dealing with a question of such vital importance to the great mass of citizens, we should always bear in mind the maxim, "The greatest good for the greatest number." The law cannot be made solely for the benefit of the exceptional few. There are thirty-two states in the union having a compulsory education law, and in every one of them there is found little violation of the law and it is growing more popular yearly.

But we are confronted with the old, time-worn argument that in this country every man is free and can do as he pleases. As Dr. Wilson recently said, "We need no more

freedom, but fitness for freedom." One has to have a certain amount of education and intelligence to enjoy freedom and it is the duty of the state to see to it that its citizens have this amount of education and intelligence.

The state has a claim over the child as has the parent. The parent is entrusted with the care of the child only so long as he protects it and prepares it for future life, but when he fails to perform that duty, then, we claim, is the time for the state to take charge of the individual who shall one day help formulate its laws and rule its people. The state owes it to its own self "as a necessity for its own protection, its own advancement, its own perpetuity." It is a crying shame that so many of our young men are raised up in ignorance and often in vice, then turned over to the state, realizing in no degree whatever the awful and sacred responsibility of a voter. But we find them thus brought up on our farms, in our large mills where they know nothing but work in the mill or idleness on street corners, and we find them in large numbers in our cities and towns, doing nothing but loafing, learning wickedness and crime. And yet we are told that this time could not be spent more profitably in the school-room, on the ground that if a boy does not want to study he cannot be forced to do it. But we believe that the school-room would be the much better place, if to no other advantage than to keep him off the street, for no boy has a mind strong enough to withstand the blasphemy and vulgarity of our street corners.

But while we hold compulsory education to be the best policy, yet the extreme should be carefully avoided. Children of tender ages should be given only light work to perform, for the physical side of their nature must not be left undeveloped. The right principle is not how much work can be done, but how thorough it can be made. There is no need of trying to teach a young child so many branches when it should be taught the elementary branches only, allowing its knowledge to grow and widen as its body develops and becomes more mature. Let the teachers of our public schools become more thorough in their teaching and our

colleges will have more and better students and our state better citizens.

But in order to accomplish this we must have better equipped teachers for our country schools. In many instances the teachers of these country districts are utterly incompetent, since it is possible in many counties to secure first grade certificates on diplomas from a high or graded school. The diploma law should be amended so that only those diplomas should be recognized which are from first class, high grade institutions, and then the certificate should be granted for five years. One of the greatest curses of the age are these so-called colleges, which are in reality nothing but high schools. With the limited education they afford, their graduates are unfit for teaching and should not be allowed to do so.

In order to have good teachers for our country districts we must have more money appropriated which could easily be done by giving all the dispensary profits to the schools and allowing any county to vote upon itself a special school tax. As an editor recently said in an editorial, "The future generation will bless or curse us as we perpetuate these unfavorable conditions or remove them. South Carolina needs to provide more money for her country public schools, making possible the consolidation of small school districts for the professional teacher, and for skilled supervision of the expenditure of all school funds and of teaching done in the schools."

May the law makers and intelligent citizens of South Carolina awake to the realization of her condition in regard to this great and vital question, and do something in order that these unfavorable and unfortunate conditions may not be perpetuated.

E. K. HARDING, JR.

### *The Fate of the Best Man.*

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“But can I depend on you?” asked Tom Asbury, “Don’t you remember your promise?”

“Yes, I remember well enough and I’ll be your best man if nothing happens to prevent me. Not that I want to be rid of the job, but since that day some things have happened between me and——well you know.” “Oh! fiddlesticks you wouldn’t be so foolish as to let that put you out of the matrimonial business would you? You’ll get over that in time and you might as well be——”

“Well, go ’long, I’ll be there,” I answered as I shook hands with my cousin and classmate, Tom Asbury, and jumped aboard the train for the city, where I was trying to set up as a lawyer.

As the day of the wedding approached I wired Tom that I would come down early in the morning and attend to the many things that a best man is supposed to look after but at the last moment I was notified that one of my best clients had succeeded in getting hopelessly involved in an injunction suit and nothing but immediate personal attention would keep him from being committed to jail for contempt of court. He was a rich and cranky old fellow and as I had done a good deal of work for him I, of course, had to stay and see him through the affair. I barely saved him and it was far into the wedding day when I jumped aboard the train for Riverton, where Tom’s wedding was to be held.

I had forgotten that Uncle William Jameson lived at Riverton or I might have been prepared for him, but before the train had fairly stopped he was at my side grasping my hand and hauling at my grip-sack.

“Well, you’ve got here at last, have you? I’ve met every train today, and so you just come on up to the house and get a snack before the wedding.”

“But Tom——,” I began.

“Oh! that’s all O. K.” said Uncle William, I’ve fixed



that. We'll have you at the church in plenty of time for the wedding. Come on now, your Aunt Hattie's waiting on you."

What else could I do? I looked around to see if some of Tom's friends were not near to help me out, but it was useless. Uncle William had evidently spoken to them and they wisely held their peace, for they knew better than to break in on his plans. Of course I would liked to have stayed with Uncle William but when a fellow is to be best man at a wedding only two and a half hours away he is not exactly in the mood for visiting relatives.

I intimated something of the kind to Uncle William but he retorted, "Oh! pshaw now, what's the use of running over there where they're full up with company already when you can stay with us and save time and trouble. We'll just 'phone Tom and it'll be all right." So with some misgivings I followed my dapper little uncle to his home. At 5 o'clock I was in Aunt Hattie's front parlor telling her about myself, and Uncle William was telephoning Tom the facts of the case.

Then I started up stairs to dress, much relieved, for the time was short. But where was my bag? I hurried down and asked uncle William.

"By Jove," he ejaculated, "we must have left it at the station?" almost before I knew it he was gone after it. In a short time he was back with the bag and said, "Now you hustle young man or you'll be late."

I fairly jumped into my dress suit, trusting to luck for appearances and as I tied my cravat Uncle William tapped at the door and called, "It's six minutes of seven!"

I couldn't say exactly what I wanted to but what I thought was enough and so giving my cravat a last savage twist I made a dash for the sidewalk. There was the carriage but it was already moving off.

"Hi there," yelled uncle William from the steps, "Say Wilson stop that hack! Wilson was evidently the next door neighbor and he was leisurely proceeding from his gate to his front porch.

He calmly turned and asked, "what for? What's the matter with it?"

"Hold on there driver?" again called Uncle William, as I dashed off after the carriage.

The coachman drew up the horses with an impatient air.

"What do you mean sir?" sputtered Uncle William behind me. "Yes, what *do* you mean?" I echoed, "driving off without me?"

"Why sir——" began the evidently puzzled coachman, nodding his head towards Mr. Wilson, "*he* said to——"

"Look here," demanded Mr. Wilson as he approached, "What's all this? What are you stopping that carriage for?" Uncle William began saying something that wouldn't sound nice in print, but checked himself when a voice from the carriage asked "What's the matter, driver."

"Oh! you've made a mistake here Wilson," said Uncle William, "this is the carriage I ordered to take my nephew to the wedding."

"Oh! I guess not," answered the irate Mr. Wilson, bristling up, "this is the carriage I ordered to take my niece to the commencement."

The two glared at each other while I stood in perplexity. Each was moving toward the other when Aunt Hattie came down the path to help untangle Uncle William's mistakes, as she was quite used to doing since they were married.

"The stable men must have made a mistake and got the address mixed," she exclaimed.

"I can't help that," said Mr. Wilson, "I've got the carriage."

"But Dick musn't be late at the wedding," exclaimed Uncle William. "And my niece musn't be late at the commencement either," said Mr. Wilson.

"I'll tell you," exclaimed Aunt Hattie "Why can't they go together? The seminary isn't far from the church and your niece won't mind if I explain things."

She started off while I followed bewailing my wilting collar and consumed with impatience.

During the next few seconds I heard Aunt Hattie making all kinds of explanation which concluded with "awfully good of you, I'm sure!" Then the door was flung open, Uncle William gave me a push, Aunt Hattie murmured introductions, and I found myself in a carriage which seemed to be filled with flowers and fluffy white stuff, from the midst of which peered the face of—merciful Heavens! Dorothy Osburne!

"Why—Dick—er—Mr.—" she cried half rising from her seat. I started on a confused attempt at an apology, but the jumping, jolting carriage drowned my words. What a fix I was in! Here I was shut up with this girl whom six months ago I had sworn never to see again!

It was dark in the carriage but every now and then we passed a street light and I knew Dorothy could see my flushed face and my great embarrassment. "Miss Osburne," I began, feeling that some apology was due, "I am extremely sorry to have to intrude upon you in this manner, I had no idea——,"

"Oh! pray don't mention it," said Dorothy, "I am very glad to be of any service to Mrs. Jameson and it would be too bad for you to be late at the wedding."

She was quite mistress of herself. She held her roses on her arm having gathered them up to make room for me, and her color, which had faded when I entered, now returned more than ever. By the electric lights I could see how beautiful she looked. What a fool I had been to quarrel with her!

The driver was evidently intent on reaching the church in time. He turned a corner so sharply that we were both nearly thrown from our seats just as I was about to say some trivial thing about the wedding. Dorothy threw up her hands, her roses fell into confusion and as I bent forward her dainty fingers brushed my face—, "Oh! Dorothy! Dorothy!" I cried and then—I'm sure I don't know what I said nor what I did, but the words I had been holding back and longing to utter for so long, broke from me and before we reached the next corner Dorothy lifted her face from my

shoulder and through tears, murmured "Oh! Dick! Dick?" Then I knew everything was all right, and I wished the church was twenty miles away.

We pulled up at the church door in the nick of time and then the carriage dashed away, with Dorothy, to the seminary where she had been teaching. I found Tom in the vestry room so supremely happy that he didn't seem to notice my tardiness—but, for that matter I walked in the clouds all the evening and didn't notice anything about *his* wedding, so we are even on that score.

Dorothy and I will have a wedding of our own in September and Uncle William, who insists that it was all his good management that brought it about, has promised to set us up with a carriage of our own on the day of the marriage.

C. E. C.

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### *Our Duty to the Future.*

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At the present time there are problems of great importance and moment confronting the American people. We are passing through one of those remarkable periods of commercial advancement and industrial growth which are the milestones in the history of every nation. We are in the midst of a revolution of the great wheel of civilization. The world, with its uncertain and varying conditions, always advances, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, sometimes with a marvelous increase of knowledge and intelligence and again with a slowness that is surprising. At certain periods in the progress of the world, generations and centuries have been passed while one thought or idea was being evolved and perfected. It has, sometimes, been compelled to pass through slow and sluggish stages of development; there has been no impetus to its motion. And again in such ages as our own, inventions have been produced and discoveries made which have been vital factors in the progress and improvement of mankind. These have had the inevitable tendency to change and remodel the existing conditions and substitute

newer and better and more durable laws of government and finance. These periods of rapid development and sudden progress are the instruments with which intellect, culture, art, science and all that is desirable and noble in life, are fostered and elevated. They are the pivots upon which the progress of the world has turned and is turning.

The present age is the most splendid and wonderful in the annals of history. It has displaced the inventions of former ages with stronger and more modern instruments of science and invention, has eclipsed the meagre efforts and endeavors of the preceding century, has promoted the rights and privileges of the common people—those who toil with the sweat of their brow for the aggrandizement of their more fortunate fellowmen, has made the world better, richer, wiser and has brought and is bringing it nearer to the point of perfection, which it is destined by Providence to attain. The commonplace things of today were the idle dreams of the men of the eighteenth century and what we consider the necessaries of life were then believed to be the veriest luxuries. The steamship, the product of Fulton's imagination and inventive genius, now plies the wide seas and brings the nations into closer touch and contact. The "iron monster," an evolution of "Watt's tea kettle," has annihilated distance and brought the most obscure points into close connection with the marts of trade. It penetrates Africa's darkest jungles and crosses Siberia's frozen plains, it traverses with marvelous speed the fertile prairies of the West and is extending its limits to the ends of the earth. The telegraph and the telephone have made it possible for conversation to be carried on in any part of the world. Messages are sent, as a great statesman has said, not with the rapidity of lightning, but with lightning itself. The wireless telegraph, one of the greatest products of genius, has transformed the world into a whispering gallery, where everyone is in ear-shot of everyone else.

This rapid and unparalleled development marks a distinct epoch in the evolution of events. These inventions have been truly wonderful and have wrought a deep and

lasting influence upon the conditions of mankind. The earth does not turn more rapidly upon its axis but ideas pass with greater swiftness through the minds of men.

The effect which these changes have produced upon the United States is conspicuous in every phase of life and in every department of work. Our country has kept step with the march of progress, has opened wide the throttle of the great empire of civilization and has entered successfully into the severe competition in which the nations are engaged. Beginning with a handful of determined pilgrims—stern, immovable men whose courage and resolution have never been surpassed—America has grown and expanded into a mighty people transcendent for their bravery, industry, culture, intellect and wealth.

“Westward the course of empire takes its way ;  
The first four acts already past,  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,—  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

This has proven true. Empire has traveled westward and the scepter of commercial power and strength has been wrenched from the hands of Great Britain and placed upon the splendid and magnificent crown of the youngest of the nations. Though the youngest, yet it is the strongest and most formidable. Though the most inexperienced, yet its commerce is greater than that of any other nation and in wealth its treasury far exceeds that of the most prosperous countries of the world. The pace of life has been increased, competition has been made sharper and more severe and business has been made more strenuous. Old and useless ideals have been displaced by modern principles fit to be applied to the problems of the hour.

But the most remarkable and radical change is that of the expansion of commerce and the consolidation of capital. Both these forces have undergone various stages of development and they are altered to such a great extent that new and better laws and more perfect instruments must be devised to meet them effectively and satisfactorily. Business organizations are mammoth in size ; business undertakings

are gigantic in their scope. Wealth and industry have rapidly and materially increased, capital has been centralized and large and formidable corporations formed. These have been popularly but inaccurately termed trusts, but the real trusts have taken refuge under the protecting wing of the large corporation in order to escape the wrath of legislative authority. The happiness and prosperity of the American people, the success of the enterprising capitalists, the contentment of the laboring classes and the amicable relations existing between labor and capital, all prove that the conditions of the country are more healthy and encouraging and that we are growing better, wiser and more able to compete with the grim force of the world.

In the whirl and confusion of the "strenuous life" of labor and activity, we would do well to consider and ponder over a few important questions. How long will this gratifying state of affairs exist? All nations, however strong, are subject to financial crisis and national fancies. Have we not experienced them just after periods of plenty and abundance? Is there not some danger that in erecting our structure of national prosperity, there will be some flaw or defect in the workmanship and the whole affair will topple and fall. This is by no means probable, but it is possible. It is our duty to guard carefully against a recurrence and so to marshal our facilities of labor and organization that, if it should come, it would be as light and insignificant as possible. Realizing and rejoicing in the past achievements and brilliant triumphs of our nation in every endeavor which it has undertaken, it should be our duty to maintain unimpaired that record and make the United States even more beneficial to mankind than it has been in the past.

We are confronted with several grave and serious dangers. A few pertinent questions will be in order on this point. Is the United States producing as many great men in this as it did in former times? Is the standard of citizenship and morality as firm and stable now as it was in former days? Is the average citizen as well educated and as highly cultured as he was a half century ago? All these questions

can be answered in the affirmative but it will require constant attention to keep them from changing their relations.

That the world is becoming more enlightened and life is becoming easier through the perfect organization of labor and the applications of science no one can deny. Commerce promotes education, it is a potent educator itself, and art and science have advanced the condition of the world almost beyond the belief of man.

But this is the very thing that needs careful attention and constant supervision. There is grave danger of any nation, however strong its power of resistance may be, becoming absorbed in money-making and land-grabbing and devoting its entire strength and resources to the accomplishment of this one purpose. If we become completely industrialized, blind to all that is true and beautiful in nature, ignoring the precepts of our fathers and disobeying the laws of prudence, we must suffer the fate meted out to all nations leading careers of gain and selfishness.

It is the present aim and object of our country to gain the commercial supremacy of the nations and from this as a vantage point, to win the markets of the world for American products. It is a lofty ideal and commendable ambition, but it is fraught with imminent danger. Nations of former ages have met a sad and disastrous end by following that ambition, for them it has proved to be that ambition "which overleaps itself and falls on the other side."

There is no difficulty in maintaining commerce and industry on one hand and in educating the masses of the people and promoting their general welfare on the other. They are both essential to the well being of a nation. When one is neglected the other will immediately or ultimately feel the effects. They must work in cooperation or they will not work at all. The practical does not interfere with the ideal, when the practical is restrained by reason and prudence. The relation of these two forces should be carefully and minutely studied by the American people. The supreme decision has already been made, not by human power, but by the inevitable law of



progress. The events and developments of the eighteenth century has rendered this an essential commercial age. Far from regretting it we should glory in it. Commerce, by the nature of things, must become the objective aim of the nations of the world and America must and will surpass them in every phase of endeavor. The marvellous capacity of our consolidated factories, the perfect organization of the battalions of labor and the ability, skill and intelligence of the working classes will enable the United States to stand pre-eminent in the competition of the world. Today with our steel products we undersell in the city of Paris those of France. Russia sends to America to procure the best and cheapest rails for the construction of railroads. Large orders arrive which demand immediate fulfillment and this can be done only by the great corporations which are destined to procure for America the permanent commercial supremacy of the world.

There are those in every nation and in every age who protest against progress, crying in their bitterness that the world is degenerating and man is being reduced to the level of a slave. Men may just as well learn that the law of progress will sweep away as chaff all those who attempt to erect barriers against it. The wheel of civilization is destined to turn on in its mighty course and futile are the weak and meagre efforts put forth to prevent it.

Lewis V. Price says: "Make the citizen intelligent and severely moral and all else is secured that makes a people happy and prosperous." In the midst of this wonderful increase of commerce and industry and the expansion of financial conditions and the growth of material affairs, when the practical side of nature is developed as well as the ideal, let us pause and obey the advice of the wisest counsellor that has communicated his thoughts to men: "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. She shall give to thine seed an ornament of grace, a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee." If we do, the future of America is assured.

CHARLES P. WOFFORD.

### *An Incident of '64.*

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The summer of '64 was perhaps the most trying the South had ever undergone. Northern armies were overrunning the country. Fertile fields and handsome mansions were ruthlessly destroyed and the face of the beautiful Southland presented an aspect of desolation and ruin.

Near the Monk's Corner road, which is a highway in the southern part of the state, a large house stood among a grove of beautiful oaks, it bore unmistakable evidences of a recent raid. The fences were torn down, the shrubbery trampled upon and everything which had once been pleasing to the eye wore a look of utter desolation. To the right near the broad walk was a well, over the lattice work of which ivy climbed riotously, and seemed to defy the work of the heartless invaders. The figure of a girl, dark haired, black eyed stood out in relief against the ivy-covered wall. Her face wore a look of defiance, the angry, scornful eyes spoke the words which her lips refused to utter. "The ruffians may ruin our fields, burn our houses and rob us of our property, but they will never conquer the southern spirit. These thoughts flooded her mind and, in connection with them, thoughts of John Courad, a young man who had been her neighbor from her earliest recollections—perhaps something more—and who now was a scout in the Confederate army.

Down the broad road from the west a man was approaching, as he drew nearer the girl recognized a tattered uniform of confederate gray. Her breath came fast, her face flushed with joy as she recognized the approaching figure. After a friendly greeting she began to question him about his work. "I thought you were in the north with Gen. Lee."

"I was, but scouts are seldom in one place very long. As soon as I can get another horse, mine fell exhausted at the edge of the wood yonder, I must push on to Richmond."

"For what?"

"To deliver some information I have just gotten."

"Then you have been in the yankee lines. Why did you go?"

"Because I was sent."

"Suppose you had been caught," and she shuddered as she thought of the ignoble death of a spy.

"But I wasn't, you see."

"But you might have been and then—"

The words died on her lips. In the distance far down the road to the west, where the setting sun gilded the horizon and made the tree tops look as if some giant hand had dipped them in a vast caldron of gold, they could hear the approaching clatter of hard ridden horses, and soon a squad of blue-coats were in sight. "They will find you. What must we do." Gently pushing the young man behind the lattice work of the well a happy thought struck her and she grasped at it as a dying swimmer would a straw. "I have it," she said, "I will let you down in the well." The young man had almost lost hope, but the novel idea struck him and he consented. He was soon descending and by resting his feet against the sides could support himself. The girl returned to the outside and awaited the arrival of the Federals. She had hoped that they would pass, but her hopes were short lived. The squad rapidly approached the house and halted before the well. The officer in command dismounted and asked the girl if she had seen a soldier pass some hours ago. With her head well in the air and her dark eyes sparkling she replied that she had not. He was evidently disappointed for he believed her words and was at a loss to know where the scout had gone.

"My lady," said he, "we have ridden hard and with your permission will get some water." The girl's heart sank within her, it was now that her native shrewdness came to the rescue. She saw that she was speaking to a gentleman and hoped yet to outwit him. "I have just come for some water," she said, "but the bucket is large and I am unable to draw it up and will ask you to give me the first bucket-full." The officer was a little surprised at this singular re-

quest, but suspecting nothing consented on the honor of a soldier of the Republic to do as she wished. The girl stood by trembling as the officer wound the rope of the windlass and wondered why such heavy buckets were used. Soon a head protruded over the sides and a man scrambled out and stood at the side of the girl. The officer's face showed chagrin. Lifting his cap and with a low bow he turned his back on the couple and hastily gave orders to mount and ride to the north.

X '03.

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*Off to School.*

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It was night—dark, still, quiet night—the time for rest and repose. The old clock on the mantle broke the monotony of its pulsating tick by striking the hour of three.

"John," some one said softly.

John grunted and slept on.

"John," again broke the silence of the far-spent night.

He grunted again and awoke. "Mary, what in the world is the matter with you, that you are lying wide awake at this time of night? What do you want? Are you sick?"

"No! I just couldn't sleep."

"What is the matter with you then? Don't you know you'll soon have to get up and get breakfast? William and I have got to go a long way in the morning to get some oak for making baskets. The crop will soon be open and I'm out of baskets. If it wasn't for William I don't know what I would do. He's such a help to me. How long have you been awake, Mary?"

"Since one o'clock."

"Well, do, for gracious sake! go to sleep and get some rest, you are almost sick now."

She turned over and became quiet but did not sleep much. At last the clock struck half past four and the sweet woman arose as quietly as possible "to keep from waking John," and began to prepare breakfast and a lunch for William and his father to take with them to the woods,

where they were to spend the day getting timber, which William on their return was to make into baskets.

William was his father's stand-by, and though only seventeen years old, could do anything that came to hand on the farm, from making a chicken coop to shoeing a colt. His father, Mr. Straton, had bought a plantation and, in spite of bad crops for several consecutive years, was trying hard to pay for it, though it required close economy and hard work on the part of the entire family.

There was something unusual in Mrs. Straton's feelings as she saw William swing himself into the saddle, give a peculiar whistle and crack his whip. The team moved out as if to music and William sat erect in the saddle, while his father sat on the coupling pole of the wagon behind. As Mrs. Straton stood in the kitchen door looking after them the rays of the rising sun lit up her face, revealing an expression of joy mingled with sadness; of hope waging war with despair. All night long she had lain awake and thought of her eldest boy, the first of her wedded love. How short the time seemed! Yesterday he lay helpless on her bosom and as she felt the beating of the baby heart against her own the little rented farm grew into a magnificent plantation and the chubby baby into a great and useful man. Today how changed! The baby had indeed made wonderful strides toward the coveted goal of complete manhood. There were the superb physical development and a character born of hard work on the farm. But the mother eye could see and the mother heart could feel the lack of something yet. He seemed to her a tied rosebud, so to speak, and she realized the hopelessness of trying to slip the string, since financial matters had not kept pace with the growth of the child.

All day long she thought and planned; and with the intense yearning that came into her soul a faint glimmer of hope appeared. But alas, it endured but a short time and was gone. And so, all day, like a light on the distant horizon, it appeared and disappeared alternately 'till the mother's heart grew sore with the watching.

It was evening now. William and his father had returned with a good load of timber and stood in the back yard admiring it.

"Pa," said William, "That is mighty fine timber and will make good baskets, but it looks like such a pity to cut down such fine young trees ; they would have some day made nice furniture."

William, noble fellow, was purely innocent in his observation, but it had its effect, and his mother turned from the kitchen door to check a willing tear, but failed in the attempt and hid it with her cook apron. It looked like William was about to be cut for basket timber, when he might make something better, if he only had the growth. But times were so hard, and John was pushed to meet the indebtedness on the land.

Mr. Straton observed his wife closely and after supper asked "Are you sick Mary? you do not look well."

"No, I'm not sick John."

"Well, what is the matter? Something is troubling you, I know."

"Yes," she replied, something is troubling me, John, but you can't help it, and I know it's foolish for me to worry about it."

"Well, tell me what it is, Mary," he repeated.

Then sitting on his knees and placing her hands on his shoulders she told him the whole story. He did not say much at first and what he did say was not very encouraging.

Early the next morning William began to prepare the oak for making baskets. Several days passed and he noticed that his father and mother talked together a great deal more than usual ; often in an undertone for hours at a time.

The sun was just rising and William had begun to lay the bottom for another basket, when his father's voice attracted him.

"Ye need not begin on that one, William, we are going to town today. You may hitch up the wagon."

There was something peculiar in his father's tone as he

said these words and from the kitchen the voice of his mother rang out in clear accents,

“As thy days may demand  
Shall thy strength ever be.”

On the road to town Mr. Straton made known to William the fact that they had decided to send him off to college. He told him of the long and earnest midnight talks, of the sacrifices that they would have to make in order to do without him at home, and finally of the fact that they had decided to mortgage their unpaid-for land to raise the money.

While William's heart was full and his eyes flashed joy, still he protested against mortgaging the plantation. But his father persuaded him that it would be all right, as he could pay it after he finished school, if it should still remain unpaid.

There was only one bank in the little country town and here the papers were fixed. As Mr. Straton took the pen and signed his name to the mortgage on the little plantation that he had been trying all his life to pay for, there was a certain tremor of his hand, and his face wore an expression of anxious anticipation mingled with reflection. All this was not so visible, however, as he walked before his grown son into a dry goods store and called for a trunk and two suits of clothes.

“I'm going to send William off to school,” he said.

“Off to school!” echoed every person in the store in one breath.

“Yes times is mighty hard, but he is most grown now and if I wait any longer I'm afraid he won't get to go at all.”

“That's mighty nice, old fellow,” said the younger clerk. “I wish I could have had that chance myself,” and he picked up a coat. “There, William, try that on. That's the nicest thing in the store; lined throughout with the very best stuff and guaranteed to fit—didn't I tell you! couldn't fit better if you'd been melted and poured into it.” And he slapped William on the back with that peculiar air

which some business men have when dealing with their special friends. And so the buying went on in town.

It is useless to say that there was quite a stir at home among the younger children. Even the mother felt herself swept along with the tide of excitement, and after awhile found that the sewing machine had been going a little too fast to be conducive to physical comfort.

The big new trunk was packed and now sat in a one-horse wagon at the front gate. A younger brother held the lines and the father called out, "Come on William, you'll be too late for the train, first thing you know."

Broad shouldered and erect, William stood in the front door, dressed in a brand new suit. His mother thought she never saw a grander sight in all her life. The children all kissed "Big Buddie" goodbye and then there was a moment's silence during which the mother's heart seemed to be struggling with something. Only a moment thus. Then putting both arms around his neck and drawing him down to her, for he was taller, she whispered. "Be a man and do the right, my boy." One long sweet kiss, a pat on the back and he was gone.

From her room window William's mother watched them as they departed, and as the wagon disappeared over the distant hill she fell upon her knees, exclaiming in half audible tones "at last ! Oh God, at last !"

D. ENGLISH CAMAK.



# Wofford College Journal.

Established  
1888

Spartanburg, S. C., October, 1902

~~Vol. XII~~  
No. 1

V. XIV

## Staff:

M. W. Sloan, Editor-in-Chief.

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Alumni Editor, J. C. Redmon.  
Asst. Literary Editor, P. W. Bethea.  
Y. M. C. A. Editor, W. C. Herbert.

F. Earle Bradham, Business Manager.

## Editorial Department

M. W. SLOAN, Editor.

**Salutary.** In this issue of the JOURNAL a new group of editors makes its debut. We enter into our work, realizing the responsibility of our position and with a determination to keep the JOURNAL up to the standard maintained by the staff of last year. So when you notice our mistakes, for no doubt we will make them, do not censure us too severely, and attribute them not to lack of zeal but to our inexperience.

But the success of the JOURNAL depends more upon the support of the other students than upon the interest of the staff, for you it is who must fill its pages with interesting articles. Flood the literary editor with essays, sketches, stories, and poems. Give him so many articles to choose from that it will become here, as it is at the universities, that an article must possess unusual literary merit to receive the official approval of the editor. Do not bury your talents. Let the student body get the benefit of your literary powers.

**New Students.** The faculty and old students extend a hearty welcome to the class of 1906. We are glad to share with you the duties and pleasures, the benefits and privileges, the high standards and traditions of Wofford. We are confident that you will use them well.

Throw yourself into every phase of college life and let all its departments receive a new impetus from you. In the class room, in the literary societies, in the glee club, on the athletic field, and in all the other departments, fulfill the great expectations we have of you. Finally, remember that the JOURNAL is as much your magazine as it is ours and that we expect you to support it.



**Political Economy.** The course in political economy which is given in all of our progressive colleges is one of the most valuable and interesting of the many departments of a literary course. It gives one an opportunity to study the great principles and policies of governments and parties, stated in a broad-minded way, uninfluenced by partisan views and interests. The principles are discussed abstractly and from a purely logical standpoint. For instance, when one studies the effect of a tariff upon a country he does not regard it as a Republican doctrine, neither does his mind avert to the Dingley tariff bill.

The average American is born and reared in the belief of one or the other of the two great national parties, and he adheres to it blindly all of his life. His views are derived and his opinions moulded by the editorials in the paper which is published in his village or state. The editor knows that his subscribers expect him to be an ardent supporter of their party. The consequence is, that he dares not oppose his party even though he thinks it is in the wrong. He substitutes heat for logic and discusses men more than measures.

In the south this state of affairs is especially noticeable. We never hear the doctrines of the two parties debated in a logical manner. To say that a doctrine is Republican is to stamp it at once as fallacious and pernicious.

Under such conditions how can the views of the average man who holds the ballot be other than highly prejudiced and provincial? His ignorance is appalling. It is said that not one man in every hundred understood what the Democratic slogan of "16 to 1" really meant, although every voter vehemently supported or opposed it according to the position of his party. What per cent of our voters really understand the effect of a high protective tariff upon a country or are aware of the dangers of an inflated currency?

Yet, these are the men who must decide all of the great questions which arise in the government of a Democratic nation. No matter how intricate and abstruse the point at issue may be, it cannot be decided by wise and skillful statesmen but must be decided by the common people, even when they have not the slightest knowledge of it. This is the great weakness in a Democratic form of government.

This danger is to be lessened by the continuous stream of young men which the colleges are sending out, who have thoroughly and impartially studied these questions, expounded by economists who are not bound to the special views of any party. This is the leaven upon which America must depend to make her citizens more intelligent and patriotic voters.

•        •

**football.** The athletic field is deserted now. In the afternoon we do not see it crowded with interested spectators encouraging the "scrubs to give it to the varsity." The dull thud of the "pig skin" as it leaves the foot of the full-back and the muffled "down" of the runner are no longer borne to us on the crisp autumn air. We have been forced to give up football, but we do it reluctantly. The reason for it is that inter-collegiate football is a luxury too expensive for a college of our size.

During the short time we did play the benefit of the sport upon the student body was very evident. In the first place the physical development that the players derived from it was great. It served to strengthen the memory and train

the mind to think quickly, as well as developing self control.

The good influence of the game extended farther than the players, for it gave the students an amusement to relieve the routine of college work. It brought them closer together, as it was something in which all had a common interest. Then football is a great factor in increasing the only endowment which no institution can afford to be without—college spirit.

If we cannot enjoy inter-collegiate football this year, why can we not have some class games? They would serve to keep alive football interest and would make it easier to put out a winning team when we are again able to pit ourselves against institutions. Can't our athletes wake things up?

## Exchange Department.

W. W. BOYD, Editor.

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It is said that a college journal is an index to the standard of scholarship of college. Whether or not this is true, it is true that each college measures the standard of every other college by the journal it sends out. Knowing this, it should be the aim of every one contributing to a college magazine to offer only those contributions which stand for the highest intellectual attainment of that college community. Every journal should be a field of competition; for it is, to a great extent, through competition that true worth is attained. Let each one who writes for a magazine spare no time or pains with his work, not only that his work may measure up to the standard of his own journal but that his journal may not fall below the standard of the best college magazines.

The exchange department attempts to place the work of each college beside that of every other in order that their relative positions may be ascertained and that the merits and defects may be brought to light. Thus through a sort of competition for the best, each college learns to prize what its magazine should be, and strives to reach that ideal and so through a proper degree of self-pride, college journalism will be kept on a high plain.

It is needless to say that an exchange editor should be unprejudiced; that he should recognize true merit in any dress and should for no reason seek a cloak for deficiency. There should be no harsh criticism for its own sake, nor should there be any want of good will in every review. The object of criticism should not be to discourage or irritate but kindly to show where there is room for improvement so that a second article may be better than the first. So every journal may be given a higher level and thereby college journalism may reap a rich success.

We hope to lose from our list none of the exchanges of last year and shall be glad to exchange with any other colleges so desiring.

## Alumni Department.

J. C. REDMON, Editor.

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What the members of the class of 1902 are doing will be of interest to the old students as well as to others.

T. C. Austin is keeping books at the Spartan Mills store, this city.

B. A. Bennett is at home at Reidville, S. C.

B. H. Brown is teaching school at his home, Cowpens, S. C.

J. S. Calhoun is keeping books for the insurance agency of A. M. Law & Co., Spartanburg, S. C.

H. B. Chapman is teaching school at Liberty, Spartanburg county, S. C.

W. Z. Dantzler is teaching school at Antioch, Marlboro county, S. C.

F. S. DuPre is bookkeeper for the Delgado cotton mills, Wilmington, N. C.

T. C. Easterling is assistant head master at the Wofford Fitting School.

H. R. Harris is teaching school at Bozeman, Montana.

A. T. Helms is principal of the Turbeville graded school, Turbeville, Clarendon county, S. C.

M. Hoke is principal of the McCormick High School, McCormick, S. C.

T. H. Hudgens is buying cotton for the Honea Path cotton mill at Honea Path, S. C.

S. T. Lanham is principal of Hillside Academy near Lanham, S. C.

Miss Ione Littlejohn is at home in Gaffney, S. C., enjoying a well earned vacation.

R. I. Manning has entered the cotton mill business and is employed at the Saxon mills, city.

E. A. Montgomery is principal of the Tatum High School, Tatum, S. C.

D. S. Murph is taking a post graduate course at Trinity College, Durham, N. C. He is also assistant professor of English.

Miss Carrie Nabors is first assistant in the Turbeville graded school, Turbeville, S. C.

P. H. Nash is at home at Clinton, S. C., assisting his father on the farm.

N. L. Prince has been granted license to preach and will join the South Carolina conference at its session in Newberry in December.

D. C. Strother is bookkeeper for the Ridge Springs oil mill, Ridge Springs, S. C.

C. H. Varner has charge of the Young Men's Christian Association at South Boston, Va.

T. F. Watkins is studying law at the University of Virginia.

# Young Men's Christian Association.

W. C. HERBERT, Editor.

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## The Asheville Conference.

On the fourteenth day of last June there gathered together in the city of Asheville one hundred and fifty young men representing seventy different institutions and twelve states, who came together for the purpose of receiving help and inspiration for the coming year's work in the Young Men's Christian Association. They came from all over this Southland of ours and represented the best element in our Southern colleges. It was an inspiring scene, to see there banded together one hundred and fifty, strong, vigorous, young men who were determined to do all in their power that the next year might be the most fruitful and profitable one in all the history of this grand movement. What was accomplished time alone can tell, but we believe that a wave of influence was started there that will never stop until Christ's last command has been fulfilled and the gospel is carried to every creature in every land.

Great men were there. It was an inspiration to meet such men as Hicks, Stone, Speer, Beach, and others who could be named. We learned to love them and took courage from their lives. They had a message to deliver and they delivered it with power; indeed the whole conference was a source of vision and power.

Possibly the key-note to the whole conference can well be expressed by the one word, "Forward." Advance along all lines is the determination, especially in the departments of Bible and Mission study.

The men were well trained in Bible study having interesting lessons and good teachers, who were Professor Bosworth, author of one of the text books in our course, Mr. Parks, a college secretary with much experience, and Mr. Don O.



Shelton, the author of several splendid pamphlets and books and a recognized leader in Bible study. This department was especially stressed, the leaders recognizing the fact that if our college men can be led to make a systematic, devotional and spiritual study of the Bible, much good will be done.

A great deal of interest was taken in the subject of Missions, which is shown by the fact that during the conference about twenty new men were led to the decision of becoming foreign missionaries. Who can tell what will be accomplished by these twenty young men, who have determined to give their lives for God that His Kingdom may be advanced into heathendom? The missionary of the occasion was Harlan P. Beach, who spent a number of years in China, and who now though well advanced in life, still clings to the idea of going back to the land that he has learned to love so well. Certainly those of us who were there can never forget the inspiring scene that took place when he presented the claim of the unevangelized portion of the world. The meeting was held out on the hillside, and just as the setting sun casting its last rays across old Mount Pisgah and the neighboring peaks, this grand man of God stood with tears streaming down his cheeks and presented his claims with a power that must have been divine.

These are only a few of the impressions made by the Asheville Conference. May the result of this conference to the Wofford Association mean an inspired zeal and renewed determination to carry on, as never before, the work of our Master.

E. K. HARDIN, Jr.

## Local Department.

LOY D. THOMPSON, Editor

---

Football has been relegated to the list of former sports and forbidden fruit. It has been found to be not self supporting, hence the boys have decided to play no ball this fall. The sport is scarcely missed, however, as Tennis has taken its place. New courts are being made and the boys are going into the game for all its worth.

The Senior Class held its annual meeting for the purpose of electing officers, resulting in the election of the following men: President, W. C. Owen; vice-president, Loy D. Thompson; secretary, T. C. Moss; poet, S. M. Dawkins; historian, M. W. Sloan; prophet, W. K. Greene.

Mr. I. E. Curry, of last year's Junior Class, has cast his lot with the countless hosts of pedagogues for a year, hence, will not return to Wofford this fall.

At a meeting of the Glee Club the following officers were elected to serve for this year: President, Loy D. Thompson; vice-president, W. K. Greene; treasurer, E. K. Hardin; business manager, T. C. Moss; assistant business manager, D. E. Camak. The club had a very enthusiastic meeting. It was decided at this meeting to give a play some time before Christmas and a committee was appointed to select the play to be given.

Mr. Hugh Marchant resigned his position as anniversary orator from the Calhoun Literary Society. Mr. T. C. Moss, who was elected alternate, takes his place and Mr. J. C. Redmon was elected alternate.

Recitation—An experience meeting. Among others Mr. O—N is approached and quizzed thus: "Well Mr. O—N what scope of territory did you cover this summer?" the Senior's reply, "The stereoscope."

At depot in Columbia en route to Wofford. Soph., seeing a victoria approaching, to Junior—"Wonder what they are bringing that hearse down here for?"

Mr. C. L. Smith, of the Junior Class, went to Clemson Saturday, Oct. 14th, to make an address before the Young Men's Christian Association of that institution in their Sunday afternoon's devotional meeting in the interest of missions.

On the evening of the 27th of September, our Association had its annual reception. This was for the benefit of the new men, welcoming and inviting them into every department of college life. President Snyder conducted the meeting and spoke for the college. Following him the new students were addressed by these young men representing their departments respectively:

- C. L. Smith—Y. M. C. A.
- T. C. Moss—Senior Class.
- E. K. Hardin—Junior Class.
- M. A. Connelly—Sophomore Class.
- S. M. Dawkins—The Journal.
- W. K. Greene—Athletics.
- L. Q. Crum—Calhoun Literary Society.
- M. B. Stokes—Preston Literary Society.
- D. E. Camak—Glee Club.

When these had finished Mr. J. C. Guilds, of the Freshman Class, in heartfelt response, returned the thanks of his class for these kind invitations.

Dr. Frank S. Lauder, an alumnus of Wofford, gave us a bit of experience and advice.

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WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from the class of 1905, one of its members, J. A. Cannon, be it resolved,

That, While we bow in meek submission to the will of an all-wise God we mourn the loss of our friend and classmate.

That in his death we have lost a member who was consci-

entious in his work, and who was respected by the members of our class.

That we express to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the grief-stricken parents and a copy be published in the College Journal.

J. H. HAMEL,  
W. M. BRABHAM,  
W. L. GLAZE, JR.

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved classmate, Guy Leonard, be it resolved by the Senior Class

That, While we bow in humble submission to the will of the Almighty, we mourn the loss of our friend and classmate.

That, in the death of Guy Leonard the class of '03 has lost a valuable and honored member.

That we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the grief-stricken family and a copy be published in the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

T. C. MOSS,  
J. C. REDMON,  
F. EARLE BRADHAM.  
Committee.



# Wofford College Directory.

---

H. N. SNYDER, President,

J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Secretary,

D. A. DUPRÉ, A. M., Treasurer.

---

## Calhoun Literary Society

President, W. C. Owen.  
Vice-President, W. K. Greene.  
1st Critic, W. P. Way.  
2nd Critic, Geo. C. Hodges.  
3rd Critic, T. J. Cottingham.  
Rec. Secretary, T. O. Lawton.  
Cor. Secretary, J. P. Lane.  
Treasurer, G. Wells Vaughan.  
Censor Morum, H. W. Goolsby.  
1st Monitor, C. S. Felder.  
2nd Monitor, S. L. Davis.

## Preston Literary Society

President, M. B. Stokes.  
Vice-President, W. W. Boyd.  
Rec. Secretary, W. C. Herbert.  
Cor. Secretary, J. H. Hamel.  
1st Critic, M. W. Sloan.  
2nd Critic, B. F. Dent.  
1st Censor, A. D. Betts.  
2nd Censor, Julian Johnson.  
Treasurer, E. K. Hardin.

## Wofford College Journal

Editor-in-Cheif, M. W. Sloan.  
Business Mgr., F. Earle Bradham.  
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Asst. Lit. Ed., P. W. Bethea.  
Y. M. C. A. Editor, W. C. Herbert.

## Y. M. C. A.

President, Loy D. Thompson.  
Vice-President, W. C. Owen.  
Secretary, C. L. Smith.  
Treasurer, E. K. Hardin.

## Athletic Association

President, H. N. Snyder.  
Capt. Base Ball Team, A. M. Brabham.  
Mgr. Base Ball Team, J. F. Wilson.  
Ast. Mgr. Base Ball Team, W. W. Boyd.

## Alumni Association

President, W. E. Burnett, '76.  
Sec. and Treas., J. F. Brown, '76.

## Fraternities

Chi Psi.  
Chi Phi.  
Kappa Sigma.  
Kappa Alpha.  
Pi Kappa Alpha.  
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

## Senior Class

President, W. C. Owen.  
Vice-President, Loy D. Thompson.  
Secretary, T. C. Moss.  
Treasurer, S. M. Dawkins.  
Poet, S. M. Dawkins.  
Historian, M. W. Sloan.  
Prophet, W. K. Greene.

## Junior Class

President,——Niver.  
Vice-President, E. K. Hardin.  
Secretary, S. F. Cannon.

## Sophomore Class

President, D. C. Anderson.  
Vice-President, J. H. Hamel.  
Secretary, W. M. Brabham.

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## College Hall

W. C. Owen, Caterer.

## Archer Hall

G. B. Dukes, Caterer.

# H. J. JOHNSON

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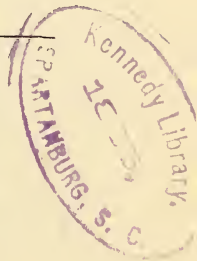
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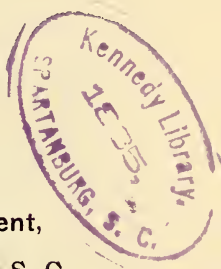
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# Wofford College Journal.

## Literary Department

S. M. DAWKINS, EDITOR.

### *Sunset.*

His daily course is nearly run:  
His weary form still seeks the west;  
And furrowing on the golden sun  
Must reach his bed for peace and rest.

But now a cloud in envy thwarts  
The downward pour of lustrous gleams.  
Yet, look! see how the monarch warps;  
Subdues; and thrusts again his beams.

He struggles on in vain attempts  
To conquer nature in her duty,  
But only clouds in gold he tints,  
And fills the west with gleaming beauty.

O! see the golden tinted edges,  
As they do grow in hue and size,  
When sinks the sun behind the ledges,  
The shining walls of Paradise.

Yet lower goes the King of Day:  
One effort more and he has fled:  
And fainter still in every ray,  
As darkness comes and reigns instead.

—A. CHALMERS DANIEL, JR.

### *Chinese Exclusion.*

(Medal Essay from Preston Society.)

When the Central Pacific railroad was in course of construction it reached a place far away from the centers of population, and its projectors found it quite impossible to get American laborers in sufficient numbers to complete the work.

A few Chinese were imported as an experiment, and because these were found to be faithful, industrious, and efficient others were brought over in large numbers. Not only was their labor found profitable to the railroad contractors, but the steamship companies found a new source of traffic and sent their agents to China to stimulate emigration. Thus we see that the Chinese did not force their way into our midst; they were persuaded to come by promises of better opportunities than were offered in their homeland:

After the completion of the railroads large numbers were thrown out of employment, and these, looking for work, naturally drifted to the cities. They looked upon no service as too menial if it gave them the opportunity to make an honest living. Their employers soon learned what the railroad constructors had already discovered—that they were honest, reliable, industrious, and agreeable. Their wonderful ability for adapting themselves to their surroundings, and their faithfulness in the discharge of their duties soon gave them an advantage over other foreign laborers, whom the railroads, for the sake of traffic, had rushed across the continent as soon as they landed on the Atlantic coast. The cry—"The Chinaman must go" was soon raised by the Europeans, in which some Americans, because it was policy, joined, and finally in 1888 through the influence of scheming politicians congress passed the exclusion act. An act which, notwithstanding our boast of liberality and love of fair play, has not a parallel in the enactments of any democratic body.

The treaty made with China in 1868 declared that "the United States of America and the Emperor of China cordially recognize the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance, and also the mutual advantage of free migration and emigration of their citizens and subjects from one country to the other for the purpose of curiosity, of trade, or as permanent residents. Citizens of the United States visiting or residing in China shall enjoy the same privileges, immunities, and exemptions in respect to travel or residence as may be enjoyed by citizens or subjects of the



most favored nation, and, reciprocally, Chinese subjects visiting or residing in the United States shall enjoy the same privileges, immunities and exemptions in respect to travel or residence as may there be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nation." But forgetting these protestations of amity, in 1888, as has already been said, the United States enacted a law forbidding "any Chinaman who is a skilled or an unskilled laborer to enter the country, and that, if any already resident here shall go out of the country he shall never return."

Thus we see how the United States within a few years oscillated from one extreme to the other. Notice that the Exclusion Bill was not passed to keep out criminals, if so it might be justified, but it is a blow struck against labor "skilled or unskilled." It virtually says: "If the Chinaman comes seeking education, bid him welcome; if he comes as a man of means lift high the gates that he and all his retinue may pass within; but if he comes as a toiler, seeking his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, shut the door in his face. Seize him and throw him into prison; give him to understand that that clause in the Constitution which says that "all men are created free and equal" applies to laborers of Europe whether anarchist, socialist, or what not; that it applies to the "bushmen" from the jungles of Africa, but that in the broad freedom of America there is no place for the struggling Chinaman, be he ever so faithful, industrious, and efficient.

In order to make the passage of the bill possible the treaty with China had to be modified, and, in doing this, our representatives used diplomatic skill bordering on the grossest deception. That they completely hoodwinked the unsuspecting Celestials who trusted implicitly in their frankness and sincerity cannot be doubted.

There are three main points put forward in justification of the Exclusion Bill. First, that the Chinese are not assimilative; second, that they reduce the price of labor, and third, that they impoverish the country by sending their earnings back to China.

As to the first charge, when he is denied citizenship is it

any wonder that the Chinaman feels that there is no communal interest existing between himself and the Americans. The two races do not understand each other. It is unfortunate that such a wide gulf exists between them when each could be of such valuable service to the other. But in justice to the Chinaman we must say that the more enlightened nation has had most to do with fixing that gulf. The Chinese earnestly desire to join hands with the Americans in their onward march of progress, and are willing to do the drudgery that is found along the way. In view of these facts it is absurd to put forward their tendency to assemble in colonies as a reason for their exclusion. Indeed, if they should scatter out over our cities and try to mingle with our people would this not be urged as one of the greatest reasons for keeping them out?

There is apparently more ground for the second charge but when viewed in its true light it will be seen that there is little competition between American and Chinese labor. The real competition is between the Chinese and European immigrants. The American laboring man has reached the place where it is no longer necessary for him to do the menial work for which the Chinaman asks. He has become a skilled mechanic and demands and receives the wages which his skill deserves. Go into our mines to-day and inquire about the nationality of the laborers. Ask the engineers who they are that build our railroads and dig our canals. Will he not tell you that this work is done by Italians, Hungarians, and Poles? These are the men who cry out against the Chinese. Not one American in a hundred will be found in this great army of menial laborers.

The work required to develop our undeveloped resources must be performed by foreigners. In some parts of the world there is not enough work for all of the people; in other parts there is more work than can be done by native workmen. Whenever these conditions exist there is always a shifting of population. Now since the United States has to look to other countries for the labor necessary to develop her

resources, the question naturally arises, "where can we find that which is most satisfactory?"

That the Chinese are more desirable than the lower class of Europeans can be seen at a glance. No one will deny that the ranks of the anarchists are constantly recruited by European immigrants. The Chinaman is not, and, from his very nature, cannot become an anarchist. He has been trained for centuries to obey an absolute monarch, and these centuries have developed in him a patient, submissive subjection, even when conscious that he is wronged. That he is law abiding can readily be seen by a glimpse at our criminal docket. How few of them are arraigned for criminal offenses! Hear the testimony of an Oregon judge; "I sat as county judge of Grant county, Oregon, for four years, when the miners had sold out to the Chinese to such an extent that the larger half of the mining population was Chinese. Yet in all that time there was not one criminal case involving a Chinaman and but one civil one, and in the latter case a white man was finally indicted by his fellow countrymen for perjury." When we take into consideration the recent activities of the anarchists, is this a small thing in favor of the yellow man?

Again, China dumps neither her criminals nor her paupers upon us. Who ever heard of a lazy Chinaman? Who ever heard of a Chinese beggar? They come seeking work and, as has already been shown, give honest and efficient service for the wages they receive. Unlike European laborers, they never go on strike. If their wages are not satisfactory they either toil on in silence or quietly seek work elsewhere.

The third charge also looks plausible to one who has not investigated the facts. But the money sent out of the country by the Chinese is a very small proportion of the wealth created by their labor. The vast delta formed by the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers was drained by Chinese labor. This delta comprised millions of acres of rich alluvial marsh lands which since drained are wonderfully productive. But the delta was the stronghold of malaria and American laborers willing to reclaim it could not be found. The Chi-

nese accepted the task, completed the work, and thereby added \$290,000,000 to the wealth of the state. By their mining operations they added at least \$2,000,000 per annum, and a committee appointed by the legislature of California estimated the amount added to the state indirectly by the Chinese before the Exclusion Act was passed to be \$15,000,000 per annum. If, therefore, these earnest toilers add so vastly to the wealth of our country is it not a mean spirit that would grudge them the small amount of their earnings sent back to needy relatives at home? Even that they send back to China is beneficial to the United States. It is not all in money, for the Celestials delight in giving presents, and these gifts sent to China act as samples and create a demand for American goods.

Added to the virtues already mentioned is the unquestioned honesty of the Chinese. All the English banks in China employ two natives—one to receive and the other to hand out the money. So great is the confidence in their integrity that even in Japan western business men place Chinese at the heads of their establishments in preference to Japanese.

But notwithstanding all these things in favor of the Chinese, dread of the "Yellow Peril" has caused great alarm in some quarters. It is feared that the land will be deluged by the yellow tide from across the Pacific, but there is little need for apprehension. Statistics show that there are almost as many Chinese who return to their native land as come to America. During 1899, 7,591 sailed from Hong Kong for San Francisco, and the same year 5,806 returned from San Francisco. If all the Chinese in the United States were collected in one city there would scarcely be enough inhabitants to give it third class rank. Does this look as if America is in danger of being submerged by the Asiatic stream? Certainly there is no cause for prohibitory legislation which tramples on the rights of a friendly power, wounds its dignity, and envelops it in deep humiliation.

We have work for all the Chinese who wish to come to America. Till our multiplied millions of acres of arid lands are reclaimed and made to blossom with beauty for the eye

of man and to produce fruits for his sustenance we can use them to great advantage. They are especially useful where irrigation is required. China is a vast country of irrigation, and its people are thoroughly conversant with the best methods. We, of the East, are misled in thinking that the Chinaman can do nothing more than wash clothes. Many of the finest truck farms on the Pacific coast are conducted by Chinese. It is a notable fact that farm lands under the supervision of Chinese always improve in value. Shall we not allow these earnest, tireless, toiling laborers to take our arid wastes and make them blossom as the garden of Eden?

But after all that has been said there is a higher reason why this unjust act should be repealed. The question should not be how much can we get out of China but how, as a Christian nation, can we reach out to them the helping hand of brotherly love. The glory of nations, like the glory of individuals, is based on service. And yet we refuse to extend the common courtesies of diplomacy to the people of a nation that would be not only our friends but our servants. If the millions of China are to be reached; if their religion, superstitions and traditions are to give place to the higher development of Western civilization we must retrace many steps taken during the past two decades, and act toward them with a greater degree of consistency. If we are to play any important part in the regeneration of China we must meet her people on the broad plane of altruism. Here is the view taken by Mr. Young Wing, one of China's great scholars and diplomats: "In view of what the United States government has done for the past twenty years, in the way of enacting obnoxious laws against the Chinese and without any provocation flinging insult after insult into the very teeth of the Chinese government, I can't for the life of me see how republicanism is to become universal or how the torch of American liberty is to enlighten the eastern races when they are shut out from its light.

That the United States has the right to exclude undesirable emigrants no one will deny. But we do contend that she has no right to discriminate unfairly against any nation. We

cannot treat China with such indignity and, at the same time expect to reap commercial benefits from her toiling millions. These benefits can only arise when peace and good feelings exist. The Exclusion Act has turned back from our shores the most desirable element of the Chinese people. There was a time when they looked to us with hope and confidence, but now the selfrespecting among them do not deign to enter a land where they are not wanted and where insult and imprisonment await them. In our blindness we have killed the goose that laid the golden egg. So long as the Exclusion Act stands on our statute books there will be an impassable gulf between us and a nation which we might have bound to us with strong ties of mutual advantage. We deny an honest, patient and deserving people the privilege of gathering up the crumbs which fall in such profusion from our overladen tables and thus build a barrier in the way of our own progress and block the open door to the entrance of American goods into one of the most inviting fields of commerce.

C. L. SMITH.

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*The Part the Pumpkin Played.*

---

It was in early fall, that calm, hazy kind of a day which makes a person feel kindly to all his fellow creatures and feel the spirit of autumn in his veins giving him new life.

On the immense plantation of old Colonel Du Fuall the happy slaves were scattered over the fields at their labor singing and joking one another with the accustomed light heartedness of their race. But in the "Mansion House" affairs were not so tranquil. Col. Du Fuall had received very annoying communications from the "Society of Royal Americans," as the Tories of the neighborhood were pleased to call themselves, and was pacing up and down his large dining-room floor as fast as a slightly gouty foot would allow. This was in 1776, just before the outbreak of hostilities between England and America and, of course, there were troublous times in some localities. The Colonel had received a letter

from the Society stating that it was reported that he was supplying the American troops with ammunition and supplies against the Royal edict. This was the truth and Colonel Du Fuall did not mean to deny the fact.

So he was angry at the president of the Society, and calling his butler he said:

"Say, you, Pont! Come here to me, sir!" The darkey came and stood inside the door.

"You know where that scoudrelly fellow Amesbury lives, don't you?"

"Yaas, sir," answered the darkey.

"Well, you go over there immediately and tell him, with my compliments that he and his whole crew are a lot of meddling idiots and have no right to say what a decent white man shall do."

"No sah Marse Dufal, I'se aint in no wise wantin' ter disobey yuh, sah, but I never gwine resk my naik tekin' no sich message, you jest send Toby, he's bigger'n I is en mebbe he kin beat dat man Amesberry runnin'."

"What do you mean, sir? do you actually refuse to obey me?"

"No sar, but I hearn one o' de han's tellin' of er whole troop er sojers what wuz camped en Mr. Amusberry's yard, en dey mought mek trouble fer yo'."

"You did, eh?" and he turned to his wife and daughter and said: "There is surely trouble brewing now if Amesbury has soldiers here already, you, Agatha, had best pack your silver and jewels away ready for instant removal, should the soldiers want to search the house, for I have heard grievous tales of how they have maltreated some of our countrymen further north of us." Mistress Agatha rose immediately and left the room in great haste, but not so with her daughter Pauline. Pauline was a brave girl, she had not run wild all her life, ridden horse back and romped through the country around about for nothing. Small and graceful with brown hair and blue eyes and a pretty little way of hanging her head on one side when looked at steadily, gave her the reputation of being the most beautiful girl in the

community. There were suitors of course but no one could tell with which her preference lay. There was one, however, who had won her love, although people did not know it and the two were to be married when William returned from a long trip up the river after the supplies for his troops, for he was captain of the local company of militia which had been raised in event of any trouble in the neighborhood. Before starting on his journey he came over to the plantation to say goodbye to Pauline and had a long talk with her before he left. After he was gone she was standing at the gate watching the disappearing horseman when a voice startled her by remarking: "Pretty day, isn't it?" "Yes, sir," she replied, closing the gate and latching it. "Is your father at home now?" the stranger asked. "Yes, sir," she answered, walking towards the house and quickening her step when the man opened the gate and started to follow her. "Wait a moment, won't you girl! I don't mean any harm."

But Pauline was already on a run and had got to the steps when she met her father just mounting his horse for his usual morning inspection of the farm. "Pont," the butler, had departed with the Colonel's message, after some abuse and threatenings on the Colonel's part, and now they were awaiting the answer.

Colonel Du Fuall noticed the frightened face of his daughter and when she told him how "that fellow had frightened her and had followed her up the walk," the Colonels anged rose at once and he set off at a gallop down the avenue to find the recreant. He almost ran into a man coming up the walk, and lo and behold, who should it be but Amesbury himself! "Oh ho! exclaimed the Colonel, "you got my message, did you?" and now you come prowling about a decent man's grounds frightening his daughter, do you?"

"Yes, I did get your — message and I've come to make you take back what you said concerning the society sir!" exclaimed Amesbury in a rage. "You skulking hound, do you think you alone can make a man, a man I say, who will stop short of nothing for his country, take back the truth



which he has expressed against a set of cowardly traitors, of which you are the cowardliest! How dare you even approach this plantation sir?" "By the authority of the king, you old humbug, and I'll make you pay dear for this insult too, see if I don't."

"Humbug, is it? Well, take that! and that too, and you can get more if you want it," exclaimed Colonel Du Fuall enraged, while laying his heavy riding whip about the fellow's head and shoulders. Amesbury turned and ran, the Colonel following him all the way off the plantation. After he was safe out of the irate Colonel's dominions he grew very brave and threatened all kinds of revenge, but the Colonel said nothing.

Colonel Du Fuall rode slowly back to his home and was in a deep study until Pauline interrupted him by calling out that there was a messenger at the back hall door wishing to speak with him immediately. The Colonel, of course, hurried off and soon returned, his face set and determined, and a strange light in his eyes.

"Why, what's the matter, Daddy?" inquired Pauline, beginning to fear her father had received alarming news.

"Daughter, there has been taken a great step in the history of our country by the Continental Congress, which body has declared us a free country." and then, drawing a paper from his pocket, he read to them that matchless Declaration of Independence which forever parted us from the oppressive rule of Great Britain.

"But Daddy, won't they kill William? He's a patriot you know and is even now on his way after ammunition for the company."

"No, my child, he will hardly be harmed yet awhile—not until after open fighting begins is there any danger to be feared." But he little knew how soon trouble would begin.

Two days after a man on a weary, panting horse galloped up the avenue and around to the back of the house. He was faint and haggard and it seemed as if he had come a long way.

When Pauline saw him coming she started to call to her

father, but, on seeing the fellow beckon to her, she waited until he came closer. At last he reached the door and as soon as Pauline got a close look at him, she ran to him with outstretched arms for it was none other than her lover.

"What's the matter William? Why are you come back so soon?"

"O, darling, I can't tell you now, but I am in very great danger, for as I was returning the captain of the Royalists in the village wanted to search me as a spy, and I got my horse away and galloped off before he had time to call his men together. I heard them galloping after me when I came over the hill, but I beat them here and now you must find me a place to hide right away!"

Pauline did not quite understand him, but she knew enough to realize that he must be hidden, so she stood still and thought a moment.

"Where can I go," William inquired. "They are sure to search the stables and the house and it won't do for me to be found, for look here," and he pulled out a large packet of letters which had the seal of the congress upon them.

But Pauline ran to the door and glancing out exclaimed "Here they come! Hurry in here, this is the kitchen and they won't look here for a while any how. It's lucky your horse wandered on to the stable!"

"But I can't stay here! They will look here sooner or later and they will be sure to find me!"

"Well, then get in this quick," said Pauline as she pulled the lid off an enormous washpot, of which there were two set up in bricks in the large chimney place. There was a fire under one and it was full of boiling clothes but the other happened to be empty.

"It might be hot in there but you can stand it a little while any how!" she said as she partly hung some wet clothes over the edge of the pot and pulled the cover far enough on to make it dark inside.

Then she started out of the kitchen and as she got to the door she saw lying on a chair the bundle of letters which William was so concerned about.

What was she to do? Here were soldiers coming at a gallop up the drive and she had nowhere to put the papers! But with a sudden inspiration she ran into the pantry and taking a knife plunged it into a large pumpkin which was in a corner. Pulling out the plug she rammed the papers down and replaced the plug. Then she had just time to turn the pumpkin over and dip her hands into a bag of flour when the soldiers leaped off their horses and began loudly to demand the surrender of the "spy."

Colonel DuFvall now appeared on the scene, and was promptly seized and bound while the soldiers dispersed and began to search the house.

Where is the spy?" demanded the angry captain of the troop. "Answer me at once, you old traitor, or we'll hang you high as Haman."

"I know nothing of any spy," calmly replied the old Colonel and then he happened to glance toward his daughter who was standing near by. She gave him a glance which at once told him to be careful and so he said nothing.

"Oh, he's hidden near here somewhere, we saw his tracks on the avenue." But the Colonel remained quiet.

All at once the Captain turned to Pauline and so sudden was the question put that it took her by surprise, and she turned red and faltered as she answered, "I know of no reason why you should come with your troop of rude soldiers and go into a peaceful person's dwelling, especially when there has been no war declared." "But that is not the question, girl, answer me! Do you know aught of the spy?"

"I know of no *spy*," she replied, and she spoke truly, for William was no spy.

Further questioning was put off by a terrible commotion in the kitchen. It sounded like a whirlwind was raging inside, and clouds of steam and missiles of all descriptions began to come through the door. All at once two of the soldiers were flung sprawling out of the door and William with a frying pan in one hand and a heavy pair of tongs in the other was seen for a moment as he struggled with two other men. It was lucky the soldiers had left their guns

outside, but numbers told and the soldiers had soon overpowered William and had him bound securely. Then who should make his appearance but Amesbury, and in an exulting way, he said: "Oh ho! old man, who has the upper hand now? You ran me off the other day, but we'll see who can hurt now!" "Now, old man, what have you to say for yourself, since we have found the spy?" asked the captain. "I can only repeat that I knew nothing of his presence here and that if I had I would have aided him as far as I could."

"So you deny any knowledge of his presence, do you? But how about your daughter here? Mayhap she knows more." But Pauline was slow to answer, for her quick eye had caught a glimpse of the blue and buff of the continental troops far down the road from the village, so to gain time she said: "Sir, you would not, had you been in my place, denied aid to one of your countrymen when pursued by his enemies." "Not what I would have done, but what you did is the question, and if the fellow does not prove himself blameless he shall meet the the fate of spies." Then to William he turned. "What have you to say, sir? Is it true that you are carrying despatches for the Continental Congress who are in revolt against the King?" "If 'tis true, what of that, it does not prove me a spy. Since there is no war declared, how can I be spying?" "But he hid himself from the soldiers of the King, and resisted arrest," broke in Amesbury, who was secretly jealous of William, and because he wished to pay off his grudge against Colonel DuFual. "

"That is true," said the captain. "Men lead him out to yonder oak and prepare the noose. These traitors must be taught a lesson."

But his orders were never carried out, for before the men could execute them they were halted by yells down the avenue and they stood where they were when they saw the leveled rifles of the Continentals, who had approached unobserved. Then, of course, William and the Colonel were released and the soldiers were placed under guard in an out-house. War had been declared and George Washington had been made commander-in-chief of the American forces. The

village troop hearing that a company of Royalists had gone in pursuit of their captain, at once armed themselves, and set out to his aid, and they arrived just in time. But while all were standing around talking and asking questions of William, a new body of men were seen approaching up the avenue. At last they reached the house and it was seen that the principal one of the party was none other than the immortal George Washington. Of course the Colonel by this time, had recovered his composure and greeted the commander-in-chief warmly.

"Friend DuFuall, it seems that you have troublous neighbors, and if I mistake not, this is the arch-traitor of the community, so you have indeed done the country a service by capturing him."

"Indeed, sir, it was by no effort of mine 'twas done, but by these good townsmen, who came to our rescue when help was sorely needed." "Yes, and so Amesbury will be guarded until trial, do you, Lieutenant Brennan see that he is well guarded." And then the commander in chief entered the house with Colonel Du Fuall. After considering awhile Washington asked: "Do you know personally a young man by the name of William Howells who is said to live in the village?"

"Your honor, the young man is even now in the house, I will call him."

William came and was introduced to Washington who said: "You were entrusted with certain letters to be delivered to a man who should give you a certain number, were you not?"

"I was, your honor."

Then I give you the number, which is "thirteen" and ask you for those letters." "Your Honor will pardon me while I go and search for the papers which I fear were dropped in the struggle?" "Go, sir, was Washington's reply.

But before William got to the door Pauline was seen to enter the room with a pumpkin in her arms. Placing it upon a table she said with a courtesy: "Methinks if you will open the pumpkin the papers will be found, but you

will pardon me for having so soiled them in the hiding." Sure enough the papers were there and the first one in the package was William's appointment to a lieutenant's position on the staff of Washington. And the old document is kept to this day, yellow and faded and stained by the pumpkin in which it was hid, as the greatest treasure of the descendants of William and Pauline. C. E. C.

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### *Three Characteristics of Robert Browning.*

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In reading Browning's poetry the three most striking characteristics that one encounters are his extreme optimism, his many-sidedness, and his neverfailing faith.

This strong and impulsive nature did not view the world as a "vale of tears," but rather believed that "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world." Over a world of sin, sorrow and doubt he looked, not with fat-witted optimism that burdens not itself with the cares of the world, but as a man who had seen sorrows, a man who had faced doubt, a man who could say: "The future I may face now I have proved the past." Matthew Arnold looked at life filled with vicissitudes and misfortunes and cried out:

"The world which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

But amid the cities jar and the rush of the world Browning exclaimed:

"Then, welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!  
Be our joys three parts pain!

Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;  
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge  
the throe."

He sees evil in all of its force and misery, but he sees also good, believing that:—

"The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound."

And that:—

"This world's no blot for us

Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good."

Browning's optimism went to such an extent that he could say:—

"There shall never be one lost good!"

And again:—

"Never star was lost here but it rose afar."

His optimism did not carry him so far, however, that he deemed the world perfect and peopled with faultless beings, but he believed that triumph is the outcome of failure, harmony of discord, and happiness of woe.

"What is our failure here but triumph's evidence  
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?  
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might  
issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be  
prized?"

He looked over the bickerings and strifes of this world, and enjoyed life to its fullest.

The second striking characteristic of this master nineteenth century poet is his many-sidedness. No other English poet save Shakespeare wrote on so many subjects and treated so many different phases of life. It seems as if he fathomed the depths of almost every science and solved the problems of "life and thought." He wrote of Art, Music, and love: suggested thoughts on Psychology, Astronomy, Alchemy, and Metaphysics; and pictured men in every phase of life—from the villa in the country to the laboratory in the city.

A keen sense of wit is displayed in many of Browning's poems, while others are filled with pathos. "Up at a Villa

—down in the City” is a good example of the former, and “Andrea Del Sarto” of the latter. From the heights of deep metaphysical speculation Browning could drop down to write a verse like this:—

“All the Latin I construe is ‘Amo I love.’”

And again he exclaims:—

“Take away love and our earth is a tomb.”

This versatility is one of his chief charms. In reading his poetry one never knows what to look for until he comes directly across it. There is always something fresh about him, something unexpected, something that charms. This power was acquired by “mixing with action” by his extensive reading, by his travels in Italy, and by his wonderful intellect grasping every detail.

And now we come to the greatest of Browning’s characteristics—his never-failing faith. Above the grating discords of some verses, above his many defects, above everything, this wonderful faith soars. His poems are literally permeated with it. It is true that often, too often, he grates on our ears with very unharmonious verse such as “Brick dab mortar,” etc., but ever and anon he breaks forth with such lines as these:

“For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute’s at end  
And the elements rage, the fiend voices that rave.  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain.  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again  
And with God be the rest,”

Matthew Arnold exclaimed:

“What, is before us we know not,  
And we know not what shall succeed.”

But Browning says:

“What have fear of change from thee who art ever  
the same



Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy  
power expands."

And:

O Saul, it shall be  
A face like to my face that receives thee;  
A man like to me.  
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever: a hand  
like this hand  
Shall throw open the gate of new Life to thee!  
see the Christ stand!"

This faith comes easy to some, but with Browning it was different. Like many men of the eighteenth and some of the nineteenth century, he had to struggle with doubt, but he overcame it. The cloud of doubt that overshadowed his younger days was dispelled after a hard fight, and the remainder of his life was sun-shiny with faith.

With these characteristics in view, if we read Browning we will see the gold that lies hidden beneath the pile of rubbish that he wrote. He has been severely criticised for clothing his thoughts in such obscure language, and justly, but when one gets his meaning one has gotten something valuable. Such poems as "Saul," "Apt Vogler," "Andrea Del Sarto," "Cleon," "Prospice," and "The Epilogue to Osolando" will always hold their places among the greatest short poems in the English language.

R. O. LAWTON.

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*To M.*

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1. You said Goodbye, and lightly turned away,  
But threw a smile to me still in the door,  
I stood and strained my tear-dimmed eyes  
'Till I could see thy form no more.
2. I listened 'till the echo of your steps had died,  
Then turned and went into my silent room,  
There 'till sleep kissed my throbbing brow,  
I sat alone and struggled with my gloom.

3. For you had touched my life in its dark hour,  
And from the place where I had fall'n lifted me,  
And strong in thy immortal faith  
Had pointed out the way I could not see !
4. Oh friend, you are more dear to me tonight  
Far out upon the stormtossed ocean wide,  
Than when I heard your voice and felt your touch  
And wandered in the twilight by your side !
5. A thousand oceans rolled between thyself and me  
With mountains, cloud capped reaching far above  
Not space, nor time, nor change, nor even death  
Will ever take from me one vestige of my love.

—A.

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*The School of the New South.*

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(Monthly oration for October from Calhoun Society.)

The distinguished and eloquent son of Georgia, Benjamin H. Hill at a public gathering at Tammany Hall, once said: "There was a South of Slavery and Secession; that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom; that South is living, breathing, growing every hour." The South of to-day and the South of thirty years ago are different in many important respects. A great change has come over the South transforming it completely. The natural law of progress which has made the nineteenth century illustrious for its advancement, achievement and invention has affected the South and wrought a wonderful change in its character. Not only is it altered in external appearances but its very soul, its inmost spirit has breathed the breath of progress and awakening from its long sleep and silent meditation has astonished the world with its wonderful achievements. The South of slavery and tradition no longer occupies the minds of men except when called up by fond memories from the depths of the past and in its stead, there has arisen what men miscall the new South but in reality the old South, the

unchanged and unchangeable South, with only its methods and ideals altered.

The school of the old South takes its exit from the stage of human affairs, and the new school inheriting all the traditions and obeying all the laws of the South of former days, appears with golden opportunities. There still remain a few honored and venerable men of the old school of Southern aristocracy and chivalry. There is yet a remnant of the "immortal brave" who are striving with their utmost effort to repair the breach, which they believing in God and trusting in His faith, made with their own hands. They are leading lives of honor and usefulness, proving beyond all doubt that as they strove to tear down their government in the stormy sixties they can struggle with equal strength and energy to restore peace, unity and complete fellowship. They are today living monuments of the character of southern men and the grandeur of southern sentiment. To them we bow with profound reverence and are joined by our brothers from the north with the words "As they fought for what they believed to be a just and holy cause, so shall they not be forgotten when the history of American heroes is written." But we can deal with them only in imagination, they are memories of the past as sacred and as sublime as anything can be; but they are of the past and a nation which spends all its time in praising its dead and in recalling past recollections is unworthy of the memory of that dead. These are of the old school which is doomed to a certain destruction.

As they sink into their graves with the glory of honored dead, upon their sacred bones there arises the new school. The school of the business man or more accurately speaking of the busy man. Not the man of sentiment and emotion who cannot go forward for thinking of the past but the sterling man of affairs with the spirit of progress vibrating in his very soul. The man of modern ideas, of aggressive spirit, of indomitable will, of broad cultured mind of refined and elevated character, the perfect man, the man in his right sphere. Such are fast becoming the dominant

characteristics of Southern men today. Inspired by the example of the enterprising and progressive spirit of the north, the south has emulated these virtues with such exactness and ability that the northerner may well fear that he will be surpassed and his talents obscured by the genius of the south which, when fully aroused and put into action, knows no limit. These are the two schools; one fast disappearing from the minds of men and the other, new and untried just arising over the horizon of history. That the old school will die a natural death and of its own accord, no one can deny. The natural law of change and evolution knows no sentiment and is indifferent to all human laws; this law will soon efface it from the minds of men and substitute the sterling qualities of commerce and industry which alone can make a nation great. Those who form the ranks of the old school are fast disappearing from our midst and are joining the "innumerable caravan that moves on to that mysterious realm." They take with them their antiquated sentiments and useless ideas but they leave to posterity as a priceless heritage an example of valor, truth, patriotism and devotion to duty and principle. And as a nation is determined by the quality of its sentiment and as its future wellfare largely depends upon this quality we see that the South is richly endowed with a transcendent zeal for work and improvement. The old school in the nature of things must die; it cannot survive, but the annals of history upon which it is recorded will be forever eclipsed, not only by Southerners but by men everywhere that valor, virtue and honor are held in esteem. The whole brotherhood of English speaking races will be proud to claim kindred with the Southern States of America.

But the new school appears and attracts universal attention. It is engaged in the strenuous life—a life of severe competition, active labor and aggressive business. The very spirit of the age seems to be progress and activity. Let us hope that this business may be carried only to a certain reasonable point for upon the extent of this point depends the

future well being of our nation. If we become completely industrialized, blind to all that is true and beautiful in a nation, ignoring the precepts of our fathers and disobeying the laws of prudence, we must suffer the fate meted to all nations leading careers of gain and selfishness. This business must be restrained within proper and lawful bounds and palsied by the hand that attempts to overstep them. Intellect and culture must be placed foremost in the minds of men. They must be set upon a pedestal for the admiration and emulation of mankind. Man must be placed above the dollar; man must be first and then wealth and industry can have free reign. The practical does not interfere with the ideal when the practical is restrained by reason and prudence.

Contrary to the opinion of many, industrialism does not kill literature but tends rather to increase and elevate it. It brings the nation into closer contact and touch, exchanging political schemes and religious doctrines for the mutual benefit and improvement of all.

Let us see some of the forces which have been at work in this great transformation of the South and explore their causes. First of all, it is that great progressive and aggressive spirit of advancement which has created all the great industries of the world. We see the almost incredible inventions and the gigantic results produced by the genius of man within the last few years. Invention, discovery, art and science have totally transformed the world. The earth does not turn more rapidly upon its axis but ideas and conditions pass with greater swiftness through the minds of men. This is essentially a commercial age. Far from regretting it we should glory in it, for commercialism has brought out all that is best and noblest in American life and upon the industrial development of the world depends the salvation of man. The wide seas are covered with ships of trade carrying products over the whole world. Continents are crossed in a single day by the "iron monster." Trade and commerce are talked of everywhere and men devote their strength and energy to its improvement. It is unnatural and impossible to believe that the south would remain idle and inactive while the world

without was bustling with trade. She could not lie supinely on her back with her hands and arms tied by the cords of sentiment while the world went on its course. The south has never been obscure, the strength and character of its leaders, the ability and intelligence of its masses have always placed it foremost among the nations and enabled it to take the lead in all important thought and action. The south realizing that it could not contend with the nations in its present helpless condition, with its resources undeveloped and its facilities of labor untrained, with one mighty effort shook off the burden by which it had been oppressed and determined to become a master in this sphere as it had been in others. The result we see to-day.

As we look upon the great net work of railroads extending over the whole south and connecting the most obscure points with the marts of trade—as we see the vast number of cotton mills consuming the almost entire cotton supply of the world—as we see rich and fertile plantations extending over thousands of miles—as we realize the unparalleled happiness and prosperity of the Southern people, we can see the greatness of those who first conceived and then executed those great designs. When we realize the power and influence we exert, the markets we control, the vast trade we maintain, the enormous profits flowing into our pockets, when we see all these things, truly can we say great and wonderful has been the industrial development and the material growth of the South.

The old school passes out and the new school passes in. We may regret or deplore it, but we cannot avoid it. It is inevitable. The natural law of progress has made the South a commercial nation. He who would attempt to deter or obstruct the progress of his country is a disgrace to the race which he calls his own. He can deter it only for a time; it is only a clog in the great wheel of civilization which is destined to turn on and on despite the feeble efforts of man to prevent it. The South has awakened from its dormant state and idle dreaming and has started on a new career with prospects and opportunities never before pre-

sented to mankind. Men of practical and scientific knowledge are at the helm and the South has caught the spirit of the age and is marching now to the drum-beat of progress. As it has never failed in any undertaking, it will not fail in this. The South of tradition and sentiment was a glorious one: the South of the civil war was a credit and honor to the Anglo-Saxon race; the South, after the war was still more glorious and the South of today, the giant of the twentieth century surpasses them all.

“Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

C. P. WOFFORD.

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WHEN we think of the toil and the sorrow,  
 Of the swift, rushing tide of the world,  
 Of bright hopes deferred till the morrow,  
 Of the tattered flags that are furled—  
 Great plans but without fruition,  
 When the hopes of life were foiled,  
 The ruin of all that was cherished  
 And the upward road of toil;  
 The heart grows sich with longing,  
 And the feet grow tired of the way,  
 That leads from life’s bright morning  
 To the setting sun of its day;  
 But the clouds that seem so heavy  
 Will grow bright with the sunset’s glow,  
 And the deepening shades of evening  
 Will rest, sweet rest, bestow.

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*Literature a Revealer of Life at its Highest Standard.*

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It has been said that “Literature is the mirror in which the soul learns to recognize its own lineaments.”

With this quotation we preface what we shall have to say on the subject of literature as an expression and interpretation of the highest and best human life.

It is no easy matter to say very definitely what is meant by the term literature so broad and comprehensive is its usage. Hence in this short discussion of so broad a subject we shall have necessarily to deal with it in a very general and superficial way.

The literature which we claim to be the true revealer and interpreter of life at its highest standard embraces only the best that has been thought and written in the world. Men have been striving to know themselves since time out of mind. Goethe in his life-long quest for a clearer knowledge of human life has asked the question, "How can a man come to know himself?"

We may take this as expressing the question of questions which humanity is asking and the answer to which it is earnestly seeking. Anything, therefore, which answers this universal search for the knowledge of human life deserves our deep thought and serious consideration.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson says: "Literature is the door to nature and to ourselves." It is a revealer of ourselves to ourselves.

It is Mathew Arnold who tells us if we would know ourselves and the great world that is about us we must know the best that has been thought and written in the world. In order to know literature aright we must have a heart to feel its warmth, an eye to catch the great visions which it contains and an ear to hear its voices.

We claim that it is not the function of literature simply to express and interpret life, but it is to serve as a distinct revelation of the broadening possibilities wrapped up in human life and to deepen and enrich individual manhood at its highest standard.

Dowden says: "If our study does not directly or indirectly enrich the life of man, it is a drawing of vanity with cart ropes, a weariness to the flesh, or at best a busy idleness."

All thinking people of this age have come to know that the ideal life is a four-fold life. That the four factors which enter into the make-up of the well proportioned, symmetrical



man are the Right and the True, the Beautiful and the Good. It is in the harmonious development of these four elements in man that we find his highest possibilities realized. It is the combination of these faculties of the soul-life that constitutes the totality of man. The Right and the True are incomplete save as they are associated with the Beautiful and the Good. This noble manhood, this single yet four-fold life is culture's highest ideal.

Mathew Arnold preached this gospel of the harmonious development of these four faculties of man and tells us that literature is an indispensable aid to their development. He says we must develop the power of conduct and the power of the intellect and knowledge together with the power of the feelings and the power of the will. These four factors harmoniously developed, constitute what he calls the ideal manhood. In his writings Goethe makes the harmonious development of the individual life through thought, feeling and action his supreme aim. He believed that everything a man did in life springs from the union of all the faculties of his soul-life. Literature affords the development of all the elements of man by allowing those God-given faculties of the soul full sweep and play. Literature is a development itself—as Hamilton W. Mabie says: "It represents a growth, a vital process and is, therefore, a part of the history of himself which man is making as his supreme achievement in life."

This is an age of development, an age of expansion. The idea of expansion and growth has taken hold of our people and has become a great principle with them. Growth in anything is absolutely essential to life. When man ceases to grow intellectually or spiritually he ceases to live. Hence that literature which does not represent a growth, a vital process, as Mr. Mabie says, should not be called literature."

Keats advanced this idea of human development but failed to carry it as far as some other writers of the eighteenth century. He preached the gospel of truth and beauty alone, leaving out two essential elements of ideal manhood. The

keynote of his gospel was that 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,

That is all we know on earth and all we need to know.'

Tennyson and Browning came later to add to this doctrine of Keat's the power of noble conduct or the right. The true culture, then, is that which interprets and expresses the highest and best life and the highest and best life that we know anything about is what Arnold calls the four-fold life.

When we study humanity as it lived in the past and as it lives out its life today we find that its view of life was, and is, a more or less, narrow view.

The modern man of science has caught only a distorted view of life: he has developed only one side of his nature—the power of intellect. In the early Puritan we see a one-sided development, the development of the power of conduct and at once we recognize that he was blind to many of the varied interests and beauties of life.

Greek life furnishes us with a fine illustration of the exclusive development of the one faculty of the soul-life, the power of the beautiful. And however much we may admire this type of men and this kind of development, we must admit that no one of these classes of men represents the perfect human type which literature reveals to us.

If we would know something about this symmetry of life as revealed in culture we must seek the companionship of some of the greatest thinkers of the world. If we would study humanity in its highest form and alive we must practice, as Mr. Woodrow Wilson says, "the vivisection of literature."

The literature in which these elements of man form an indissoluble union is found first of all in the great library of books—the Bible. It reveals this harmonious development, this symmetry of life. This book is one which we must read, and there are a few others which we cannot afford not to read. Among them we might mention the works of Homer, Shakespeare and Goethe. For in all these are com-

bined in the highest degree the power of conduct and the power of the intellect, the power of the feelings and the power of the will, and, "whoever knows these in a real sense, knows life, humanity, art, and himself."

*W. S. Loy*  
LOY.

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M. W. SLOAN, Editor.

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**Prize.** In order to quicken the interest in literary work, two prizes have been offered by friends of THE JOURNAL. The object of this is two-fold. First, to help THE JOURNAL, as it has been found that the offer of a prize induces a great many men to contribute to the paper who would not do so under ordinary circumstances; and that it causes all the supporters of THE JOURNAL to expend more labor and care upon their articles. Thus, the standard of our magazine is raised. Second, to benefit the student body, as these awards cause many contestants to put forth their best efforts. So, while only one receives a prize, the trial benefits everyone.

In all college magazines the scarcity of good poetry is painfully evident. Hoping to lessen this defect in our paper, we have decided to offer a prize of five dollars for the best poem which appears in the December, January, and February issues. No contestant is limited in the number or length of poems offered. Let our poets forget their modesty

and brighten the pages of THE JOURNAL with their inspirations.

We are enabled through the kindness of President Snyder to use for a second time the Dargan medal. It is to be given for the best story under the conditions governing the contest. These are, that no story shall be longer than fifteen hundred words and must be received by the first of February.

Let every one enter the list. Don't think that there is no use of your trying. There is no restriction as to the kind of story you write. Surely no one's life has been so barren that he has not experienced, seen, or heard of some adventure or phase of human life that could not be moulded into an interesting story.



**Child-Labor.** South Carolina stands today the proud leader of cotton manufacturing in the South. Mills have sprung up like magic on every side and it will not be long before she will excel any state in the Union in this branch of industry. We are all proud of this, but in our hour of exultation let us not forget to look at the darker side of the picture. Our industry has been built up partly at the expense of child labor. While our manufactures are small when compared with those of the North, yet we have fifty per cent more children at work than all the rest of the Union. This condition of affairs is deplorable. It should be stopped.

First, let us look at it from a purely commercial standpoint. Child labor is not profitable to the mill owners. Col. Orr says: "I believe it costs us more per pound than any labor we could employ. The wages paid them is a mere pittance, being from ten to fifteen cents a day. So the money received by the operatives is not materially increased by the labor of the children."

The South does not expect to continue to manufacture only the coarsest cloth. To manufacture the finer and more profitable grade of goods, it will be necessary to have a class of intelligent and skilled laborers. If we dwarf the minds

and bodies of the children by premature work, will they develop into skilled artisans? Certainly not. So looking to the future welfare of the South we should protect our embryo labor.

In the South it is imperative that our white citizens should be intelligent. If we are to maintain our Anglo-Saxon supremacy, our white children must be educated. From a political standpoint it is a madness to put our white children in a factory, while the negro puts his in a school.

Further, the demand of our nation must be heard in this matter. The wards of the nation today are its defenders tomorrow. "The function of the child is not productive, but receptive." Upon the acknowledgement of this function depends the child's future creative power. A universal, excessive, and premature draft upon the strength of the child would mean the degradation and ruin of the country. The continuation of its freedom means the perpetual liberty of our race. Its powers, nurtured in happy childhood, mean the strength of our industrial and martial armies. Has not the nation a right to demand that this strength be not wasted for the sake of a few paltry dollars?

Is the cry of the factory child, pleading for the rights and privileges that God has intended for it, to be heard with dull ears in the South, the home of justice and chivalry, where principal is valued more than material welfare? Child labor is as much in accord with the civilization of today as slavery was fifty years ago.

From an economic and human standpoint then, it is clear that the employment of children under the age of twelve years in a manufacturing establishment is not right. Let South Carolina's legislators express this sentiment of the people in the form of a law when they next meet.



**The Student.** When our forefathers went to college there was but one outlet for man's energy. That was to study. He did not have a glee club, a foot-ball team, a college periodical, and the many other things that make

up so much of under-graduate life now, from which he derives benefits and pleasures. The consequence, we are told, was that he did not leave college a well rounded man. He was an intellectual, but narrow minded creature with bad health and temper.

Later came that school of philosophers who cried out that the avenues of profit and pleasure in the student life were not sufficiently numerous. They were fond of saying, "Sana mens in saná corpore." Their ideas received well nigh universal acceptance.

We sincerely believe that a college today with its fine opportunities for work in the lecture room and its many auxiliary organizations for the improvement of the student mentally, morally, socially, and physically gives the youth a better opportunity to leave the institution than the college in the past did. But is there not a danger in stressing the fact so strongly that a man should get more out of college than the information contained in his text books, that the benefit to be derived from the regular college course may be undervalued? Is it not possible that in putting so much importance upon the minor fields of activity in college life, that the primary duty of the student may not receive the attention that it should? Is there not a danger that in fearing that we may not go far enough in this direction, that we may go too far?

It is right that the best athlete, the most eloquent orator, and the most powerful writer should receive recognition from the student body. By offering trophy cups and medals he is incited to his best efforts. But we should go farther in our hero worship than this. We should remember the plodding student who throws himself with his whole soul into the regular college work and makes a high record. His example is a source of inspiration to all his class. Thus, he not only sustains the intellectual record of his institution by his own work, but also by his influence. Such merit should be recognized. If the old custom of having a valedictory at commencement delivered by the man who has led his class during its course through college is not worth reviving, it seems

to us that a record should be kept of every man's work during his course and that the first honor man should be known, at least.

•        •

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BUS. MGR.



## Exchange Department.

W. W. BOYD, Editor.

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The October exchanges show that the editors of the various magazines are working hard to make their magazines as attractive as possible. But in some there is, on the part of the contributors, a lack of careful preparation. This may be excusable, to some extent, as the first numbers had to be prepared soon after the opening of the schools and we may expect this deficiency to be remedied in the next numbers.

We are in receipt of "The Wake Forest Student," whose contributions are numerous and varied. The "Introduction to the Romantic Movement" is a well written article; also "Thomas Gray" and "Sidney Phillips" are worthy of commendation. We think the stories might be improved.

"The Pine and Thistle" is a neat little magazine and all of its stories are readable. Perhaps the most interesting article is "Sea Island Folk-Lore."

We welcome among our exchanges "The College Independent" of the Peoples University, Olympia, Washington. This is the first number and we wish for "The Independent" much success.

The September number of the "Baylor Literary" contains some good articles, but there is evident in many of the contributions a lack of careful preparation. "American Song" is not so comprehensive a study as the title suggests. The field of investigation has been too narrow. "William Ewart Gladstone" is a worthy contribution.

In the "Southwestern University Magazine" we find some well written articles. "Virtue the true Basis of Happiness" contains some excellent advice. The language is somewhat "high-flown" and savors of an oration. "Catherine's Mis-

sion" is a good story and the two orations, "Oliver Cromwell" and "Chinese Civilization" deserve mention. The one article in the "Freshman and Sophomore Department" is good but we think there should be more contributed by these classes.

The "Davidson College Magazine" is among the best of our exchanges. "The Fate of Kings" is no mean article. "Zebulon B. Vance" is a high tribute to a noble son of North Carolina. "The Jews at Christ's Coming" shows some research and is worth a careful reading. We are glad to find in this magazine quite a number of creditable poems.

Each department of "The Trinity Archive" is well edited. The literary department is well filled with good matter. The two stories meriting special notice are "Sister Doloroso" and "The Secret of Shackleford's."

"The Asheville School Review" of October 15th, is almost entirely taken up with local notes. The literary department contains but a single story.

We take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the following magazines: "Central University Cento," "The Randolph-Macon Monthly," "The Journal of the Southwestern Presbyterian University," "The Kentucky State Collegian."

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## CLIPPINGS.

NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE.

Though memory recall all things  
Our griefs and pleasures spent,  
It can never bring back to us  
The money we have lent.—Ex.

## ATTAINMENT.

In snowy spires, beyond my utmost grasp,  
Bloomed lillies, half revealing hearts of gold;  
I climbed, I clutched, and lo! a hidden asp  
Upon my fingers fixed its fatal hold.—Ex.

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Boys, don't forget our advertisers. They help us  
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## Alumni Department.

J. C. REDMON, Editor.

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Two members of the class of 1872 have had conferred upon them honors which are justly deserving. Rev. A. Coke Smith, of the Virginia Conference, has been elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Bishop Smith will make his home in Charlotte, N. C. Mr. C. A. Woods, a prominent member of the bar at Marion and a trustee of Wofford and Winthrop Colleges, was unanimously elected President of the South Carolina College. Mr. Woods after a thoughtful consideration declined to accept the presidency which was tendered him in so flattering a manner.

Prof. Olin D. Wannamaker, '96, who is pleasantly remembered by the two older classes as Professor of English here during Professor Snyder's absence, has gone to China where he will teach English in a State College. Doubtless he will make a success of his chosen profession.

Rev. R. D. Smart, '68, has been transferred from the St. Louis Conference to the Virginia Conference. The "kitchen cabinet" has stationed him at Norfolk.—S. C. Advocate.

Among the members of the bench of South Carolina we notice the names of three Wofford men. Judge G. W. Gage, of the class of '75, has been a prominent member of the bench for several years. Mr. C. G. Dantzler of the same class was elected judge of the first circuit at the last session of the legislature. He is very popular wherever he has held court. Judge J. C. Klugh of the class of '77 is also a prominent member of the bench.

Some of the Alumni figured in the recent democratic primary election in this State. W. Boyd Evans, '97, ran for Railroad Commissioner but was defeated in the second primary. E. L. Culler of the same class was second on the ticket for the legislature from Orangeburg County, Hon. A. H. Moss, '92, leading. C. D. Lee, '00, and J. R. Wil-

liams, '01, ran for Superintendent of Education in Darlington and Marion Counties, respectively, but were not elected. J. J. Gentry, '88, was elected Judge of Probate for Spartanburg County. Capt. D. O. Herbert, '78, was elected to the legislature from Orangeburg County. I. W. Bowman, '79, was defeated in the race for Probate Judge of Orangeburg County.

H. A. C. Walker, '97, was elected during the past summer to the superintendency of the Yorkville Graded Schools.

Ernest Wiggins, '99, is superintendent of the Kingstree Graded Schools.

M. Shaw Asbelle, '01, is principal of the Cameron Graded School, Cameron, S. C.

Remember the Advertisers!

BUS MGR.

# Young Men's Christian Association.

W. C. HERBERT, Editor.

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## Our First Meetings.

We have had a series of very interesting and beneficial meetings representing in each one some phase of Association work. The prime object in this series was to get as many new men as possible to ally themselves to our work.

First in order came our Association Rally. Mr. D. English Camak, who addressed us on Sunday, September 28, took for his subject "Decision," reading a part of Luke 18, the story of the Rich Young Ruler. He earnestly plead with his fellow-students to decide at once to begin the college year aright, showing the great danger of spending the first few days in the wrong way. The number of men who expressed their intentions of throwing their lives and influences in right direction showed that much interest was taken in the meeting. This Decision meeting always does lasting good.

On October 5 the Association was fortunate in having Mr. Wilson, Y. M. C. A. Secretary of the Carolinas, to conduct its Bible Study Rally. Mr. Wilson gave many reasons why a student should master the "Book of books" and to him we owe much for our successful beginning in this direction. More will be said about this department when we are better organized.

Mr. Smith, leader of our Mission Class studying the Geography and Atlas of Protestant Missions, represented his phase of the Y. M. C. A. work on the next Sunday afternoon. The Mission classes—we have two—deserve special credit for their good work.

We are glad to report equally as good tidings from the Fitting School. Their Association, under a competent leader has greatly improved, both in membership and in Bible Study. A great majority of the boys are enrolled in this profitable, systematic study of the Word of God.

## Local Department.

LOY D. THOMPSON, Editor

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The Wofford College Lyceum Association has many nice attractions for us this year.

The opening lecture will be made by Hamilton W. Mabie, Nov. 5. He will speak to us on some phase of literature, and we may be sure that the man who wrote "Essays on Books and Culture," "Short Studies in Literature," "Essays in Literary Interpretation" and other books of similar character will be very likely to give us something good. Mr. Mabie, in a previous lecture here, made quite a hit with the supporters of the Lyceum. Last year this association brought to the people of Spartanburg some very talented speakers. We had eight attractions during the past collegiate year. The amount of money expended on securing these various attractions was about one thousand dollars, and the average attendance was seven hundred. We all recognize the great educational value of these lectures. The Lyceum Association has come to be a fixed factor in the educational life of both students and citizens. It has justified its existence and has come here to stay.

The speakers for the oratorical contest have been chosen. The Preston representatives are: Messrs. E. K. Hardin, D. E. Camak and C. L. Smith. Those elected from the Calhoun Society were: W. K. Greene, L. Q. Crum and S. M. Dawkins. These men have proved themselves to be good speakers and will ably represent their respective societies. The date for the contest has not been fully decided upon yet.

At a meeting of the Gymnasium Association the following men were elected as officers for the year: President, F. F. McWhirter; Vice-President, Loy D. Thompson; Captain of team, W. C. Cleveland; Secretary and Treasurer, R. C. Oliver.



The following men have been chosen by the Preston Society to serve during the ensuing term: President, A. E. Taylor; Vice-President, D. E. Camak; 1st Critic, M. B. Stokes; 2nd Critic, D. M. Ellen; Secretary, W. W. Niver; Treasurer, W. C. Herbert; Corresponding Secretary, A. D. Betts; 1st Censor, T. F. Golightly; 2nd Censor, W. A. Mc-Millan.

President Snyder has made a number of speeches during the past month in some of the leading towns of the State in the interest of education.

An addition of eight hundred volumes has been made to the library very recently by the Rev. Dr. J. Thomas Pate. These books are of the choicest selection, and will add much to our already large library.

Prof. J. G. Clinkscales spoke to an audience of over one thousand children in Abbeville Oct. 24, the occasion being a county fair.

The Glee Club has decided to give a "Mock Trial" instead of a dramatic play as formerly announced. This trial will come off in December.

J. C. Harmon, of the class of '04, did not return to college this year. Calvin is teaching school in Laurens County.

Professor Gamewell has appointed the following men as ushers for the Lyceum this year: W. K. Greene, W. C. Oliver, W. D. Burnett, C. B. Goodlet, C. L. Smith, M. A. Connelly, J. W. McCullough and L. Q. Crum.

# Wofford College Directory.

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J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Secretary,

D. A. DUPRÉ, A. M., Treasurer.

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3rd Critic, T. J. Cottingham.  
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## Preston Literary Society

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Vice-President, W. W. Boyd.  
Rec. Secretary, W. C. Herbert.  
Cor. Secretary, J. H. Hamel.  
1st Critic, M. W. Sloan.  
2nd Critic, B. F. Dent.  
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Exchange Editor, W. W. Boyd.  
Alumni Editor, J. C. Redmon.  
Local Editor, Loy D. Thompson.  
Asst. Bus. Mgr., E. K. Hardin.  
Asst. Lit. Ed., P. W. Bethea.  
Y. M. C. A. Editor, W. C. Herbert.

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Vice-President, W. C. Owen.  
Secretary, C. L. Smith.  
Treasurer, E. K. Hardin.

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President, A. G. Rembert.  
Capt. Base Ball Team, A. M. Brabham.  
Mgr. Base Ball Team, J. F. Wilson.  
Ast. Mgr. Base Ball Team, W. W. Boyd.

## Alumni Association

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Sec. and Treas., J. F. Brown, '76.

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Chi Phi.  
Kappa Sigma.  
Kappa Alpha.  
Pi Kappa Alpha.  
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Poet, S. M. Dawkins.  
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Vice-President, J. H. Hamel.  
Secretary, W. M. Brabham.

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W. C. Herbert    P. W. Bethea  
F. Earle Bradham    S. M. Dawkins

E. K. Hardin    J. C. Redmon  
M. W. Sloan    Loy D. Thompson    W. W. Boyd

# Wofford College Journal.

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## Literary Department

S. M. DAWKINS, EDITOR.

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### *To The Ocean.*

---

O, Ocean who can sound thy caves,  
Or muffle e're thy booming roar,  
Or check the dashing of thy waves  
That beat in fury on the shore?  
Who knows where all thy treasurers lie  
Which now thy heaving bosom holds?  
The search of man thou dost defy;  
Thy secret yet remains untold.

Thy palaces in splendor shine,  
Enclosed by rock-ribbed battlements;  
But not revealed thy inmost shrine,  
Bedecked with ever varying tints.  
Where is the wealth that thou hast brought,  
And all the treasures that are thine;  
The beauty all thy workmen wrought  
In perfect blending of design?

Reveal the grandeur of thy throne,  
And all thy gleaming festive halls;  
Thy floors with pearls and emeralds strewn,  
Reflecting glory on thy walls.  
But why, oh why, should mortal yearn,  
To wrench the secret from thy grasp,  
To find thy hidden treasure urn,  
Or all thy precious gems to clasp?

For hoarded riches do not bring  
Rest or contentment unto thee;  
Thy beating waves no glad song sings  
No joyousness as of the free.  
Where'er thy changing tide doth flow  
Is heard thy mournful sound O, Sea!  
The winged winds that from thee blow  
Are echoes of eternity.

### *Side Lights to the Study of Henry Timrod's Poetry.*

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It is a *prima facie* fact, and we do not claim the credit of discovering it, that science in all its varied forms, is attracting more attention nowadays than any other branch of study or of intellectual work, and it occupies, perhaps, a greater place in the thought of the world than ever before. And, as a result of this state of affairs which has not sprung up in a night, but has been growing for several generations, men have made during the last few decades, many great and era-making discoveries and inventions whose proper use tends greatly to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, while its abode is here on earth; all of which is good. While other information, which has been gained along scientific lines in this period, if properly understood, will broaden and deepen man's views of life.

But still, we may be possessed of vast material wealth and luxury, and of power to retain and even increase them, and yet lack one thing, an "understanding heart," a spirit and a mind capable of being touched into greater and ever greater ecstasies of admiration for this great system of life of which we are but a small, yet a large part, and into a greater fervidness of love for our Maker. And there is a danger that the accumulation of great stores of wealth which is very easy to a man of even small power in this age of steam and electricity, will come to be the chief goal of aspiration for our nation. The sphere of our lives as a people since we constantly grow more nearly like the object of our worship, will become incessantly narrowed and flattened until it is but little bigger than a disk an inch or two in diameter and a centimeter or so in thickness "the almighty dollar."

But, again, there is reason to believe and to hope that the spirit filling our country with life will, to a large extent, always be that thought which inspired one of our own Southern poets to utter these lines.

"Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing,  
The source whereupon doth spring;

That mighty commerce which, confined  
 To the mean channels of no selfish mart,  
 Goes out to every shore  
 Of this broad earth and throngs the sea with ships.  
 That bear no thunders, hushes hungry lips,  
 In alien lands;  
 Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;  
 And gladdens both rich and poor:  
 And only bounds its blessings, by mankind;  
 In offices life these thy mission lies.  
 My Country! and it shall not end  
 As long as rain shall fall and heaven bend  
 In blue above thee, though thy foes be hard  
 And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard  
 Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make thee great,  
 In white and bloodless state;  
 And haply as the years increase—  
 Still working through its humbler reach  
 With that large wisdom which the ages teach—  
 Revive that half dead dream of universal peace."

And again :

"For, to give labor to the poor  
 The whole sad plane o'er,  
 And save from want and crime the humblest door,  
 Is one among the many ends for which  
 God makes us great and rich!  
 The hour perchance is not yet wholly ripe  
 When all shall own it, but the type  
 Whereby we shall be known in every land  
 Is that vast Gulf which lips our Southern strand.  
 And through the cold untempered ocean pours  
 Its genial streams, that far off Arctic shores  
 May sometimes catch upon the softened breeze  
 Strange tropic warmth and hints of summer seas."

If the heart of our people be brought to lean thus and see things in this light, we may confidently look forward to a time, not far off, when these will spring up in our own Southland, yea, even in the whole world—since, so thorough have the means of communication between all its parts become that no section of any considerable extent of one can long remain "behind the times," the first fruits of which is seen in that great movement for "the evangelization of the world in this generation"—a school of promoters of religion and

art in their purest forms, that has not been equalled in many years, if ever. And let us hope that of those which the South shall furnish, Timrod, Lanier, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Woodrow Wilson and others, are only forerunners and represent but a earnest of the good things to be.

It was Henry Timrod from whom we quoted above—the verses are taken from “The Cotton Boll” and “Enthnogenesis,” respectively, both of which were written about the beginning of the civil war—and it is the general idea of his poems, that we have been giving and intend to give in this essay.

But first, a few facts about his life may be in place here. He was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1830 and died in Columbia in 1867. Thus we see that he lived during those awful times of strife and conflict between the years 1861 and 1865. And no one can understand so well the feelings of hope, of fear and doubt and of determination that animated the men and women of that time as he who has read with appreciation “The Cotton Boll,” “Spring,” and the “Poems Written In War Times”—a division given in the “Memorial Edition of Henry Timrod’s Poems.” It is said that the only things Timrod ever hated were the devil and the “Yankees,” hence his perfect portrayal of the spirit of that day.

While a school-boy in his native city he formed a friendship with Paul Hamilton Hayne, another Southern poet, which lasted as long as he lived, and left many fragrant memories in the mind of Hayne.

Though Timrod’s family was never at any time wealthy—for his father who was rather poor but very enterprising died early in life leaving a young family.—The wolf never stood at the door until after the burning of Columbia, in which city the poet was editor and part proprietor, at that time, of “The South Carolinian,” a popular newspaper in whose columns the poet-editor had written some editorials that brought down upon him and his establishment, the fiery hatred of the invaders. The newspaper plant was entirely destroyed and the editor forced to hide out for several weeks. From that time on, for more than a year, he was without regular



means of a livelihood and the family, consisting of a wife and several female relatives, was forced to sell the plate, which had been kept out of the hands of the Yankees, to obtain something to eat and wear. About two months after the burning of Columbia the Governor of the State appointed Timrod to fill out a vacancy of a few weeks in one of the secretaryships, in the discharge of the duties of which office he once worked for more than twenty-six consecutive hours, stopping only one time to eat a small lunch, though then he was already in the clutches of that dread disease, consumption, which was fatal to him and later to Lanier.

But amid all the sufferings and hardship that heaped themselves upon him, he never "soured" on the world. He always felt, that, though oppressed by many disadvantages, if the life even of an invalid might be spared him he could and would accomplish great things, greater each succeeding year. He had great faith, evidently, in the words of the apostle who said "All things work together for the good of them that fear the Lord."

A few verses taken from one the sonnets written by him contains the Keynote to one side of his character, and reminds us of Ovid's declaration that "every cloud is lined with silver." The verses referred to run thus:

"There is no unimpressive spot on earth!  
The beauty of the stars is over all,  
And Day and Darkness visit every hearth.  
Clouds do not scorn us; yonder factory's smoke,  
Looked like a golden mist when morning broke."

Of the three classes, putrists, naturalists, and sensualists, into which all artists have been divided, Timrod belongs distinctly to the first. A northern essayist, whose name we have forgotten, said that while Timrod always recognized that "To the pure, all things are pure," he ever sought, with a poet's finer instinct, those things that any man would consider of the highest type of purity.

Two quotations, one from "A Vision of Poesy" and the other from "A Lily Confidante," show well his desire to subject all worldly passions to the will power. They are; first,

"For wrath and scorn and pride, however just,  
Fill the spirit's clear eyes with earthly dust."

The second containing a mild kind of humor, lays down a high ideal for every young man, and young woman, too.

"Six to half a score of summers  
Makes the sweetest of the "teens"—  
Not too young to guess, dear Lily,  
What a lover means.

"Laughing girl and thoughtful woman,  
I am puzzled how to woo  
Shall I praise, or pique her, Lily?  
Tell me what to do.

"Like the dewdrop in any bosom,  
Be thy guileless language youth;  
Falsehood buyeth falsehood only  
Truth must purchase truth.

"As thou talkest at the fireside,  
With the little children by—  
As thou prayest in the darkness  
When thy God is nigh—

"With a speech as chaste and gentle,  
And such meanings as become  
Ear of child, or ear of angel,  
Speak, or be thou dumb."

Our poet very seldom descended into a light vein of thought. Indeed, we recall only one poem, the ode to a captive owl, in which he sustains throughout anything like a humorous view of the world, and even in that poem there is always something of seriousness and melancholy bobbing up, now and then, that reminds one of the occasional convulsive sob, that a child who has been crying over some source of woe and grief gives forth after it has become happy though the ministrations of a kind parent. In this poem he first questions and then denies, the owl's right to a reputation of sagacity. And the two verses given below taken from that ode, represent the greatest heights of pure comic humor to which Timrod ever attained.

"Or is 't thy wont to nurse and mouse at once,  
Entice thy prey with airs of meditation,  
And with the unvarying habits of a dunce,  
To dine in solemn depths of contemplation?"

"So doff their posture of those heavy brows,  
 They do not serve to hide thy instincts base,  
 And if thou must be sometimes munching mouse,  
 Munch it, O Owl, with less profound a face."

We saw, somewhere, a statement that Henry Timrod took the sacrament, for the first time, just before he died. But, be that as it may, no one can doubt that he was at heart a Christian—or else there is no truth in the theory that as a man is, so are his works. All of his poems are imbued with a passionate love for God, for man, and for nature and beauty, all of which are essential in the make-up of an ideal Christian character. His great faith in the Omniscient One is well shown in this stanza, the middle one of a hymn sung at a sacred concert in Columbia, S. C.

"Thine ear, thou tender clue, is caught;  
 If we but bend the knee in thought;  
 No choral song that shakes the sky  
 Floats farther than the Christian's sigh."

He repeated several times a short while before his death the first two lines of the hymn beginning, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and later fell asleep, they say, attempting to correct the proof-sheets of some of his publications.

So, it may be seen, there were met in this South Carolinian all the elements, mental power, character, determination and skill—the last of which we have left entirely without discussion—that go to make a great poet. And he did achieve great things during the short period of life allotted him, though his accomplishments never came up to the standard set by his most rigid critic, himself.

J. F. GOLIGHTLY, '03.

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*Am I Her Murderer?—A Storyette.*

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I was born about three miles west of where the little village of Latta now stands and between the two streamlets Buckswamp and Catfish. My father was a large slave-holder and he sent me to the Harvard Law School as he anticipated having a son some day to plead his cases and advise with him

in his business, but I did not take a liking to that profession like most of the hot-headed youngsters now-a-days, so I came home and was immediately elected president of the "Loafers' Club," a new order which had just been initiated into our neighborhood. I was a reckless youth of nineteen, a little choleric at times, but upon the whole good-natured and idle-some so I made my way very well until I began to tease Cupid.

There lived in the same neighborhood a merchant who kept a country store and who had an exquisitely beautiful young daughter, a maid of sixteen summers. She was looked upon by everybody as more than the common country lass, or as some might express it, she was the belle of the neighborhood and, therefore, was seldom allowed by her parents to associate with the common country-folk. I perchanced to see her at church of a Sundays and occasionally of a week days at little sociables. She looked so young and innocent on these occasions and so much more beautiful than the other pale-faced maidens that I permitted her "good-looks to occupy the furnished room in my heart" at first sight.

My father owned an immense tract of land and a large number of slaves, and as he kept me amply supplied with money I always went finely dressed, was what may be termed one of the "heavy sports" of that day. This produced the desired effect on the little charmer, and I chanced to join her in her afternoon walks at the grove which obscured her father's house from view, but she was young, shy as a lark and her father kept strict watch over her. After our stroll was concluded, I would take my violin to her window of an evening and enchant her with a score or more of fanciful love tunes, when one night her father, suspecting something amiss, ran upon me while I was in the midst of my *chef d'oeuvre*. He hastily summoned his two bull-terriers, which occasioned me to beat a retreat and I think, if I remember well, that I was never seen nor heard in those parts again. Her father now became alarmed at my attentions, for he always had a dislike for me and sought for some one of whom he had better opinion for a match for his daughter. I became enraged at the difficul-

ties which thus obstructed my path, having attained much success as a ladies' man in the neighborhood.

Colonel Clark, her father, determined, however, not to be outwitted by such a youthlet as myself, so he brought home Bill Jones, a rich young merchant of Charleston, for her suitor. Their engagement was formally announced, the wedding day was appointed, and preparations were being made. I caught a glimpse of her at her window one afternoon, but did not approach very near for reasons already mentioned and she looked rather pensively at me. I raised my hands to Almighty God and made a vow that the marriage should not take place, cost what it might. I met Jones on his way to Clarke's the next day, a few angry words passed between us and becoming frantic with rage, I drew my pistol from its case and shot him through the bosom. I hurried homeward feeling like Brutus when he had stabbed the great Cæsar. With some money, a few clothes and the aid of a carriage, I hastened to the nearest town where I boarded the train for Washington. I arrived there the following morning and enlisted as a regular in the United States Army.

I remained in the army about two or three weeks when I began to read in almost every daily paper large rewards offered for the capture of my person. Seeing that I could not remain in this situation much longer without arousing suspicion determined on making my escape the first chance which presented itself. At this time Henry Berry Lowry, the great desperado, was forming his gang. I heard of him and began necessary preparations for my exit. So one night about 12 o'clock when I was on guard, I placed my piece beside a post where I had been marching to and fro, stole noiselessly from my companions who were on duty also, and hastened down street where I secured a suit of clothes and a hat for a small sum. I crept secretly into a dark corner where I exchanged my Union blue for the Prince Albert. I repaired to the depot with great haste. There I arrived just in time to seize the south bound train for Raleigh, N. C. I traveled the rest of the night, and it was not till dark the next day that I reached the little town of C——, where I very luckily ran against

Lowry and his gang on the following day and I enlisted myself as one of his followers.

We remained in the environs of C—— for a few days when we repaired to the mountains near Scuffle Town, the home of the Lowrys. This wild and adventurous life struck my fancy wonderfully and diverted my thoughts from all care and anxiety. At length they returned with double violence to my Mary. The recluseness in which I frequently found myself afforded me ample time to dwell moodily on her sweet image, and as I have kept guard of a night over our slumbering troop, my thoughts reached a climax when the screech of some owlet in a near-by tree would cause them to vanish almost instantly.

We shifted our position here and there until at length our Captain's thoughts were diverted to making a tour through South Carolina. This secretly pleased me. When all was ready and necessary preparations were made, Lowry ordered march. In the course of our expedition, we spent a few days in the thick swamps of Catfish Creek. I cannot tell how my heart beat when one morning we were scouring the country in search of provisions and I distinguished the dwelling of Col. Clark, I determined if possible to have an interview with Mary. Vain purpose! How could I expect her who was reared so tenderly and so lovingly to leave kith and kin and follow a poor wretch like me? It was useless for me to ever hope of returning to my former life, for heavy rewards still continued to be offered for my capture. I determined, however, to see her if it was impossible to have the interview. The dare-devil of the deed made me more anxious to be its accomplice.

We reconnoitered the country around Catfish for some days when chance presented itself. I had persuaded Lowry to draw the gang to a grove beside the road near the Colonel's residence in order to entrap some of his slaves and compel him to pay ransom. We were lying here one evening about dusk, when I crept noiselessly from my companions and hastened to the spot of her frequented afternoon strolls. Scarcely had I lain in ambush ten minutes when I perceived the figure

of a female before me. My heart throbbed, I knew it was my beloved Mary. I stole secretly along the bushes and without noise until I suddenly appeared before her. A piercing shriek escaped her lips, but I caught her up to my bosom, and placing my hand over her mouth, besought her to be silent. Here I poured out all the madness of my passion, offered to quit the gang and fly with her to any place where we could live in safety together. Vain effort. At this she wrenched herself from my grasp and again made the air shriek with her cries. In a moment's time the Captain and his gang were upon us; he pronounced her a handsome prize. I would have given worlds had she been at this instant safe at her father's house, for I knew the peril of her situation and the recklessness of those who held her for ransom. Lowry ordered her to be brought to the Creek. I insisted that she was my prize, that I had become attached to her in early youth. He mocked me and made all manner of fun at me by saying that brigands had no business with country lassies, and anyway all the spoils must be equally divided among the crowd. I was left to choose between death and obedience; I reluctantly chose the latter, so we repaired to Catfish.

Having been overcome by the shock, she was scarcely able to walk, so it was necessary that some one should support her. I could bear the idea of no one's touching her except myself, so I conjured the Captain to let me carry her as she was more accustomed to me than anyone of my companions. To this she consented after some hesitation. At length we arrived at the woodland of the creek. I entered it, at first greatly fatigued, but nothing could induce me to be relieved of my burden, I became furious at the thought that I must do so, so soon. I was jealous that anyone but myself should enjoy her charms. I was of a mind to release her for a moment, draw my pistols from my belt and kill our Captain and the whole gang, but this rash idea was no sooner conceived than abandoned. I made several attempts to outwalk my companions and lose them in the fastness of the woods, but they conceived my project and kept close behind.

After making our way for some time in the thickest of the swamp, our Captain suddenly ordered a halt. I was loath at stopping at first, but knew that I must obey orders, so released my burden with all possible ease and tenderly laid it upon my coat on the ground. I knelt down beside her and placed my head to her bosom. I could hear no beating heart! I called her gently, no answer!! O! God, has this once glowing treasure escaped to eternal bliss, and am I her murderer?

POWER W. BETHEA.

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*The Duty of the South.*

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Centuries of an immortal past,  
 And many more to come,  
 All look upon the present day,  
 To fire the action-bomb.  
 Then let the men of sterling worth,  
 And noble thought begin,  
 The powder-fuse to the waiting task,  
 To put, as if to win.

Yea! As if to win, with might and aim  
 Begin with a ready hand,  
 And make the work, and make the shock,  
 Be felt in every land.  
 For us, all time shall ever stand,  
 In centuries to come.  
 The past shall help us by it's toil,  
 To fire the action-bomb.

For many a day, this present age,  
 And many a year or more,  
 Shall be remembered ever well,  
 Upon dear Future's shore.  
 The Future tells of a mighty quake,  
 As it shook the very tomb;  
 As the South did make the dead to hear,  
 When she fired the action-bomb.



Up! Up! Dear South, the task is thine,  
 No Country forge ahead,  
 Shall ever do thy work, O, South!  
 And say that thou art dead.  
 Put hand to hand, and head to head,  
 And let thy force be felt.  
 The lighting of the action-bomb,  
 Shall shake this old world's belt.

Whene'er the torch to the task's applied,  
 Dear Southland's voice shall ring,  
 The action-bomb she has touched at last,  
 And nations her glory sing.  
 Dear South, of Hampton and of Lee,  
 And many braves, the home,  
 Thou hast thy work, thou shalt not shirk,  
 Go, light the action-bomb!

W. M. B. '05

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*Shadows.*

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When light, however feeble or obscure, falls upon a body there results, of necessity, a shadow. This is in obedience to a physical law, hence it is universal, and wherever you wish to test it, in any climate or zone, always, this law holds good. Geometrically, the center of the shadow and the center of the source of light each lies in a straight line which passes through the center of the body and we note at once then, that the influence of light upon a body is direct. We find further that no exceptions were made in the divine conception of the creation. The largest mountains and the smallest flowers and grasses are all alike subject to its inevitableness.

The richest man on earth may barter his entire fortune to rid himself of shadow, yet in mockery to his puny gold, it flits about him still. He might be an orator and have his whole being aflame with deep earnestness of conviction and stand on the corner announcing his protestation against his shadow in eloquent words of argument and persuasion, and might continue this pitiful undertaking for a thousand years,

but the shadow moves only when he moves. A man may alter the outline of his shadow by bandaging himself or by some kind of contortion or twisting but there is no human power or agency that can remove it.

Ten thousand men may move in and out among one another with hoots and shouts and while there is the greatest noise and confusion yet the shadow of each man follows *him* in absolute quiet. In fact all of their shadows seem twisted and confused in an apparently infinitude of disorder and entanglement yet each preserves to a certain extent its individuality, in silent harmony.

Keeping this in mind, turn, now, to the corresponding law in another sphere. Man casts a different kind of shadow far more important and noteworthy. I speak of the shadow of the soul. The physical shadow is spoken of as a shadow, while the shadow of the soul is called influence. We name it shadow however because in many respects, it may be defined and understood by the same terms that are used concerning the physical shadow.

First there and in keeping with what has been said, we may lay down the proposition that every sentiment being in the universe must have to some degree, an influence. It is not our purpose here to attempt to prove this, but merely to remark on it as a truth accepted by every one. It would not indicate great wisdom for any one to attempt to prove that the sunlight on an object makes a shadow. We know it because we have seen it and in like manner we know that every man *must* have an influence because we have "seen" it and felt it.

It is not altogether the dark, grewsome shadow that we compare influence to—although some of the most striking evidences of influence are found in black characters—but let us rather think of "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land," which the tired traveller beholds with joy. We noticed that the physical shadow is inevitable and universal. There is no such thing as the finely conceived line which separates good and bad influence. This seems to me to be the most terrible and awful responsibility we have. True it is that we

are free moral agents but we have not enough freedom to live a day through, no, not even an hour without having something to do, with the destiny of an immortal soul! A man's life, to some degree, shapes the characters of his fellows, while their lives in turn, are reproduced in others and the whole process has been going on thus since the first man and will continue forever.

Steadily and unceasingly, and without the blast of horns and trumpets, this force moves on in profound silence. In fact I am extremely doubtful whether any of the great forces at work for good in the world are carried on with a great deal of noise. The first and fundamental law in nature holds all the planets in place at relative distances from a common center, while they are speeding on in their celestial flight, huge masses millions and billions of tons in weight, in unbroken windings through the starry heavens, each having its one or more satellites following on by magic attraction, and the whole planetary machinery has been doing this for ages and ages while the accumulated sound of all that time hasn't made enough noise to wake a sleeping babe! It is true that from out of the noise and confusion of Napoleon's tragic career has issued a certain amount of influence, that played its part in determining the destiny of nations, but the three years' quiet ministry of the Lowly Nazarene has woven a belt of influence which has encircled the whole earth.

A man with a large body casts a larger shadow than his brother of smaller frame. Follow this out in a man with a large mind and heart and the same holds true. His influence counts for more in the world. But whether large or small it is influence nevertheless and whether you are conscious of it or not you *must* fill your own individual place in the world. Kill yourself if you will and when you are in your cold grave, the irresistible force moves on and on, widening as it proceeds, until in the very heart of eternity, ten thousand, thousand souls will rise up as one man to curse you or call you blessed.

D. H. MARCHANT, JR., '03

## *A New Political Party In The South.*

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Many remarkable circumstances concur in rendering the present time peculiarly adapted to a calm and an impartial survey of the political situation in this country. The economic development of the South has naturally altered the relations between certain classes of statesmen by terminating several most important questions, and removing some of the most serious grounds for party strife. The same transition has, in other points of view, raised new grounds for political distinction. It has also materially varied the course of public opinion, and either opened the eyes of the people to the delusion under which they have labored, both with respect to their own interest and to the views of their political leaders, or formed anew those interests and changed those views. Again the advancement of information through the press to the masses has begun to produce an effect upon the aspect of public affairs. In no period in the history of our country has the good sense and judgment of the people been tried by scheming politicians on the one hand and by extravagant violence on the other; and at no time has a more conservative conduct been observed in spite of all efforts to mislead. It is an undisputed fact that popular confidence can be gained only by such lines of conduct as will clearly show that the true interest of a people is their ruling object. The scrambles for politic honors among men who have no higher motive than self-interest, is no longer to be dignified with the title of a certain political party. Those who would attain political pre-eminence with the true interest of the country at heart, must do so on the high ground of public principles. The voice of the people must be heard, their good sense consulted and their political leaders must mingle with their party discussions a perpetual appeal for the undeniable interest of a well informed and inquiring people. The events of the past few years and especially the evidence of sound popular sentiment

evinced during the last election may be stated as another and a most decisive reason for pausing to observe and note the situation of the country with reference to its politics.

It has been proclaimed from the pulpit as far down as the stump in county politics that this is a progressive age in every department of life. And truly, for this is a grand age. The genius of man has wrought wonders to effect the industrial life of the country. Indeed it is seldom that man pauses to consider what has been our heritage. But with all the marked progress it is an age of cheap ideas in legislation and prophesying. And since it is a time-honored custom and always in vogue for man to prophesy, perhaps it may be excusable for a novice to inherit the custom. The economic revolution in the South has given birth to an age of politicians, schemers and frauds. And it is from this that it shall first be endeavored to clear the way for stating the possibility of a new political party being formed in the South.

As long as public men are ambitious, servile and corrupt, corporations and trusts will attempt to extend their power; they will easily find instruments wherewith to aid in carrying on their evil work. If unresisted, their encroachment upon the struggling masses will go on with accelerating swiftness, each step affording new facilities for making another stride, and furnishing additional encouragement for attempting it. It requires no argument to show the absolute necessity of strictly watching the men of every administration who offer their service to the public. The question is, how can they be most effectually favored in the one case and opposed in the other? Institute a system of education that will be within reach of the laboring classes, and let them study the needs of the country. The formation of a new political party in the South should only be considered fairly by every one who has the right of suffrage, for without general communion of sentiment the formation of a party would be a calamity. The corporation politician in his *rhapsodical* message attempts to persuade the people in general that a change of policy in the old political creed of the true Southerner is necessary for the further com-

mercial advancement of the country; but if they unite to bring about a new change of men, it would only be a mere scramble for political power. The power of the majority to bind the whole rests upon no other foundation than individual conscientious voting after having closely studied out the state of affairs. Mr. Burke in one of his political publications declares that "when the bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall one by one an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle. When the public man omits to put himself in a situation of doing his duty with effect, it is an omission that frustrates the purposes of his trust almost as much as if he had formerly betrayed it." So it is essential that the voters should be able to express in communion at the polls their own desires as to who shall administer their government and on what principles it shall be administered. A political party is known by its fruits. The results of a new political party should be the chief point of consideration. If its promoters are corporation politicians, its interest will very likely be in corporations and trusts.

There is one phase of Southern life at present that will perhaps cause the people to turn a favorable ear to the argument for a new party and that is the disfranchisement of the negro. He is certainly eliminated in politics forever in the South, and having realized this, his political aspirations are few. There is no desire among the Southern people to re-enslave him. So long as he will submit to social inferiority the Southern white man will tolerate him as a laborer. In the past, attempts at negro suffrage have held Democracy compact in the South, and since he has been disfranchised—and it is hoped forever—let the people not forget Democracy in its truest meaning and allow the promising politicians to persuade them for a change and institute a corporation government in disguise.

The concentration of wealth in the South has undoubtedly had some effect upon the political life of the country. Her virgin soil and manufacturing utilities has made her a section that pays the capitalist for the concentration of wealth in corporations and trusts which undeniably cramps the

masses. And to promote their power, a change in legislation is necessary. Economic development of a country for the benefit of the people in general, is for the betterment of country. But where it is instituted for the concentration of wealth into the hands of a few, and requires legislation only in their behalf, it becomes a stigma to the non-capitalist. Let not the promises of scheming politicians, and the economic development of the country with the growth of corporations and trusts, germinate into the formation of a political party that would be detrimental to the moral sentiment and needs of the laboring classes. Thus it is essentially necessary to regard every measure by those who advocate a new party as well as by the opponents, not merely on its own merit, but in connection with the men who bring it forward and of the system they advocate.

A coalition of the two great parties of America cannot be in harmony so long as the public good does not require it. It would be repugnant to the attitude of the majority who are the laboring classes. Where two parties have been long opposed, and their grounds of differences not removed as to that which concerns the financial betterment of each and every individual, there is an adequate reason for not forming the junction. There is no doubt that in a union in a case like this would lead to a great embarrassment when the primary object is gained. Clearly it would kindle private animosity to the public good. And in this case legislators will be elected whose views will hamper the others, and a feeble government of concession, compromises and half measures may be established.

T. C. TURNER, JR.

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*When Autumn Leaves are Falling.*

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The rays of Morning's early sun  
 Drenched the brow of yonder hill;  
 The workman's toil was just begun,—  
 Duty called from each his skill.  
 Encircled by sweet Nature's calm,  
 Bound by beauty's tender thread,

And soothed by enchanting balm  
 Stood I with uncovered head.

The crystals clear of hoary frost  
 Yielded to the magic touch,—  
 Their force and form and glancing gloss  
 Changed but clung with feeble clutch.  
 Like gems, the beads of frost-formed dew  
 Hung on bending blades and shone:  
 And top, near by the holly grew,  
 Oh, thou tree of temperate zone!

Each tree was one of golden wealth  
 Holding high autumnal fire,  
 But each in tint and glowing health  
 Varied as the hill and mire.  
 Near by the birds in glee did flit,  
 Dashing here and dashing there:  
 The squirrels high above did sit,  
 Chattering in Freedom's care,

It was the time when fell the leaves  
 Hanging but with feeble hold;  
 The gentle pulse of morning breeze  
 Kissed them all both brown and gold.  
 As rich as ever could be told,  
 Venerable as old age's hair,—  
 'Twas Nature's robe of fire and gold  
 That through all sent an heavenly air.

Indeed I stood with hat in hand  
 Bowed before sweet Nature's will,  
 Naught else I could but love the grand;  
 For my heart was over-filled.



### *Old Dorchester Fort and Vicinity.*

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On the banks of the Ashley river almost hidden away in the forest stands the ruins of the once flourishing and prosperous town of Dorchester. Two silent mementoes of colonial and revolutionary times mark the site—an old fort built in a horse-shoe bend of the river and a graceful Gothic tower which indicates the spot where stood the little meeting house. It seems that among the places of histories importance and legendary fame in the South we might class this little old fort and its associations; for indeed it has its story. When we read of the brave and praiseworthy deeds done by Carolina's noble sons in this town we can but feel a sense of sincerest admiration. Associated as it is with the stirring times of the colony there is clustered about it some of the most romantic and interesting threads of South Carolina history. A fort made famous by a Green, a Moultrie, a Marion a Wade Hampton, all of fame—shall we soon forget the story as told by these brave leaders, forget its people, their joys and sorrows and triumphs in the early days when the souls of men were tested? Can we afford to loose interest in the ruins of a relic so precious? The South can boast of few ruins the foundations of whose walls were laid nearly two centuries ago.

Situated just four miles from Summerville over a beautiful drive it is in easy reach. During his visit to the Charleston Exposition Pres. Roosevelt found time to visit the scene and examine the walls of concrete composing the fort which stand today as they did a century ago. Inseparably associated with the history of Charleston in those days we should value these ruins as a priceless heirloom handed down from the past. Too frequently, as is the case here, these valued treasures are not protected; vandal hands have torn away the old White Meeting House which stood near the town of Dorchester. Now today only the ruins are left to mark the place where this happy people worshipped God.

Now for the story. In 1696 South Carolina received a colony of settlers by the arrival of a band of the Congregational church from Dorchester, Mass., led by their minister Joseph Lord. The original colony was from Dorchester, England. Wishing to find a more congenial climate they left Massachusetts and after a stormy voyage reached Charles Town. Not wishing to settle there, they pushed on up the Ashley river. Charmed by the delightfully balmy climate and the exquisite beauty of its live-oaks and magnolias, they decided upon this spot to begin anew their fortunes. Within the midst of unbroken forests filled with wild beasts and savages, they laid the foundation of the fort to protect them against the Indians.

This little fort has its history to boast of. Marion, the will-o-the-wisp of the swamp, and Moultrie who gallantly defended fort Moultrie, both at one time commanded the Dorchester fort. From Moultrie's memoirs we find the following.

Nov. 1775.—“Information having been received that the Scoffol Lights were coming down from the back country in great force to carry off the ammunition and public records that were lodged at Dorchester, I received orders to send re-enforcements immediately to that place.” He was mindful of the “public records,” they must be preserved. Then in 1779 Gen. Moultrie wrote to Gen. Lincoln. “I have halted troops at Dorchester where I intend to form my camp ready to support you.”

Charleston fell in 1780; and Dorchester was taken. It is said that Gen. Wade Hampton charged down the Dorchester road to the walls of Charleston, while Colonel Lee captured a train of the enemy, drove them from Dorchester, and away he went like a meteor to join Hampton. General Green once approached the fort with two hundred cavalry and two hundred foot-soldiers, but could not surprise the enemy. Next morning the British sent out fifty scouts but they were met by Hampton and driven back within the walls of the fort. Thinking that Green and his entire army were near, they abandoned, threw their cannon into the river and fled to

Charleston for safety. Then note this bit of information. "In 1717 the town contained eighteen hundred inhabitants and in 1723 it had a market, semi-annual fairs and a free school." Now hardly a trace of man's habitation is left.

And it seems that the little "White Meeting House" was one of the first edifices built in the neighborhood as was always the case with our colonists. In each community, doubtless, there was a native humorist who could enliven by his wit. For instance, read the following addressed to a member of the building committee to rebuild the Meeting House after some disaster had befallen it:

APRIL 14th, 1794.

"Sir:—Eye am in farmed that you ar wanting abricklare to do the work at the meeting hors, and if you do, eye will do it as cheap as it can be dun in the country either by mesment or by job likewise I will ba my might towards the meeting hors. You will be kind enuf to send me ananser. Remain yours &c." And he got the job.

There stands today the towering remains of the Gothic tower of St. George's church which was erected in 1707. The Lord's proprietors cut the colony up into districts and proposed to establish worship according to the church of England. They therefore ordered several churches to be built, and among them was St. George's, Dorchester. Its tower contained a "ring of bells" of sweet tone which chimed forth on Sunday mornings to call the inhabitants to church. Services were held here for more than a hundred years. It is said that while the old church stood, though deserted, it was discovered that a negro boy was in the habit of driving his sheep into the church to find shelter during rain storms. There is a verse on the scene which goes as follows:

"When all the consecrated ground  
Nave, chancel, choir and aisle  
Thronged by ableating flock was found,  
Quite crowded was the pile:  
A stout black boy with cord and crook  
Within the pulpit chair  
Kept watch with very sleepy look  
Upon his fleecy care."

Near Dorchester was the Newington plantation owned by the Blake family. A certain Admiral Blake distinguished himself in the Mediterranean sea in 1654 and died on board his ship. Cromwell had him buried in Westminster Abbey in great state and pomp. After the "Restoration" his body was removed by the Royalists. His children were angered at this, sold the estate and moved to America. The stately mansion is described as one of beauty, but all has been torn away save the stately stone steps to mark the spot. Can it be that we of the South fail to value these relics of a past age? These ruins in this community deserve to be protected and brought to light? But can we find a more striking contrast than just here? Near by the scene of the historic places called attention to is now grown tea with a degree of success which promised to become a permanent branch of agriculture in South Carolina. Nowhere else in the Western Hemisphere possibly can there be grown a variety of tea so well flavored. Maybe this same place, for long years almost abandoned, will yet prove a source of wealth.

Here is a description of Mistress Waring of Tranquil Hall, Dorchester, setting forth on Sunday morning to attend services at old St. George's. "The two dames, Mistress Waring and her sister, went together in a broad Chaise, the gentlemen riding ahead on horseback, their swords by their sides; the dames wore muskmellon hats, the curtain of the chaise being carefully fastened across to keep the dust from their flowered gowns." Thus arrayed when St. George's "ring of bells" sounded they sallied forth from Tranquil Hall to attend the Sunday service. G. BENNIE DUKES.

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### *A Romance of the Trusts.*

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This is an age of commercialism. With, therefore, profuse apologies to Ivanhoe, D'Artagnan and the rest of them we begin our modern tale of a more modern wire-pulling age.

One crisp Autumn morning, Mr. Lynn, of the steel trust,

and Mr. Lyman, of the sugar trust, were walking briskly down one of the leading thoroughfares of a large Western city.

"Strange message, that of the president, wasn't it, Lynn?" asked the latter.

"What message?" asked Lynn, without looking up.

"Why, Pres. Roosevelt's message, of course. Haven't you seen it? The morning papers are full of it."

Mr. Lynn had not seen it. Had gotten up late and hurried off immediately after breakfast before perusing the papers. Wasn't his usual habit, of course, but the hurry, you know. So he explained it.

"Well, I'll tell you," said his friend, "it's just like this. You know the president has lately been making a good many speeches throughout the country bearing in one way or another on trusts. You will also remember that in those speeches he always spoke very guardedly, rather covertly, I may say. Like the response of the oracle, they often could be taken two ways. Well, his 'publicity' and 'investigations,' as I feared it would, has resulted in his message to Congress in open advice to that body that trusts should be destroyed!"

"O, no!" queried Mr. Lynn in real surprise, "you must be mistaken."

"No, I am not," rejoined his partner. "It was a bold and deliberate thing to do, but characteristic of the man. It will undoubtedly cause his defeat in 1904; but he has shown his metal, he is a man of decided ideas."

The two men approached a corner and separated.

\* \* \* \* \*

The handsome residence of the Lynns was situated on Cherry Street. In the library of that home two young men are standing before a glowing fire.

"Well, Jim, old man, allow me to congratulate you; but three more precincts to hear from, and leading by eight hundred majority, and that over two strong opponents."

Henry Wilson was the young man so elated, and was speaking to his college chum, Jas. B. Lynn. The case was something like this: When they were at the University together

they became bosom friends, though, strange to say, of almost contrary temperaments. Lynn was a millionaire and did not mind letting people know that he was. He didn't mind calling a spade a spade, or a club a club; in fact, he ran a miniature Monte Carlo on his own account. On the other hand, Wilson was in moderate circumstances, cared little for the fast life, and although he chummed with Lynn a great deal, never allowed himself to be drawn into any of the by-ways of vice, in which, sad to say, his friend was more than once entrapped. But here was the difference between the two men: Wilson, while he was not an exceptionally bright man, was a very hard student, and stood at the head of his class, in consequence. He was entirely conscientious and upright in every sense of the word. Lynn, however, was brilliant, and all of his friends recognized it. Especially was this so when the wine-glass was in his hand. He never opened a text-book, but he had a peculiar weakness in two different directions—he was an eloquent speaker and a fiendish reader. He had read "everything in sight," as the saying goes, and could entertain his friends by the hour with his wit and wisdom. Moreover he was a lion, inasmuch as he had won in the debate with the State institution.

But there was one trying cross in Lynn's way—he was rich, brilliant and attractive, with all the blandishments of a Chesterfield, yet he was unable to secure the hand of Alice Lyman. Her father declared that, with all due respect for the family, he could not marry his daughter to a man so steeped in dissipation as Lynn was. Alice was of a different mind, but her father ruled in such matters. So it turned out that Wilson met her and became infatuated at once. His suit prospered with the old sugar magnate, though it cannot be exactly said that it did with Alice. Lynn knew it all, and being a broad-minded man, let not his friendship with Wilson suffer the slightest breach. He reasoned that it was all the more a compliment to Miss Lyman.

So events stood when the race for the Senatorial toga came off in Illinois. Hamlin, the junior Senator, had died, and as Congress convened very shortly his successor must be elected

at once. Wilson worked like a Trojan for Lynn. Probably his conscientious scruples made him; but, anyway, Lynn went into the race with little hope of winning, and we have seen the results. It was indeed a great compliment to Lynn, who was by odds the youngest man in the race, and barely within the pale of eligibility for that high office. It was simply a tribute to him as a man of popularity and brilliancy, and not a one of his more than a million dollars helped him to do it.

The next day after his interview with Wilson, as he was passing the office of Mr. Lyman, the old man called him in.

"Say, Jim," said he, in his abrupt manner, "I have a proposition to make you."

Lyman was on the alert. Now that you have been elected to the Senate, duties of enormous moment devolves upon you. You, of course, go in late, and the President's Message has already been read. You know what it contains—death and destruction to the trusts. Your father is of course just as much concerned as I, but Jim, my boy, you've given this subject of trusts a deep study and you're a fine orator; now I'll tell you what I'll do. If, when the subject of trusts comes up, you make a speech and kill it in the germ, Alice is yours and a million dollars as a dowry."

Lyman sprang to his feet. "I'll do it," was all he said. Then he thought of Wilson, but the die was cast.

Two weeks later we find him on the floor of the Senate, at the desk made vacant by the death of Hamlin.

Soon he is beginning to learn, but say little. The Statehood Bill comes up, is hotly contested and passed. Uncle Sam has three more shining stars on his flag. The Oleomargarine bill is killed, tariff revision is hinted at but postponed. Christmas is approaching, and also is the trust question. It will certainly attract the attention of the august fifty-sixth Congress before the holidays.

The day is here at last. There is a subdued murmur throughout the hall when Smith, of Tennessee, presents the bill which is to banish (as he thinks) forever from the gaze of mankind that hated animal called a trust.

Twenty Senators sprang to their feet at once. The uproar and jangled tumult at last reached its height and subsided, after each Senator in turn had his say. Strange to relate a number of old-line Republicans, who had never been known to forsake the ranks, following the advice of the president, clamored for the blood of the hideous monster.

When all had grown very still Lynn arose. All eyes were turned upon him; he was making his debut. All were anxious to know if his debut meant the entrance of the fool or the hero. All turned black before Lynn's face. He hesitated and faltered. Then, suddenly he remembered the speech which won for him the inter-State debate:

"Corporations, like individuals, have certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty, etc."

After about ten minutes he finished up in the same strain. When he sat down there was a profound silence. All were thinking. No one arose, and the president put the vote: 43 yeas to 53 nays save the trusts' stay. A number of senators rushed up to grasp Lynn's hand. But his eyes had caught the gallery. There was the flutter of a dress, a short little cry and Alice Lyman had her arms about his neck. Close behind her came her father.

"Well, you did it," was all he could say.

Lynn did not answer; he was thinking of Wilson.

(1902.)



# Wofford College Journal.

Established  
1888

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No. 3

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F. Earle Bradham, Business Manager.

## Editorial Department

M. W. SLOAN, Editor.

**Christmas Holidays.** When in the late hours of the night one's heart sinks in despair over some involved problem in Analytical Geometry or a sentence in Pliny which seems devoid of reason, a ray of light breaks in through the dark clouds of approaching exams. This is the Christmas holiday.

O, the joy of being at home once more! What a pleasure it is to stroll over the plantation, to follow your favorite dog after partridges, to eat the Christmas dinner and to mingle in all the festivities of the neighborhood.

A holiday of this kind enables the student to do better work, for this period of relaxation refreshes him mentally as well as physically. We may safely assert that the fortnight's rest at Christmas in the end raises a student's class standing as much as the hardest two week's "grinding" he does during the year.

The faculty has been more liberal in the length of the holidays than most institutions. Let us show them that

this is not a mistake by returning promptly, with a determination to do better work than ever.

**The Democrats' Opportunity.** The result of the recent struggles between the Republican and Democratic parties were watched with intense interest by all politicians; not on account of the real importance of the election, but because they unmasked the batteries which are to be used in the great fight of 1904. The returns from the elections showed that the party in power would still retain its position by a majority of twenty-two in the next Congress. The Republican victory in Idaho, Montana and Colorado was offset by a Democratic victory in Rhode Island and Delaware.

The Republican party presented a solid front in spite of radical differences among her leaders concerning the best policies which should be adopted to meet the new conditions which recent events in our history have made. But clearly above all party leaders towered the President. In many cases it was the personal popularity of Theodore Roosevelt rather than the strength of the principles he advocated which held many a vote in the Republican party.

In the Democratic ranks was displayed the usual discord in regard to the leaders and the planks with which they wished to construct the national party platform. In one State anti-imperialism was the slogan of the party; across the line in the next commonwealth it was ignored.

Although torn by internal dissensions, without unity in regard to issues or unanimity in the support of a leader, yet after this defeat the Democrats are true to the standard which Jefferson raised with the same blind loyalty which has sustained them in a long series of hopeless defeats.

There is a possibility if not a probability that this succession of defeats can be broken in 1904. Let a leader arise and firmly putting aside the fallacies of Bryanism and profit by the warning which fell from the lips of the martyred leader of the Republicans, that, "The unreasonable resis-

tance to a reduction of the tariff contains the germ of a Democratic president'' and make a campaign upon the high protective tariff and the result of it—the trusts. It is evident that the Republican party affords protection to the trusts in return for enormous campaign funds. Let the Democratic leaders champion the cause of the laborer. Show him that the Democrats wish to reduce the cost of living. The support of the labor citizenship of the nation once gained, the gold of the capitalist will be powerless before the wishes of the masses.

Contrary to the result seen in most countries, martial successes have not cast a halo of glory around the party in power. On the contrary, the disgraceful conduct of some of the officers in the Philippines has cast a reflection upon it.

We may conclude that if the Democratic party is lead by a strong man on a platform formed in opposition to the obvious evils contained in the Republican policies, that it will overthrow the Republican party.

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**John Mitchell.** For decades Americans have been given to admiring the new aristocracy of America. They have never tired of bringing out fresh facts concerning the fabulous wealth of some new millionaire. But when the recent coal strike was on, the attention of the people was turned from the coal barons to a new power. This was the leader of the labor union. We could only realize his immense power when at one word from him every laborer in the anthracite mines threw down his tools. At his desire every factory, every locomotive, every steamship would become powerless for lack of fuel. Thus we see that one man held the industrial welfare of the country in his hands. Might we not consider him the most powerful man in the republic?

This man is John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers. He is a typical son of the people. His father was an humble farmer and coal miner in Illinois. Mitchell's parents were both dead within four years after his birth. The great leader had few opportunities. His schooling was very

defective, being secured during those rare intervals when his labor was not required on the farm. Left at the age of thirteen to fight the battle of life alone, he became a laborer in the mines at Broadwood, Ill. During this period he learned by personal experience the privations and injustices that the miner was forced to undergo. Mitchell soon felt the force of the labor movement and joined the Knights of Labor.

The Irish blood in his veins made him restless, and he began drifting from one place to another. In the west he had a splendid chance to study the native manhood of the plains. But besides closely observing human nature, Mitchell was satisfying his voracious appetite for learning by reading, and by joining all the literary, social and political clubs that he could.

In 1890, then, we see Mitchell a man of fine physique, developed by hard labor on the farm and by the rough life of the plains. He has a face striking on account of the regularity of features and the great strength one can read in it. Mr. Mitchell is a ready talker and possesses to a remarkable degree that quality essential to a leader—personal magnetism. With a thorough knowledge of the conditions and the needs of the mining people, derived at first hand; with a mind able to brush aside all subtleties and grasp the vital facts in a case, he makes a splendid labor leader. The old political agitator, with his florid, exaggerated speeches, has given way to the leader who states dispassionately the real facts of the case without hyperboles and exaggerations, to one who retains his ascendancy over his men by appealing to their sense of justice rather than by playing on their prejudices.

Mitchell realizes the God-given right of every child to have a mental, moral and physical development. His advantages were buried in the dark galleries of the mines; he has determined, if he is able to prevent it, that those of the miners' children will not meet a similar fate.

•            •

**The Local Editor's Duty.** In examining collegiate publications one is struck with the fact that, while many local departments are what they should

be, a great many local editors do not seem to realize what is expected of them.

In our opinion the local editor of the college magazine is at once the reporter and historian of the college. It is his duty to give an accurate account of all the events of college life which have occurred since the last issue of his magazine. This enables the students and the alumni to be fully posted in regard to every phase of her life. Then if the college magazine is bound and given a place on the shelves of the college library, as should be the case everywhere, one has a full history of the lives of the student body through one generation after another, which could be found nowhere else.

One can have the pleasure of reading the essay or spring-time poem that his father or uncle penned thirty years ago; or he could learn who won the medal for oratory, or who made the home-run that gave his institution the game in '79.

However, after perusing the production of some local editors, one must believe that the writer in question does not understand what was expected of him. He seems to labor under the impression that he is expected to be the comic man of the staff, no matter how painful this may be to himself or his readers. Of course, we know that college life is full of funny episodes and that humor brightens the pages of a college paper. We are not opposed to seeing local departments full of jokes which are jokes, but the insipid, personal witticisms which especially appear in the publications of the small institutions lower the dignity of collegiate papers. The editors seem to think that the dignity of print throws some inexplicable halo around any little personal joke, no matter how weak.

We confess that our humor was not developed enough to appreciate witticisms like the following: Prof—"What is the plural of monk?" Miss J—"Monkey, I suppose?"

Some of the local editors gleefully give the prominence of print to grammatical errors made by their college mates, which a student of Tuskegee would scorn to be guilty of. If an institution admits within its walls students who are

not conversant with the fundamental rules of grammar, no honor is reflected on the college by publishing it.

Let us hope that public sentiment will at last discountenance this kind of humor, and that the tone of college publications will be improved in this respect.

## Exchange Department.

W. W. BOYD, Editor.

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We find in the literary department of "The Stylus" only one short contribution from a student. It seems that a college magazine managed solely by the students should contain work done by the students themselves. Under "Styloids" is printed a number of "jokes" which add nothing to the value of "The Stylus."

"The College of Charleston Magazine" contains two readable stories, "A Lumberman's Lot" and "The Steal Combine." The editorial on the utility of a college education deserves mention.

Perhaps the two best contributions to "The Criterion" are "Cymbeline" and "The French Women in the Seventeenth Century." "A Day at Concord" adds pleasant variety to the common college stories. The article "Southern Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association" brings out some interesting features of that great work. As a whole, "The Criterion" is a splendid magazine.

In "The Limestone Star," "Heroines of the South" reminds us that in thinking of the bravery of Southern men, we must not forget the good women. "Shadows" contains a neat little plot and is well executed. "Vivian" is a typical "girl's story." The "Star" is well sprinkled with poetry.

Next we take up "The Furman Echo." In "An Incident of the 'Dark Corner'" the sentence structure should be improved. "My Adventures With a Moonshiner" is very obscure in parts. "England from 1558-1603" is not so comprehensive a study as the title suggests and there is a lack of unity throughout the entire article. The editorials deal entirely with local matters but show a real appreciation for the institution they represent.

The "Winthrop College Journal" contains several good stories. Each department is well edited. We notice especially the "Influence of the Ballad on the World's History."

In "The Erskinian," "Progress of America" is not an exhaustive treatise upon the subject. "The Grasp for Gold" points out the dangers of a nation's making a wrong use of its wealth. The "College Notes" could very profitably be replaced by poetry or fiction.

The stories in "The Carolinian" are about equal to the average story in college journals, but too much of the magazine is taken up with these stories. "The Colors of the Enemy" is a mixture of love and foot-ball where the ball player already disappointed in love, loses his life on the grid-iron. "The Sacred Stone" is a carefully written story. "The Origin and Growth of Prose Fiction" is well worth a careful reading.

The literary department of "The Clemson Chronicle" is somewhat small. "A Man's a Man for a' That" is a pleasing story in which true worth is rewarded by winning a rich young lady for a wife. "The Cowboy's Prayer" has a bit of the miraculous in it and is worthy of its place in the "Chronicle."

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#### CLIPPINGS.

This was in foot ball to be a season most gay,  
 For many games were we scheduled to play,  
 But the faculty says this won't pay  
 And mismanages everything in their usual way.—Ex.

#### GET NEXT TO NATURE.

I would flee from the city's rule and law,  
 From its fashions and forms cut loose  
 And go where the strawberry grows on the straw  
 And the gooseberry grows on the goose.



Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat  
As she clutches for her prey——  
The guileless and unsuspecting rat  
On the rattan bush at play.—Ex.

A fool and his money are soon parted and lucky is he who separates them.—Ex.

## THE BEAUTIFUL ROSE.

He stood where the maiden stood beside,  
The beautiful, blushing rose,  
And he lovingly turned his head and sighed,  
And he buried his mouth and nose  
Among the petals so sweet, so rare,  
That the fair maids lips had pressed,  
And a bumble bee that was resting there  
Proceeded to do the rest.—Ex.

## Alumni Department.

J. C. REDMON, Editor.

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### Captains of Industry.

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Hon. Samuel Dibble of the class of 1856, the first graduate of the college, is president of the Bowman & Branchville Railroad Co.

Capt. Chas. Petty, '57, the only surviving member of that class, is a veteran newspaper editor. He is editor of the Carolina Spartan, a paper published at Spartanburg, S. C.

Col. Jno. B. Cleveland, '69, is president of the Charleston & Western Carolina Railroad Company and of the Whitney Cotton Mills. He is also vice-president of the National Bank of Spartanburg and is connected with many other enterprises.

Mr. T. C. Duncan, '81, is president of the Union Cotton Mills, Union, S. C.

Mr. C. C. Twitty, '76, is president of the cotton mill at Hartsville, S. C.

Mayor A. B. Calvert, '80, is president of the Drayton Cotton Mill, Spartanburg, S. C.

Mr. J. A. Law, '87, is president of the Saxon Cotton Mill.

Mr. T. B. Stackhouse, '80, is president of the cotton mill at Dillon, and will be cashier of a new National Bank which will be opened there in January.

Mr. W. J. Montgomery, '75, a prominent member of the bar at Marion, is president of the Merchants and Farmers Bank at Marion.

Capt. W. G. Smith, who was a member of the class of '84 for two years, is president of the Orangeburg Manufacturing Company and a director of the Edisto Savings Bank at Orangeburg. He is also president of the Business League of Orangeburg, S. C.

Capt. W. E. Burnett, '76, is president of the National Bank of Spartanburg and of the Chamber of Commerce of Spartanburg.

William Coleman, '95, is president of the Glenn-Lowry Cotton Mills at Whitmire, S. C.

Mr. R. T. Caston, '71, is president of the Bank of Cheraw, Cheraw, S. C.

Mr. D. T. Outz, '75, is president of the Bank of Johnston, Johnston, S. C.

Mr. W. A. Law, '83, is president of the Central National Bank of Spartanburg.

Senator J. L. Glenn, '79, a prominent member of the bar at Chester and State Senator from his county, is president of the Exchange Bank of Chester.

Hon. J. E. Wannamaker, '72, has made a fine success at farming. He is vice-president of the St. Matthews Savings Bank.

Mr. H. H. Newton, '70, is a lawyer and prominent business man of Bennettsville, S. C.

Mr. J. C. Evans, '88, is bookkeeper for the D. E. Converse Cotton Mill Company.

Mr. J. S. Moore is the general manager of the Olympia Cotton Mill, Columbia, S. C.

Among those who came to Wofford but did not graduate and are now men prominent in business circles are: Mr. W. E. Lucas is president of the Laurens Cotton Mill and also a cotton mill at Darlington; Dr. Jesse Cleveland is president of the Tucapau Cotton Mills; Capt. B. Hart Moss is president of the Edisto Savings Bank, Orangeburg, S. C.; Mr. Thomas Moore is superintendent of the cotton mills at Wellford.

# Young Men's Christian Association.

W. C. HERBERT, Editor.

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## The Beginning of Our Y. M. C. A.

Tucked away in the secretary's desk we recently found the minutes as recorded by the first secretary of Wofford's Association. When we remember that students first took up this work about the year 1877 and that the date of this first meeting held in the Hall of the Preston Literary Society, was 1879, we begin to realize that we are among the first organized, and thanks to the strong men who founded it, as well as those who followed, the result of their efforts still stands. Perhaps some of these old minutes would be interesting to our readers, for the names of the officers recall to our minds business men and ministers of the gospel who have gone out from our ranks.

The following is first:

SATURDAY, Dec. 13, 1879.

A body of students met in the College—Preston Hall—for the purpose of organizing a Young Men's Christian Association. The meeting was opened with singing and prayer. C. B. Smith was elected president and H. C. Folk secretary pro tem. Before proceeding to the regular election of officers, the established Constitution was read; and all those who wished to become members were asked to come forward and give in their names. This being done the Association then proceeded to the election of permanent officers, which resulted as follows: President, H. C. Folk; Vice-President, W. T. Lander; Recording Secretary, C. B. Smith; Corresponding Secretary, C. H. Carlisle; Treasurer, S. H. Hilliard.

The President then appointed the following committees:

- (1) Devotional Committee.
- (2) Membership Committee.
- (3) Missionary Committee.

After sundry remarks, the meeting closed.

C. B. SMITH,  
Secretary.

H. C. FOLK,  
President.

List of committees lost.

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The men who have gone out from Wofford have always responded readily and given freely when they were called on to help the institution in any way. This is no less true in the Association than in other of the important parts of the college. The readers will remember that only last year we were greatly indebted to Rev. Mr. Nettles for our nice, new hall and furnishings. Again, recently this spirit of liberality was shown by the response of men who were formerly connected with our Association. They aided us in securing a handsome, new organ. The Music Committee intends to do its part in making the meetings, especially the ones held on Sunday afternoons, as attractive as possible and, in behalf of these and our other members, we should like to express our appreciation to those who have aided us so much and so willingly.

## Local Department.

LOY D. THOMPSON, Editor

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The Glee Club is down at hard work now, preparing for the Moot Court. The Club has decided to pull the trial off on the night of Dec. 10th.

The trial is a sensational murder case. The plot has been carefully worked out, and all the boys firmly believe that Roscoe Upton did "feloniously and maliciously and with malice aforethought" murder Samuel Green. Roscoe protests, however, that he is an innocent man, but circumstantial evidence is very much against him.

At the last election of the two Societies, the men selected to fill various offices for the coming term were as follows: Preston—M. W. Sloan, Pres.; D. M. Ellen, Vice-Pres.; B. F. Dent, First Critic; L. D. Thompson, Second Critic; I. Chapman, Secretary; W. T. Jones, Treasurer. Calhoun—T. C. Moss, Pres.; W. P. Way, Vice-Pres.; J. G. Bailie, First Critic; G. B. Dukes, Second Critic; L. M. Cantrell, Censor Morum.

Recitation—Professor—"Mr. O—Z, what does 'soothsayer' mean?" "Yes, sir, professor, soothsayer is the man who makes shoes." Professor—"I see you have the idea."

The Gymnasium Exhibition is to come off the night of Dec. 8th. The team has been doing some good work for the past two or three weeks, and is now in excellent shape for the occasion. The invitations are already out and the affair will have taken place before The Journal leaves the hands of the printers.

W. M. Fair, of the Senior Class, who has been ill for some time, has resumed his college duties.

The class officers were most beautifully and delightfully entertained by Pres. and Mrs. H. N. Snyder on the evening of the 13th.

Mother—"Were you not even embarrassed when he kissed you?" Daughter—"No, I was not embarrassed, but it frightened me." Mother—"How so?" Daughter—"Why, when I told him to stop for a moment, I thought he was going to."

A new science building is soon to be erected on the campus. This hall is made possible through the kindness and generosity of Mr. J. B. Cleveland, of this city.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's lecture on Nov. 25th was quite a treat to all who ventured out to hear the speaker. The night was a very disagreeable one, having rained all the afternoon and far into the night. But, notwithstanding this, a large audience was out to hear him. The morning following Mr. Mabie attended chapel services, and after the exercises were gone through with he addressed the faculty and students, taking as his subject, "Character as revealed in one's handiwork." This lecture was the first one of the season given under the auspices of the College Lyceum Association.

A meeting of the student body was called Nov. 18th by Prof. Rembert for the purpose of reorganizing the Athletic Association. Prof. Rembert, who had been elected previously to serve as president of this organization, presented a number of resolutions, which were adopted by the Association. It was decided to combine all the various departments of athletics of the College, which heretofore has not been the case, into one central organization to be known as the Wofford College Athletic Association. Almost all the boys were present at the meeting and manifested a deep and earnest interest in the athletic side of the College. This spring we expect to put out a winning baseball team. It is our purpose to walk over every team we come across. Of course, we shall do it very courteously and gracefully, but the point is we are going to do it. Mr. J. F. Wilson, the business manager, has canvassed the city for subscriptions to help erect an up-to-date grandstand, level the ground off and enclose same with a twelve or fifteen-foot wall. As a result of the

canvass Mr. Wilson has secured subscriptions to the amount of one thousand dollars. When work on the ground closes it will be the finest baseball park in the State.

The second lecture of the Lyceum course came off Nov. 18th, Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President Tulane University, being the speaker. Dr. Alderman was at his best and held his audience spellbound from the beginning to the close. His subject was, "The Southern Boy and his Opportunity."

Prof. A. G. Rembert entertained at tea Nov. 11th the athletic committee composed of the following men: Manager Wilson, Prof. Shockley, Messrs. Brabham, Hardin, Burnett, Greene, Boyd, Owen and Glaze.

Messrs. Camak, Way and Thompson, of the Senior Class, taught in the city graded schools two or three days this month during the absence and illness of several of the city teachers.

Freshman, picking up Shakespeare's King Lear, asked, "Has this got Hamlet's soliloquy in it?"

The football game between the Seniors and Freshman on the one side and the Juniors and Sophomores on the other, which was played Nov. 17th, was a royal contest. It was truly a battle between the giants. The former combination, however, showed itself stronger from the beginning. The Juniors and Sophs fought manfully, but by virtue of the eternal fitness of things the latter combination must draw its colors through the dust.

Pres. H. N. Snyder went to Anderson Nov. 21st to make an address before that people.

John McColough and R. C. Oliver left for New Orleans Nov. 24th to attend the congress of their fraternity.

Loy D. Thompson went to New York Nov. 22nd as a delegate to the national convention of the Chi Phi Fraternity.

Mr. J. Furman Bradham, of Manning was in the city on business for a few days. He was on the campus while here.



### Special to Spartanburg.

Fellow students, you all know that in order to publish our College Journal we must *necessarily* get outside help. While your subscriptions, to the JOURNAL, help out wonderfully, they fall far short of publishing it nine months in the year. While our student body is small (in numbers) compared to some other colleges in the State, none surpasses us in giving the public a first-class magazine. Now to do this we are dependent on the business men of Spartanburg to help us. We have gone to them for their help, and in answer to our demand, they have responded generously and willingly. When we go to the business men of Spartanburg, and ask them for their "ads," we do not ask them to advertise gratuitously, nor through charity, nor to "help a good cause," but we go to them as a *business man to business men*, and in return for their investment they expect some remuneration—and, boys it is not merely your duty, but it is *your privilege* to see that they get it.

In the columns of "The Journal" you will find only the best business houses in the city advertised. We carry no second class shops, but you will find those who advertise in the Journal are the men who make Spartanburg what it is—"the pearl of the Piedmont." *Remember our Advertisers!!*

F. EARLE BRADHAM,  
Business Manager.

# Wofford College Directory.

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H. N. SNYDER, President,

J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Secretary,

D. A. DuPRÉ, A. M., Treasurer.

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## Calhoun Literary Society

President, T. C. Moss.  
Vice-President, W. P. Way.  
1st Critic, J. G. Bailie.  
2nd Critic, G. B. Lukes.  
3rd Critic, J. P. Lane.  
Secretary, T. J. Cottingham.  
Censor Morum, L. M. Cantrell.  
Treasurer, G. Wells Vaughan.

## Preston Literary Society

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Vice-President, D. M. Ellen.  
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1/1903

# Wofford College Journal.

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## Literary Department

S. M. DAWKINS, Editor.

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### *To the Toiling Man.*

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Hear the humming busy bee,  
For life to her is sweet and free;  
Hark, the merry chirping bird,  
Since joyful notes from her are heard.

Murmur softly trickling streams  
Those cheerful words that haunt our dreams;  
Winds that whisper airs of mirth  
Strike the strings, to song give birth.

Flowers, each and every one,  
Delight in floods of shining sun:  
Sweet are violets so blue,  
That beam with merry hearts as true.

These know not the pangs of strife,  
For nature's own enjoy their life;  
*Men of toil* no praises sing,  
Instead to life a sadness bring.

Cast aside your gloomy look,  
Thou toiling man by grace forsook;  
Melt thy bosom's icy heart,  
And sing for joy ere life depart!

Work awaits the joyful hand,  
And cheerful hearts are in demand;  
Make thy task a happy one,  
And take delight in duty done!

### *Wordsworth--Some Characteristics.*

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The Romantic Movement in England found one of its strongest disciples in Wordsworth, who was born at Cocker-mouth, April 7, 1770. The period embracing his infancy and boyhood days was passed mainly at Penrith with his relatives. The untimely death of both his mother and his father left him an orphan at the age of fourteen. Sent to Hawkshead at the tender age of nine, he was left at liberty to read anything that appealed to his young fancy, some of which books were "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Gulliver's Travels," and all of Fielding's works. It was during these happy years that the work of his later life was fully begun. "The Summer Vacation," and "Return to School" are two poems which bear the stamp of a schoolboy's pen.

In 1787 Wordsworth went to Cambridge, where the germs that caused him in later years to love nature and man in nature so ardently began to spring up in his susceptible nature. He was wont to linger in the stillness of the night beneath an old ash tree and think "tranquil visions." His third vacation was passed in Switzerland, where he encountered some sparks of the Romantic Movement. He "was touched, but with no intimate concern." Upon leaving the University he had no definite purpose in view, thinking of the ministry, law and war, but deciding on none, he went to London, where his time was passed in walking the streets. He looked on that "mighty heart" "not as full of noise and dust and confusion, but as something silent, grand and everlasting." \* \* \* \* \* "The very houses seem asleep; and all that mighty heart is lying still." These lines are characteristic of the man, for he loved not the rush of the world, but rather the solitude of nature and the cloistered walls of his Northumbrian home.

Wordsworth landed in France in November, 1791. After seeing the horrors of the Revolution, his views were completely changed. A mighty revolution was at work in his

own heart. The crisis of his life was upon him. He wrote:  
 "Most melancholy at that time, O, Friend!  
 Were my day thoughts, my night thoughts were miserable."

In this crisis two of the mightiest influencing agencies of his life restored Wordsworth to his natural self, namely, his sister and the simple Cumbrian homes. He settled at Race-down with his sister in 1795, during which time his steady devotion to poetry began. In his sister he found a blessing that few poets experience—a critic as well as an admirer; an influence as well as a source of everlasting pleasure. His poetry is dotted with allusions to her and eulogies upon her, above all of which towers the eulogy in "Tintern Abbey."

\* \* \* \* \* "Thou, my dearest friend,  
 My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I catch  
 The language of my former heart, and read  
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
 Of thy wild eyes!"

The second great influence, that of the Cumbrian homes, expresses itself in such poems as "Michael," "The Highland Girl," "Lucy Gray," and "The Solitary Reaper," all of which are typical of those plain, simple and virtuous lives, which Wordsworth describes so beautifully and with such simplicity.

In 1797 Wordsworth removed to Alfoxden, where Coleridge was living. Here he wrote poetry and tutored a boy to help defray his expenses. The publication of "The Lyrical Ballads" in 1798 was the fruit of his year's work. Wordsworth married Miss Mary Hutchinson in 1802, the influence and sympathy of whom greatly aided him in his life-work. She was:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command;  
 And yet a spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light."

They lived a plain, simple, and frugal life with nothing to interrupt the tenor of happiness that was so characteris-

tic of the household. After several tours on the continent, Wordsworth moved to Rydal Mount in 1813—the house around which cluster such pleasant associations of the poet. It was there that Coleridge, DeQuincy, Professor Wilson, Southey, and others repaired to seek advice of him. Wordsworth knew the surrounding country perfectly, and “There was no spot around the lakes that did not hear him pouring out his poetry in slow sounds.” With the exception of an occasional tour on the continent, Wordsworth passed the remainder of his life in the Lake Country, quietly, simply, and uneventfully. He had the degree of D. C. L. conferred upon him by Oxford in 1842, and was made Poet Laureate in 1843. The year 1850 marks the date of his death. Wordsworth chose for poetic treatment, not kings nor great rulers; not Roman myths nor the feats of daring knights, but rather plain, simple, natural subjects that deal with nature, man, and their relations. It seems as if he purposely selected the very commonest and most unaffected subjects, such as “The Highland Girl,” “Lucy Gray,” “Michæl,” and “The Reverie of Poor Susan.” Wordsworth, like Burns and Whittier, saw, lurking deep down beneath the common heart of a peasant, virtues as noble as any that characterize the prince, therefore he made it his “chiefest” aim to immortalize those humble lives by introducing them to the world through his poems.

But while the common man holds an important place in his poems, Wordsworth’s life-work was to reveal nature to men, and to accomplish this he had constantly to use her as his subject. Her different phases, such as trees, old ruins, brooks, valleys, rivers, hills, mountains, rocks, and lakes, all have their places in the various subjects that appeal to Wordsworth. Very few love poems are found in his productions. His first love poem was written, not about somebody else’s sister, but about his own. He wrote his first real love poem at the age of thirty-three—“To a Highland Girl.” Sometimes he would choose a great myth or a classic story, but before he got through with it there would be the Wordsworthian touch. He digressed rarely, however, into

classic paths, but kept ever before his poetic vision the road that leads to "the common heart of man," and the spirit that lies hidden back of nature.

The primary object of Wordsworth's life-work was: "To console the afflicted, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous." He wrote poetry, not to startle the world by its beauty nor to meet the popular demands of the age; but rather "to be considered as a teacher or as nothing." Being one of the chief members of the Romantic School, his object was to revolutionize the age and wake it up from the lethargy which was so characteristic of the Eighteenth Century. It was his belief that "Verse may build a princely throne on humble truth," and this he tried to impress upon his contemporaries. "It was his mission to reverse the general tendency of the Eighteenth Century by averting the attention from towns, manners, politics, systems of philosophy and directing them upon the country, Nature, the moral life of man and religion."

Wordsworth believed that he was a "Dedicated Spirit," hence it was his duty to "lighten the heavy and weary weight of all this unintelligible world." In short, his aim was to hold up to the eyes of men, through the mirror of his poetry, the worth of a peasant and the value of Nature.

Like the subjects that Wordsworth chose and like the simple life that he lived, his style is extremely simple. He had a passion for details and particularities, which so often detracted from his poems, illustrated especially in "The Excursion." His style is perfectly natural, and has nothing gaudy nor impassioned about it. It seems as if Nature not only gave him the matter, but wrote his poems for him. No poet had a more distinct diction. He thought that the meaning, and the meaning only, was the poetry. On the whole, his style is simple, plain, and often very attractive, notwithstanding the amount of rubbish that is so characteristic of his poetry.

Wordsworth possessed a deep and holy reverence for Man and Nature. It is not the man, however, who is arrayed in

princely garments, nor he who conquers the world for selfish motives, but rather the man whose virtues shine forth with lustre, regardless of the tattered garments that cover his person. He tells us that "his heart was early introduced to an unconscious love and reverence for human nature." His conception of human character was always simple, and many of life's most impressive phenomena were hid from his eyes. The man that does not bend the knee to fortune is he whom Wordsworth most admires. He regarded the unfortunate rather with pity than with disdain.

But while his love for man was great, Wordsworth's love for Nature was still greater. He recognized in Nature "the anchor of his purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide, the guardian of his heart." It was his faith that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and that it is her privilege to "lead from joy to joy." So earnestly did he try to show Nature to Man that he was called "The High Priest of Nature." He believed that Nature and Man bear a tangible relation to each other, and he tried to show this to men. He wanted men to revolutionize society, revolutionize literature, revolutionize everything and return to Nature. He cried out:

"Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?"

Wordsworth sees not only the beauties of Nature, but back of her he sees a spirit, a motion, a vague mystery, a dreamy apparition.

We now come to Wordsworth's place in Literary History, which is rather unique. He wrote so much that is almost unreadable and so much that is beautiful that it is hard to place him exactly. Matthew Arnold deems him the greatest poet since the Elizabethan Age, and with the exception of Molière, the greatest on the Continent. Lowell remarks that there is a deal of his poetry that can't be called poetry at all, but Lowell also admits that there is much that is grand, much that is beautiful in his poetry. Saintsbury said he composed some very stiff, silly and worthless things, but he



also said that "Tintern Abbey" and "Ode to Immortality" could not be better done. Myers says if we judge Wordsworth's works as a whole, in comparison with some other English poets since the Elizabethan Age, they will outrank him, but if we compare his masterpieces to theirs, he towers above them. He stands for truth; he was a teacher and a philosophical thinker; he was the guiding star of the Romantic Movement; he taught his followers to see what they felt; he helped to religionize the age, and he has caused men to think more of each other as a result of his poetry;—hence it is but right that a man who has accomplished so much should hold a high place in Literary History. But, while we accord to him a unique place among the Nineteenth Century poets, still, we cannot help but feel that Browning and Tennyson are, on the whole, brighter stars in the constellation of Nineteenth Century poets.

R. O. LAWTON.

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### *The Old Man's Story.*

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Uncle Gavin was broken and gray when he drifted into our little port ten years ago. No one knew whence he came or why he remained. He showed no inclination to mingle with the people, and under no consideration would he join in the village gossip; hence his past history remained a secret, and his door was seldom darkened by his neighbors. The little jobs of carpenter's work which he did, such as mending boats and oars, brought him enough to keep the wolf from the door.

When the ocean was calm and the sky clear, the cloud which enveloped his life showed more of the silver lining, and sometimes, as he watched the children at play, the faintest shadow of a smile would flit over his rough features and vanish as quickly as it came. But when the clouds began to gather, when the wind raved and shrieked, and the waves, mountain high, came thundering in from the open ocean, the old man would stand on the beach for hours gazing far out on the raging sea; while, at other times, he would rush up

and down the shore, tearing his thin locks and shouting to an imaginary ship, which was foundering on a distant reef. After the storm had subsided he would return to his cottage and remain in seclusion for days.

Altogether his life was an enigma to the simple people with whom his lot was cast. When he first came into the village many were the speculations as to what his past life might have been, but, with the passing years, people became accustomed to his peculiar ways and ceased to question him. It was enough for them to know that he was harmless, and performed the work entrusted to him honestly and efficiently. He seemed to fit into the narrow niche he occupied, and pursued the even tenor of his way unmolested.

One afternoon, late in September, a strong gale began to blow from the Southwest, and by five o'clock heavy darkness settled down over the little port. The sea was lashed to fury by the black wings of the storm; the thundering waves broke with a wild roar on the opposing rocks, and the screaming sea gulls added terror to the night. The villagers passed each other with anxious, questioning looks, for well they knew that the morning light would tell an awful tale.

Uncle Gavin, as usual, was standing with straining eyes, but not alone, for the fury of the storm was such as to bring out the entire population. The old man seemed oblivious to all things save the storm, and from time to time he was heard muttering to himself, "She cannot live! Impossible! No ship can live in such a sea! They'll be lost! lost! lost!" "See," he exclaimed, as a great wave broke over the reef, "she's struck! Out with the life boat!" Sympathetic friends tried to quiet him, but all to no avail. Breaking loose from them he threw himself into the raging sea and fought furiously against the relentless waves. His strength soon failed and he was thrown up on the shore more dead than alive. Willing hands bore him to the nearest cottage, where he was tenderly ministered to. In his delirium he imagined himself fighting his way through the seething waters to a vessel that was fast on the reef.

Toward morning he awoke from a fitful slumber and found

a young woman sitting by his side. "Daughter," he said, "I am about done for; the voyage of my life is almost at an end. Ten long years have I spent in the village, yet never could I bring myself to speak to any one of the sorrow which weighed upon my mind. You were a child when I came, but, doubtless, remember that my hair was as white as if bleached by the frosts of seventy winters. I was not an old man; sorrow has made me old before my time. Come near, and listen to my story."

She seated herself beside him, and stroked the rough hand while he continued: "Eighteen years ago I had a happy home in England. My wife was the sweetest woman that ever lived, and God blessed our union by sending us two bright little girls. But such happiness was too sweet to last, and the mother was taken from us. After that I could not stay in the old town. My soul was restless, and with my two babes—Fannie, aged three and a-half, and Madge, aged two, I embarked for America. A fearful storm came on and the vessel was wrecked off the New Jersey coast. Of all on board, I, alone, survived. I was picked up by a life boat and carried to a hospital where I lingered between life and death for weeks. When able to enquire for my children, I was told that they were lost. Before the vessel went down I bound them to some timbers, and hoped that they would be rescued, but I have never heard from them. Sometimes my mind is not clear, but believe me, this is a true story." The exertion had been too much for the sufferer and he sank into a stupor.

The watcher called her married sister from an adjoining room and repeated Uncle Gavin's story. The older sister gazed intently at the furrowed countenance, and, then, throwing her arms around her sister's neck, burst into tears. "Its father, Madge," she sobbed, "its father." The old man opened his eyes and a shadow crossed his face. "Only a dream," he said, "only a dream. I dreamed I had found my darlings."

"We are here, father; we are here. This is Madge and Fannie!"

"Don't deceive me" he said, "don't deceive me. You were

not on the ship. Have I not seen you in the village for the past ten years? How often have I looked at you and thought what a comfort my children would have been to me had they been spared."

"Indeed we are your lost babes, but you are too much exhausted to hear our story. Rest now and when you are better we will tell you."

"I can bear it," he said. "The sands of life are fast slipping away. Go on."

Fannie spoke: "Eighteen years ago Madge and I were picked up three hundred miles futher north by the captain of a coasting vessel. He advertised us, but no one claimed us, so we were adopted by our rescuer, and have lived in this village ever since. I wonder that I never recognized you before, but your hair was raven black when we were shipwrecked, and when you came to our village it was white as snow. You cannot believe my story, but here are the rings that were on my baby fingers; do you recognize them?"

The palsied hand eagerly grasped the little bands of gold and looked at the engraving. "True," he murmured, "found, found at last."

The women, assured of their recognition covered his rough cheeks with kisses, and wept for very joy. But their happiness was of short duration, for the old man was sinking fast and with the dawning of the day his spirit took its flight. After a lonely voyage over the troublous sea of life, his frail barque was driven across the shining bar into the peaceful haven.

3091.

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*To Keats.*

---

O Rome, thou wert the home  
 Of Cæsar with his imperial throne;  
 Of Virgil, Horace, and Cicero,  
 All of whom in the book of fame  
 Are given praise and a great name;  
 But if thou could'st but realize,  
 What within thy bosom lies,

Thou would'st to Him the glory give,  
Who the breath of life did give  
To this man of power and strength untried  
As he for us half-bloomed, then died.  
Among thy walls, whose ruins adorn  
The annals of time, and to price unknown,  
There sleeps in Death's cold embrace,  
A man recalled from Life's dull race,  
That he of a true life might partake.  
By the world condemned and torn,  
Yet by rival ne'er outshone;  
Nipped as a flower in the bud,  
Then crushed by men desiring blood.  
Torn from Life's tree of joy,  
As from a Christmas tree, a toy  
Is handed down and cast away  
By men of the world as they play  
Their part in Life's sad tragedy.  
O! Keats, thy great unknown worth,  
Shall time increase, as each year's birth  
Is to the past so often added.  
Rome, the Eternal City, thou too shalt know  
That thou has a treasure among thy seven hills,  
Which brighter shines as caressed  
By the silent years of futurity.

W. M. B., '05.

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*Is Wealth a Curse to Us?*

---

Wealth is an evil which becomes thoroughly fused into the life of all nations when they yield to the temptation of prosperity in all things of an absolute material nature, and make the higher things of life subservient to the one controlling desire for money and power. A great intellect, whose influence is exerted with such forceful power upon the lives of those it touches, if unaccompanied by developed conscience and character, becomes an evil and threatening power in the

community. Wealth, when not used aright, marks its possessor in a peculiar sense as a menace to the welfare of the community, just as a great intellect does when it lacks the strong fibre of moral character; yet there are no more grounds for condemning wealth than intellect. The highest service that can be rendered to mankind is to take these forces, that can be made such potent factors for the elevation of our race, and make them useful to all alike. Wealth, well made and well spent, is as pure as the rill that runs down the mountain side.

Wealth is a natural inheritance and not a created product. That is, the exhaustless mines of material wealth are hidden in nature and can only be revealed to those who have knowledge of natural laws. We owe our knowledge of these revelations of the secrets of nature law to the attitude that our scientific men have assumed toward nature, and from this increased knowledge of men, have been enabled so to place these natural forces that mankind at large may receive the benefits of their thought, study and discovery. Thus has scientific research, by questioning nature for her facts and discovering the laws that these facts revealed, proven to be the "Open Sesame" to the treasure-house of truth. Thus has man, by unfolding the secrets of natural law, set the seal of science to the doctrine of revelation and proven beyond all doubt his divine origin.

Inventive genius and financial ability have combined to revolutionize existing conditions and change the face of the world. Those who have fashioned the new things that have transformed industrial methods are the ones who have done the most to advance, not alone its material prosperity, but its intellectuality, its culture and its civilization. An enlargement of mankind was heralded when Watt invented the steam-engine, and when Eli Whitney, by his invention of the cotton gin, revolutionized the industries and changed the destiny of the South. These changes are but the "revolutions of God's chariot wheels, bearing the world onward to the goal of his beneficent purposes."

We meet face to face, as a result of these changes, the

immense combinations of human industry and capital, stimulated and enlarged by the tireless efforts of energetic industrial leaders. We have at our command the exhaustless mines of material wealth, and we have men of financial ability who are able to keep in perfect form the machinery of a world-wide industry. The only unknown quantity is how much wealth may be accumulated. Given the genius of the human mind in its present development and the immense storage of force and material in the globe about it, and nothing will prevent men from becoming immensely rich.

The success, which has come to us through this rapid growth of material power, has made this a day of great things—great aims and ambitions, great forces and mechanisms, great undertakings and great achievements. But the greatness of today is not so much of creation as of combination, not so much of construction as of concentration. It is the effect of marshalling great forces into great organizations.

This rapid concentration of power and capital in the hands of a few men, is being continually harped upon by agitators and pessimists and many places of sacred influence are being defiled by utterances that spring more from passion and prejudice than calm, deliberate judgment. They say that the wealthy class is only a band of cold-blooded "Shylocks" continually forming partnerships with other industrial pirates until there shall not be an independent business in the whole nation; and that consolidations in the world of industry are great economic and commercial wrongs, and that they are only attempts to do away with competition upon which the future of every city and community depends. It is true that there are many evils that follow consolidation and the glory of commercialism has not blinded us to the fact that these evils exist. Yet there is no need of the perpetual arraying of class against class or for a standing apparatus of industrial war. It is criminal to waste our energies in endeavoring to uproot when all we can profitably accomplish is to bend the universal tree of humanity to the production of good fruit under existing circumstances. We can remedy

these evils by instituting a most thorough system of national control over all the commercial combinations of this country. Then these mighty institutions cannot become a menace to industrial progress and to human liberty. They cannot pre-empt the fields of industry and deny to all others the power to work for a living, to acquire wealth and achieve success in business. They cannot close the "open door" of opportunity.

In this finer development of organization and this higher application of science, wealth has become a potent factor in lifting the standard of our industrial civilization. Yet this higher industrial civilization depends upon the ideals cherished in the minds of our industrial builders. As the ideals of men are, so are their lives. As the massive stone church, with its spire reaching toward heaven, is shaped according to the plan in the mind of the architect; as the universe was created and is renewed according to the ideal of the Creator, so our lives depend upon the thought-models on which they are built. The higher the ideals cherished in the minds of our industrial leaders the more advanced will our civilization be. Our great leaders, combining almost superhuman effort with inventive genius, have raised our industrial system to its present high standard and have opened up material avenues in distant lands for the spread of American commercialism and civilization. The higher our civilization is, the greater is the expense to maintain it. Probably this is a strong reason why there is so much opposition to the importation of Chinese labor for fear that American laborers would become mere thieves should they have to depend upon the wages of the Chinaman for support. As industrial civilization advances, industrial society becomes more and more complex. It demands the satisfaction of increased wants and desires and the realization of hitherto unknown possibilities. "Yet expensiveness does not ruin a man or a nation, but it is the indisposition and inability to produce the cost that is the demon of destruction." Our capitalists are not nursers of indolence. They are laborers and they make money that they may work in greater fields of industry.



Wise men will not destroy these greater fields of industry; they will accept them as the natural result of industrial evolution and use them for the growth of material prosperity and the spread of Christian civilization.

Generosity toward friends and liberality toward worthy objects, the things that spring from an unselfish heart, are the outward manifestations of brotherly kindness. The broad and sympathetic hearts of our leaders are monuments to their true greatness. They are alive with robust and generous sympathies. Their ideals are up with the age and ahead of it only so far as to lead it in its march. Our great men cannot slumber, for energy and activity are necessities of their existence. They are the promoters of our material civilization whereby great spiritual truths are promulgated throughout the world of heathendom. We have done what the sweetest singer of the nineteenth century has urged in his richest song of optimism; we have rung into the sphere of commercialism

“The valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand.”

We make no greater mistake than when we say our industrial leaders have no souls, for the largeness of their souls depends upon the breadth of their sympathies. Commercialists manifested the highest form of sympathy when their ships, loaded with food-stuffs, plowed the seas to satisfy the wants of India's starving millions; when their well-filled cars rushed from our large cities to rescue the storm-swept people of Galveston; when their steamers plowed through the swift current to save the unfortunate sufferers of volcanic Martinique. By their fruits it is evident that the lives of American commercialists are incarnations of the broad spirit of human sympathy and the universal principle of the “Brotherhood of man.” If these commercialists, by their brotherly kindness to others, and constant devotion to duty and business, set a higher standard of living among the masses and maintain thrift as the *sumum bonum* of a healthy man, then they are vital contributors to our moral prospects and social comforts.

W. K. GREENE.

## *A Revelation.*

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"Ebenezer, why don't you drive up there? We'll be the last ones at the ropes tomorrow, if you don't," rang out a sharp voice over the prairie.

"Waal, now, Sary, you know, it hain't no use to hurry thro' life. Is it, Jake?" This last remark was addressed to his son, whom he always called upon to confirm his statements. "But I guess as how we had better go a leettle bit faster. Git, up, Beck, Git up there, Kit, you lazy stack of bones," and he accompanied his exhortations with a languid use of the rawhide. This was, however, of no avail, for the poor mules had evidently become accustomed to it.

"Ah, Sary, looks as how these here mules warn't made for nuthin' 'ceptin' to eat. War they Jake?" The boy nodded his silent assent. With such remarks as these a broken conversation was kept up as they continued their way across the prairie. The party consisted of three persons, two mules, two horses and an old-fashioned prairie schooner. The latter was drawn by the two mules and one horse and contained all the family belongings, together with the husband and his son. The other horse was ridden by a woman. It was a light chestnut-sorrel and very graceful in its movements. The rider was a young woman, not remarkably handsome nor beautiful, but with a certain attractiveness in her sunburnt face, and an almost perfect figure, which showed, though very imperfectly, above the pommel of the saddle. Her husband was not a bad looking man and well made as regards muscles, but his frame was loosely knit together and all about him gave signs of shiftlessness. He also had the characteristic drawl of the West. His son, Jake, was the very impersonation of his father. How strange it is that nature will throw the lots of two such different characters, as this man and his wife, together and yet both be contented and happy.

Onward they moved toward the sunset. Soon night

began to draw her curtain across the blazing face of the sun and they saw that they must seek a camp. While searching for a suitable place they arrived at the top of a little knoll, from which point they could see hundreds upon hundreds of camp-fires stretching off toward the north and south as far as the eye could see. Around these fires were gathered the men and women, who on the morrow were to help to spread Uncle Sam's settlements into the waste public lands, which were soon to be thrown open. The family drove on and were met by a soldier who guided them to a place in the line.

On the next morning the sun rose bright and clear on thousands of people drawn up in a straight line on the prairie. A feeling of restlessness and impatience seemed to pervade every one. All were ready to be off except Ebenezer and Jake, who were, as usual, behind. Sarah, after thinking the matter over, decided it would be better for her to ride forward in search of a home and let her lazy spouse bring Jake along with the wagon.

"Ebenezer, get in the wagon with Jake. I am going to get in the race."

Ebenezer looked up from his task of feeding the mules with a sickly grin and, after muttering a few words of objection, proceeded toward the wagon.

As Eb was getting in, his old horse, who was hitched near, rubbed his nose against his master as much as to say, "Don't let her rule you that way," and, "I won't either," replied the old man." He knew well enough that he had always obeyed Sary's commands, and he thought it was time that he put an end to it. So he continued:

"Now, Sary, you'd better stay here, you wouldn't know but what the ground was nothin' but an alkali patch. Why, you'd take the fust piece what looked purty, while Old Tom 'n I know good corn ground when we see it. Don't we, Jake?" Jake nodded.

"Well, maybe I don't know much about land, but Dolly and I could get what we wanted by leaving everybody behind, while you and Tom would take until this evenin' to get awake and started."

Ebenezer finally saw the logic of the statement and concluded that he "guessed as how it war better to live easy, anyway, so he'd stay with Jake," at the same time warning her to get the best she could. So Sarah left them fooling away their time, to take her place in the line.

At half-past nine the warning cannon was heard. A half an hour later and the starting cannon sounded. With a thousand voices rending the air and ten thousand hoofs beating the ground and a mighty sound of wheels and rattle of chains, the host was off; off to seek new fortunes, off to seek new homes at the gift of the nation. Clouds of dust filled the air, so as to almost obscure the sun. At first all remained in a single compact mass, but gradually they began to separate. Some went this way and some that. Those who had the fastest horses soon out-distanced the rest. Among the former were Sarah and an unknown young man. They had started together and kept it up. Side by side they rode for miles, neither being able to gain an inch on the other. But, leaning over the frothy neck of her horse, she whispered into the silky ear: "Leave him, Dolly, leave him," and the noble animal, ducking her head a little lower between her forelegs, responded gallantly to her mistress' call.

Slowly she drew away; inch by inch the young man fell behind; moments passed which seemed like ages. Sarah was just beginning to congratulate herself on her lead, for she was about a length ahead, when suddenly something slipped and in a few moments she and her saddle were rolling in the dust. It would have fared badly with her if her horse had not stopped, but, fortunately, the sensible creature seemed to understand that something was wrong and had stopped as quickly as possible. The young fellow, seeing the accident, gallantly assisted her, and in a few minutes she was all right again with the exception of a few slight bruises and scratches.

This little accident brought about what the young fellow had been wanting for some time—an introduction. Having mounted again they set out across the prairie again at full gallop. Since Sarah knew nothing of the country, she asked

him if he could point out a good place to settle. In this short acquaintance he had been very much struck with Sarah, and so offered her a claim next to one which he had picked out for himself. She gladly accepted it, and in a short time they had arrived at their destination and had staked off their claims.

Having finished their work, they sat down on a little grassy knoll and were conversing pleasantly, when suddenly their attention was called to a rattle of chains and the hoof beat of horses, which gave notice of the approach of a wagon. Slowly it came on, and when it had gotten in front of the couple, stopped. Just as it did so, Ebenezer, for it was he, stuck his head out of the front of the wagon and called out, "Waal, Sarah, hain't you picked out your claim 'yit? I had about given out fudin' you, till I heard Jack 'Travis say as how he saw you comin' this-a-way."

"Yes, Eb., this is our claim and this young man has been so nice to me. He helped me up when my saddle girth broke and also gave us this claim."

"Waal, now, stranger, that war powerful good in you to help my old 'oman that way. Awfully much obleeged to yer. Haint we, Jake? Come on Sarah, time to git dinner ready. Jake 'n me's powerful hungry. Hain't had nothin' since yesterday evenin'. Has we Jake? So long stranger. Awfully much obleeged to you. Git up, Beck, Git up, Kit."

2001.

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*Solaced.*

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When gently fell the soft of eventide,  
 Outworn with labors of the day,  
 From life's rushing throng I turned aside  
 And deep into the still forest made my way.

To me there was need of rest today  
 And a yearning for the woods;  
 A wish to hear the wild winds play  
 'Mid the trees in their mystic moods.

I had followed a vision for years,  
Never losing sight of its gleam,  
But today bitterness and tears  
Marked the ending of my dream.

And far in the forest, lying prone on the sod,  
I poured out to nature my grief,  
With my tired eyes on the hills of God  
I found peace and its sweet relief.

The song of the birds and the sun's dying rays  
Through the towering trees windswept  
Aroused me; gorgeous leaves of November days  
Had covered me as I slept.

So when shall end the toils of life,  
And my heart is pulseless and cold,  
I shall rest in peace after the strife  
'Neath an autumnal carpet of gold.—A.

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*Sir Walter Scott and His Country.*

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Though the works of Longfellow and Whittier, of Gæthr and Schiller, and of Hugo and Balzac have done much for our country, for Germany, and for France, the poetry of Sir Walter Scott has done even more for Scotland. As his poems and novels show, his character was marked by intense patriotism, and indeed who could be otherwise than patriotic, living in such a beautiful and picturesque country as Scotland! But, though Scott owes much to his country; that country, without doubt, owes even more to him, for his writings have done much to make it famous. The highlands of Scotland were as beautiful centuries before Scott was born as they are now, but the world did not realize their beauty until such poems as "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" were written. And probably they would still be in obscurity, had it not been for the illness of Scott, when young, that necessitated his being sent to his grandfather's in the highlands to recuperate, for

it was here that he learned to love nature and his country. When he got older this love increased rather than diminished, for we find him rambling around the country talking and joking with the dalesmen, with whom he became quite intimate, getting old legends from them, and, some say, drinking a little too much whiskey with them.

When young Scott had become strong and healthy again, he was sent to college, but, as he afterwards acknowledged with regret, did little studying. Though he is said to have mastered German, French, Spanish, and Italian, he learned little of Latin, and, if possible, still less of Greek. When he had finished his course in college, he studied law for a time, and, to some extent, made a success of it, though he soon gave it up. But, after all, there was no place that Scott loved so well as the highlands, and we soon find him back again, once more roaming about the hills and lakes, and gathering information that he subsequently made use of in his poems and novels.

Though Scott loved the whole country, there were some spots that appealed to his nature more than others, and, without doubt, foremost among these, was that picturesque and romantic old pile, Melrose Abbey, situated at the foot of the Eildon Hills, on the southern banks of the Tweed, not far from Scott's home, it was very dear to him, and he was often to be seen, sitting on one of its fallen columns, lost in meditation. And well might he be pleased with the Abbey, for no more beautiful place can be imagined. Built in the twelfth century by David I. of Scotland, and rebuilt about two hundred years later by Robert Bruce, parts of it have now been standing for eight hundred years, yet it is considered one of the finest existing specimens of Gothic architecture. Though now partially in ruins, it still makes a beautiful picture, with its outer walls clad with ivy, and those on the inside covered with the most remarkably beautiful carving and tracery. The sculpture is magnificent. Wreaths of flowers twine around the pillars and clusters of fruit stand out in sharp relief from the walls. It all appears so fresh

and sharply outlined that we can hardly believe that it was done so many centuries ago.

Following up the Tweed for about fifteen miles, we come to the scene of the battle of Flodden, so finely described in "Marmion," Scott's most successful poem, and a few miles further on we come to what was once Norham Castle, the same that is described in the opening cantos of the poem:

"Day set on Norham's castle steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains loan:  
The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
The loopholes grates, where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweeps,  
In yellow lustre shone."

Some seventeen miles down the coast from the mouth of the Tweed is another spot that Scott loved, and is said to have often visited, the Holy Isle of Saint Cuthbert. In the seventh century an abbey was erected on the island by Cuthbert, one of the early English Saints, born near what is now Melrose. Both island and abbey are mentioned in the second canto of "Marmion," as the scene of the trial and sentence of the unfortunate Constance de Beverly, who is immured in one of the damp catacombs of the old monastery on the charge of leaving the convent and of attempted poisoning. This is considered one of the most vividly portrayed of Scott's descriptions.

Not only did Scott ramble around the southern part of Scotland, but a large part of his time was also spent in going about the northern and middle parts, especially in the vicinity of the lakes, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and others, described in the "Lady of the Lake;" and these, together with that fine old castle,

\* \* \* \* \* "The bulwark of the North,  
Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,"

Are the most important places that Scott has written about in his poems.

Not far below Melrose Abbey, on the Tweed, Scott pur-



chased a beautiful home that he called Abbotsford, as it was situated at one of the shallow places where the Melrose monks were accustomed to cross. He retired to his beautiful country seat in the year 1812, and prepared to spend the rest of his life in ease, but it was not as he hoped. His publishers failed for an enormous amount, and he was compelled, by his sense of honor, to pay the debt. Writing novels at a remarkable rate, he had the satisfaction of paying a large amount to the creditors, but the effort was too much for him and his health gave way under the strain. Though his family and friends gave him every possible comfort and attention, he never recovered, but died on the 21st of September, 1832, and on the 26th was laid by the side of his wife in the beautiful Abbey of Dryburgh that had once belonged to his ancestors.

It is seldom that we find a poet whose fame has been as wide-spread as Scott's, and many hold the opinion that he was the greatest poet and novelist of the past century. Though it has been over seventy years since the publication of his last novel, their popularity has not diminished, but has been steadily increasing. Gladstone has been credited with saying, "I would give a thousand dollars never to have read 'Ivanhoe'—so that I might have again the pleasure of reading it for the first time." This is a good example of how Scott is appreciated in England and Scotland, and outside of these countries, we feel sure that he also holds a place in the hearts of every true American.

H. C. R. '05.

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### *An Education Under Difficulties.*

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David Dorsey had been out of school two years. He had been able, by doing odd jobs, to finish the Boys' High School, where he graduated as second honor man of his class. On Commencement Day the principal asked each student if he intended to continue his education, and each one said yes. But when the kind old man approached David he did not

have heart to ask him. He knew too well David's circumstances. Yet David never gave up hope of completing his education, although his chances for doing so were slim. As soon as school closed he set to work to save enough money to go to some small college.

Faithfully he worked for two long and tedious years, and at the end of this time he had managed to save two hundred dollars, but what did this amount to? He knew that this amount would not carry him through more than one year, because he had studied every college catalogue in one hundred miles of his home. However, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, he determined to have an education.

It was a bleak November evening that he bid his mother and little brother good-bye. Yet there was one other bitter dose he must take before leaving, so, taking his grip in his hand, he went to a little house in the suburbs of the city, where he had arranged to meet the one dearest to his heart. He gave a timid knock on the door. A beautiful girl just entering young womanhood answered his call. She, more than anyone else, perhaps, knew the desires of David's heart. But few words were necessary on this sad occasion, so David and Christine parted. The one determined to finish his education, the other resolved to do all in her power to assist him, cost what it might.

Upon arriving at Albans David engaged the cheapest room in the college. There in this lonely room many times without fire, he remained for nine months. He had made his mark. He left for home having completed his Freshman year with the respect of every professor on the faculty. Fifteen dollars of his money yet remained, and still there were three years more before he could call himself an educated man. How he was to do this he nor anyone else knew, save one. He had been successful in securing a summer school near his home, which would pay him about twenty-seven dollars per month. It would be impossible for him to save enough to pay his expenses for another year, but he determined to go back. But a still greater misfortune came upon him just as he was about to leave for Albans—his aged

mother had fallen and broken her arm. His hopes were blasted; his mother was able to make a comfortable living with her needle, but now that her only means of support had given way, there was nothing else for David to do but remain at home and take care of her and his baby brother.

Several nights after Mrs. Dorsey's accident, she and David were sitting over the few remaining coals of her bedroom fire, talking over their sad disappointment. David was doing his best to console her when the door was gently opened and Christine entered unnoticed by the two lonely occupants. When she finally spoke David jumped with surprise. "For more than three years," she said, "I have been working to save money enough to assist David in getting an education. I have known better than anyone else what his ambitious were. My time has come. He shall go back to college. I am prepared to take care of you until your arm gets well and David shall return to Albans tomorrow." Mrs. Dorsey sat dumbfounded as this beautiful maiden talked uninterruptedly. David, in an equally determined speech, refused the assistance of a woman of Christine's rank. These words of Christine came upon Mrs. Dorsey as a clap of thunder from a clear sky. She could do nothing but cry. The very thought of a girl of Christine's standing, sacrificing pleasure and social position that her poor son might be educated!

From early morn until late at night, this brave little woman toiled that her lover might receive an education. Christine had grown to be the most beautiful woman in Bridgeport. With her graceful figure and stately carriage she was the pride of the little town. Her handsome brown eyes revealed her heart, while her dainty lips were continually giving out beautiful words of comfort to the afflicted. Her admirers were numerous, but no one of them could say that he received more attention than another. All of them wondered why she was so indifferent. Colonel Holifax was the wealthiest man of the town and did all in his power to educate his only daughter, but she refused. She preferred to stay at home. Little did he know that his beautiful child was saving every cent he gave her instead of spending it for gorgeous cos-

tumes. Little did he or her admirers know that a young man not far distant was the recipient of her love and attention.

David was at home again. His health was bad. Two meals a day had almost wrecked his constitution. Still there remained two more years before he would be through. He had given up all hope of finishing and had obtained a nine months' school. But he dared not let Christine know of his plans, for he knew what the result would be.

The fall term again rolled around and with it came the pangs of sadness, which only the youth, who hears in his imagination his old college bell ring for the opening exercises, experiences, and cannot be there because of a lack of means. Such were David's feelings. Yet he bore up under his great load and tried to present a happy countenance. Mrs. Dorsey, too, was sad, but she still retained some hope that the son, whom she worshipped, might, in days to come, finish his education.

"Why do you treat me so cruelly, you know how I long to see you an educated man. Why did you deceive me in this way?" These were the words with which Christine addressed David when she learned to her great disappointment that the idol of her heart would not return. "Do you think for one moment," replied David, "that I am going to accept money from you with which to go to school? I am a man and would ten to one prefer never to have an education than that you should deprive yourself of all your comforts, that I might be educated." Her heart was full. She wanted to lay it bare to him, but simply said, "If you wish to please me, you will return to college."

The remaining part of his course passed off rapidly and we next see David upon the rostrum delivering his graduating speech. Little did he know that in a corner of the gallery looking down upon him was Christine Halifax. He had made the speech of the day. For three minutes after he had finished deafening applause filled the building. David had attained the first aim of his life, but now something of greater moment was weighing on his mind. He

was of poor, but honorable birth. He had learned to love a rich girl of nobler rank than himself. This unquenchable love could not be satisfied. It was useless for him to entertain the slightest hope of winning his idol. And too, he well knew how many admirers she had. Even if he could win her heart, he could not hope to marry her, because he feared it would be doing her an injustice.

Christine Halifax hastened home. She could not stay near David Dorsey, without saying something which she knew she should not say. She recalled the first time she ever saw him, how her heart went out to him, from the very beginning, how she had deprived herself of pleasure, all that this boy might be educated. He was educated, but what was to be done now? She knew well enough that even if David loved her, she could never be his wife.

David had been at home about two weeks, when one morning he received a letter from John P. Halifax, President of the Fourth National Bank of Bridgeport. With trembling hands he opened it, for he could not imagine why this man of all men should be writing to him. It was, in substance, that he, Dorsey, should call at his office at his earliest convenience as he had some important news to communicate to him. David hastily completed his toilet and went to Mr. Halifax's place of business, and as he entered the handsome office, the president greeted him with a hearty handshake. "Mr. Dorsey," he began, "I have from the first time I ever saw you, taken an interest in you. The way in which you have conducted yourself during your short life, deserves reward, and I propose to give it to you. At a recent meeting of the board of directors of this institution you were elected assistant cashier. You have two weeks in which to consider the matter, and on July 1st you may enter upon your duties if you decide to accept." You can well imagine David's surprise upon being asked to accept such a position by a man whom he considered almost an enemy. On the specified date, David entered upon his new duties with fresh hope, for he believed that fortune had at last come to his aid and opened up a way by means of which he could win his prize.

Mr. Halifax was a man who, as a rule, did not take much interest in young men, but something in David seemed to strike him, and he determined that he would put him in a position where he could pay some attention to his daughter, since he had an inkling of what was in the young people's minds. Yet little did David or Christine know that such were his thoughts. But, as days rolled on invitation after invitation was extended to David to dine with the family. At first he declined, but finally consented, and from that time on his visits to the Halifax mansion became more and more frequent.

SIMPSON F. CANNON '04.

# Wofford College Journal.

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M. W. SLOAN, Editor.

**"Wofford's New Year."** As we begin the New Year, and follow the general custom of finding what effect the last year has had upon us and what we hope to accomplish in the next twelve months, we find that "Wofford's New Year" is full of hope and promise.

It seems to us that anyone who is acquainted with the school of the Methodists in South Carolina will admit that she has a competent faculty, a good student body, and a high curriculum; and that the only thing which has prevented her from fully accomplishing her mission has been a lack of modern buildings and apparatus. Her more urgent want than this, however, it appears to us, is a more broad and elastic course.

It looks now as if these wants are to be supplied. In the first place we begin the New Year in a modern auditorium instead of the antiquated chapel which we used in the past. Then, we are to see the campus adorned with an up-to-date Science Hall, thanks to the generosity of Mr. J. B. Cleveland, in the spring. We have also the pleasure of expecting

that before the New Year has run its course Wofford will be able to offer two elective degrees, an A. B. and a B. S.

We hold the view that nothing is more essential to the success of an institution than its ability to offer to its students an elective course. Of course we are all familiar with that type of student who makes his "ones" in every department, and who seems to solve a problem in Calculus and memorize a formula in chemistry with the same alacrity that he will study Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But he is unfortunately the exception. The average student generally finds some part of the course, not abstruse, but lacking in interest for him. He usually drags through it and offers as an excuse that he is only taking that study because he has to get his diploma. Now, we maintain that a course taken under such circumstances works no good but a positive evil to the student.

We venture to say that when an elective course is adopted at Wofford the standard of scholarship will be raised.

We can confidently say that the present New Year is as fraught with promise for Wofford as any year in her past history.



**The Confederate Pensions.** Southern writers are fond of describing the gallant Confederate soldier in action.

All are familiar with the immortal picture of Henry W. Grady's, of the defeated but undaunted Southern soldier, standing before his burned home and neglected plantation. Recent events almost force us to fear that before the Confederacy and its defenders become a memory, unworthy men will besmirch the untarnished record that the Confederate veteran has made in peace and war. It is to be feared that the unscrupulous pension seeker will cast reflection by association upon the true veteran, who receives a well merited stipend from his state that he has defended so well.

Ever since the war it has been a comforting thought to



the Southern people when they have seen the immense appropriations for federal pensions grow larger and larger each year until even this rich country was threatened with financial disaster. When they saw the federal pension become a greater burden to our government than Germany's immense standing army is to the Empire, that the material advantage which the North derived from this great influx of wealth was more than counterbalanced by the detriment done the moral character of her citizens by the appalling number of fraudulent pensions held by them. We were consoled by the thought that while this wealth, drawn from the resources of the entire nation, poured only into the North because we realized that while it quickened the material welfare of that section that it deadened its true manhood, but it seems that human nature south of the Mason and Dixon line is surprisingly like that on the other side of it.

We find that the pensions paid by the State of Georgia has reached the startling figure of \$880,000. For a Southern State to use this much of her revenues for pensions means that something else must suffer. In Georgia we find that to maintain the present number of pensions the State institutions must be starved, the payment of the salaries earned by the school teachers of the State withheld, and the rate of taxation raised sufficiently to produce about \$300,000 more than the present rate yields. So to retain all her pensioners, Georgia must see an annual deficit of \$300,000, must put her charitable and educational institutions upon her pauper list and check the present rapid march of progress that she is making.

What great end is achieved by this heroic self-sacrifice upon the part of the State? The result obtained is that there is an army of pensioners, each receiving a very small stipend from the State treasury. Among the host of fraudulent pension holders, the real Confederate veteran who is in need, finds that the mere pittance which he receives does not suffice to support him. We see that while the State is crippling herself to care for her soldiers, that those who can justly demand her bounty are not properly provided for;

while a host of false claimants consume the revenues of the commonwealth.

With Georgia's dire distress staring her in the face, the politicians of the other Southern States still clamor for "liberal pensions for the old veterans." It is to be hoped that the Southern people will not be tricked by such demagogism, and will not cause the progress of the New South to be retarded in a quixotic effort to pay the claims of the Old South. Let the States purge their pension rolls of all except those Confederate soldiers, who are really indigent, and support their claimants properly. Then the real defenders of the States will not be forced to be in company with a great many who fatten upon the bounty of their commonwealth under false pretenses.

**A Quotation.** We do not believe that the conditions here would in any wise justify an editorial as scathing as the following, found in an exchange. Nevertheless, actuated by the belief that 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' we quote:

"That student whose "Sick, Dr.', in answer to a professor's charge of absence from a recitation, is the immediate sign for a broad smile or even hearty laugh on the part of the whole class, is, indeed in a bad way. Such an one usually takes the laugh as a compliment to his *shrewdness* in getting ahead' of the professor. Now, the teacher is supposed to be dealing with men, and so there is nothing for him to do but to accept the excuse. But what ought the attitude of the class be towards such a member? Certainly that of the strongest disapproval. Not by a laugh ought they to encourage him; but by frown and word, if necessary, they ought to make it very clear to him that at least a semblance of truth is not only expected but required of him.

## Exchange Department.

W. W. BOYD, Editor.

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The December number of "The Georgian" has an unusually attractive cover and the contents is of a high order. "Behind the Scenes" is a well written article describing the conduct of Harvard men while acting as supernumeraries in the theatres of Boston. This story gives some facts concerning stage-life and ends with an anniversary story of Harvard men representing a mob of angry Romans in "Julius Cæsar," and when the time came for the mob to howl they yelled loudly "To h—— with Yale," and "Rah! Rah! Rah! Harvard!" "What is Forestry?" is a bit of valuable information. "Love and War" upholds the reputation of the magazine for fiction. Whether or not too much space is given to "Salmagundi" is a question for the editors.

In the "Hampden-Sidney Magazine," perhaps the best story is "Christmas Eve of Mr. Jenkins." We read with interest the article, "Burr and Hamilton." The writer is to be commended for bringing out clearly some of the good traits of a man so universally hated and bringing to light some of the faults of his opponents. The article, "Martin Reynolds Crime," is interesting from at least one point of view. It is something different from the common college journal story. The writer seems to have caught something of the inspiration of Poe. The editorial on "Christmas Presents" brings to mind the true purpose of giving presents on Christmas day.

The two stories in the "William and Mary Monthly," "By the Sad Sea Waves" and "A Peculiar Fellow," are love stories so common in college magazines. "The Poetry of Chaucer" contains as much thought and information as we would expect to find in so short an article. "The First Act of Hamlet" has no true worth as one can get much more out of a reading of the first act of the play. The poetry in this issue is creditable.

From the size and pretensions of Tulane University one would be disappointed in the "Magazine" they send out.

"The Peabody Record" contains a praiseworthy article, "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star." "A Debut" is an excellent humorous description of some classes of students found in every college. For example, Poppup who must answer in one way or other every question asked by a professor no matter to whom the question is directed. \* \* \* "Sometimes, and truly, truly so Poppup assumes the title Popdown, yet we would not be without him as we are frequently in need of volunteers." The "Record" contains several good poems.

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#### CLIPPINGS.

He met her in the meadow,  
 As the sun was sinking low;  
 They walked along together  
 In the twiiights' after-glow;  
 She waited, while gallantly  
 He lowered all the bars;  
 Her soft eyes bent upon him  
 As radiant as the stars;  
 She neither smiled nor thanked him  
 Because she knew not how,  
 For he was only a farmer's lad  
 And she a Jersey cow.—Ex.

"The most valuable result of all education is to make yourself do the the thing you have to do when it ought to be done whether you like to do it or not."—Huxley.

## Alumni Department.

J. C. REDMON, Editor.

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It is a remarkable coincidence that the first name on the roll of alumni is the name of a lawyer and the last name is one who is studying law. Hon. Samuel Dibble, '56, of Orangeburg is one of the leading lawyers of that bar. Mr. T. Frank Watkins, '02, is studying law at the University of Virginia.

Hon. C. A. Woods, '72, of Marion is president of the State Bar Association.

Hon. Geo. E. Prince, '76, a prominent lawyer of Auder-son, has served his county in the lower house of the Legis-lature for a number of years.

Hon. D. O. Herbert and Hon. T. M. Raysor, '78, are prominent lawyers of Orangeburg. Mr. Herbert is a mem-ber of the Legislature and Mr. Raysor is senator from Orangeburg county.

Among the lawyers in Spartanburg who are alumni are: W. M. Jones, '78; J. J. Burnett, '84; H. B. Carlisle, '85; J. J. Gentry, '88; J. W. Nash, '90; and H. L. Bomar, '94.

We note a few who have made a greater success at teach-ing:

Dr. Chas. F. Smith, '72, is professor of Greek in the Uni-versity of Wisconsin. Dr. Smith is president of the American Philological Association.

Prof. L. B. Haynes, '72, is President of Leesville College, Leesville, S. C.

Rev. Geo. W. Walker, '69, is president of Paine and Lane Institute, Augusta, Georgia.

Prof. W. S. Morrison, '75, is professor of history at Clem-son College.

Dr. Jas. H. Kirkland, '77, is chancellor of Vanderbilt University.

Dr. A. C. Wightman, '79, is professor of Physics and Biology at Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.

Profs. Gist Gee and Olin D. Wannamaker, '96, are teaching in China.

Rev. Geo. F. Kirby, '94, is president of Weaverville College.

In the religious world many Wofford men have become prominent and many more are forging their way to the front through the press and pulpit. Bishop Duncan is a member of the class of '58. He is greatly beloved wherever he has presided at Conference. Bishop Smith, one of the newly elected bishops, is a member of the class of '72. Dr. H. F. Chreitzberg, '73, is a recognized leader in the North Carolina Conference. Dr. W. R. Richardson, '71, is the gifted editor of the Southern Christian Advocate. Dr. Richardson is an able man in press and pulpit. Dr. M. L. Carlisle, '83, is one of the most prominent members of the South Carolina Conference. Dr. Carlisle, though a comparatively young man, has filled several of the more important positions in the Conference. Rev. E. P. Taylor, '88, was made a presiding elder at the last Conference. Among the younger members of the Conference, none are more promising than Rev. P. B. Wells of the class of '94.

# Young Men's Christian Association.

W. C. HERBERT, Editor.

---

## Missions at Wofford.

What can be better for any organization than for it to have a steadily growing missionary spirit? That movement, whether secular or religious, which has this spirit is sure to win. This thought gives us encouragement, for, though our numbers have not increased as much as we should like, mission study and mission giving have become more important than ever before. We owe much of this to the excellent chairman of our Mission Department.

We have two classes in Mission Study this year. The first one, taught by Mr. A. D. Betts, is studying "Effective Workers in Needy Fields," and the second, under the leadership of Mr. C. L. Smith, continues its study of the "Geography and Atlas of Protestant Missions" which was begun last year. The first class has an enrollment of twenty-one; the second, twelve. It is natural to suppose that among these men, studying about the needs in heathen countries and realizing the great opportunity for work in the Master's service, some would give their lives to this work. This has been the case here, and from the Mission Classes comes our Volunteer Band.

Last year at the Asheville Conference, besides the regular payments to the Y. M. C. A., we promised one hundred dollars to Foreign Missions. This will be sent to aid a native worker in Brazil. After sending yearly contributions to this noble, Christian ex-priest, we feel that we are his personal friends.

The third function of our Mission Department gives some of our active members excellent training and, we hope, benefits others. Quite a good many are engaged in outside work, teaching in the Sunday Schools and conducting Sunday evening services at the neighboring churches.

The time for the annual Y. M. C. A. Convention is at hand. This year it will be held at Greenville, February, from the seventh to the tenth. 'Tis a grand thing to be able to attend one of these conventions and we hope that Wofford will have a representation as large or larger than usual.

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Secretary Wilson talked at our regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting on January seventh and addressed the Mission Study Classes the following Thursday night.



## Local Department.

LOY D. THOMPSON, Editor

---

Work on the baseball park is soon to begin. We are going to start the ball rolling early this year. The prospects for a good team have never been better. Team work in the gymnasium begins January 15th.

The Glee Club made a great hit with its "Moot Court" given on December 10th. All who were present on the occasion declare it to have been the best thing ever given by the Club. Below is given the program as presented that night:

### SYNOPSIS OF TRIAL

Samuel Green, an old man at Cherokee Springs, found dead in bed. He has two nephews, Roscoe and Thomas Upton. The former is dutiful and obedient, the latter wayward and reckless. Previous to his death he has a quarrel with his nephews concerning money matters. Roscoe claims that Thomas is receiving too much money and that it must stop. Green becomes irritated and reprimands Roscoe sharply—threatening to disinherit him if he again meddles in his affairs. The murder. Roscoe arrested on circumstantial evidence.

Judge, Francis I. Osborne—L. D. Thompson.

LAWYERS—Prosecution: Solicitor T. S. Sease, L. Q. Crum; Robert Y. Hayne, E. K. Hardin, Jr. Defense—J. H. Kirkland, W. K. Greene; P. E. Warren, W. D. Burnett.

Clerk T. R. Trimmier—C. E. Carlisle.

Sheriff J. Vernon—T. C. Turner.

Stenographer—T. O. Lawton.

WITNESSES—For the State: Dr. J. W. Sawbones, W. C. Owen; Cicero Washington, D. E. Camak; John Marshall, S. M. Dawkins; S. P. Chase, C. P. Wofford; A. C. Jones, W.

C. Ariail; Politicus Officerholder, T. C. Moss; Sally Snowball, M. A. Connolly; Thomas Upton, S. J. Nicholls; Charles Spearman, J. G. Bailie.

For the Defense: Chief Boyce Dean, C. L. Smlth; John Makecloth, H. C. Robius; Roscoe Upton (Prisoner,) D. H. Marchant; Bishop Dunlap, W. C. Herbert; Dr. Pelgram, W. W. Boyd.

JURY—Abraham Dogberry, F. C. Rogers; R. Ryland, T. L. Breeden; Jonathan Dooly, W. M. Brabham; P. Clodhopper, W. B. Ouzts; D. D. Walling. T. M. Wannamaker; John Wetsell, C. C. Robbins; Julius Bumble Bee, R. C. Oliver; Fitz-Gerald Rosewater, J. W. McCullough; Patrick Hunesy, C. B. Galloway; Jacob Ikestein, W. J. Justus; Sam Snodgrass, A. E. Rodger; Rube Hunkepilla, H. Josey; J. E. Slawson, G. J. Patterson; Peter Sanford, J. R. Lyles; L. P. Rembrent, T. O. Skinner; Josh Billings, N. F. Clarke; Ephram Jones, B. F. Shockley.

BAILIFFS—A. R. Gundobod, A. D. Betts; Kado, A. M. Brabham; Peter Haynes, L. A. Manning.

DOORKEEPERS—J. M. Ariail, J. C. Redmon.

JANITOR—Charley Pompey, J. W. Isom.

USHERS—W. H. Sullivan, D. C. Anderson, T. McLaurin, T. C. Crosland.

The literary societies did not hold their regular meetings Saturday night, January 10th, on account of the furnace not being able to supply them with heat. The radiator, it seems, instead of answering its desired purpose, has suddenly turned into a refrigerator. But, it is justice to say, it will be all right in a week or two.

Exam. question: "What is the supernatural element in Enoch Arden?" Fresh: "It is where Enoch returns home and sees his own wife and little children sitting with Philip by the fireside. It required supernatural power for him to keep from hollowing."

A number of new students matriculated in the College

January 3rd—C. J. Gayle, Mobile, Ala.; M. T. Wharton, Columbia, S. C.; B. T. Grooms, Greensboro, N. C., J. C. Anderson, Whitmire, S. C.

The faculty have been contributing their share toward helping the public during the last quarter. Dr. Carlisle delivered a lecture in November to the students of the city, another in December at a union meeting. Professor Game-well is doing a great work in providing the colleges and city with first-class speakers for the Lyceum.

Prof. Rembert has lectured recently to the citizens of both Anderson and Woodruff.

Dr. Wallace lectured to a literary club in the city on "The History of Cotton Manufacturing in the South," and, in the Methodist Quarterly Review of last month he has a contribution on some phase of cotton industry in the South.

Senior, entering his room one morning, found his roommate, Junior E. K., leaning back in his rocking chair in a dreamy state and slowly repeating the following words: "She must have a shapely little foot with an ankle arched and high." Evidently from his train experience he has found her.

President Snyder has been in many of the leading cities of the state during the past quarter delivering addresses, and besides this, he contributes every month to the Educational Comments on current literary topics. In the November and December issues of the Methodist Quarterly Review he has two contributions on the poetry of James Russell Lowell.

Professor D. A. DuPre has returned from Washington City where he went during the holidays to attend the meetings of the American Association of Science. After the Association closed its sessions, Professor DuPre visited some Northern institutions of learning for the purpose of inspecting their laboratories with a view to equipping the new Cleveland Science Hall.

At a meeting of the Junior Class, called to elect a president, Mr. E. K. Hardin was chosen. This caused a vacancy in the vice-presidency, and J. P. Lane was elected to fill the vacancy.

The Sophomore Class called a meeting directly after returning to College and went into the election of speakers for the Sophomore Exhibition which is to come off sometime in April. The speakers as elected by them are: J. H. Hamil, J. C. Kilgo and A. D. Betts from the Preston Society, and C. P. Wofford, G. P. Patterson and M. H. Connely from the Calhoun Society. Mr. W. L. Glaze, Jr., will preside. These men will make their first appearance before a Spartanburg audience on that occasion. They have been doing good work in the society halls, and to be sure they will acquit themselves well at that date. Judging from the character of the speakers which the class has selected, we may say that the Exhibition bids fair to be one of the best given for several years past.

The next lecture in the lyceum series will be at Converse College auditorium on Monday, January 12. Professor Dinsmore, of Syracuse, N. Y., who was with us last year, and lectured to us on "A Wonderful Structure," will give this time his "A Visit to the Other Worlds." This lecture is one on astronomy. Professor Dinsmore is considered a very fine lecturer both North and South.

The opera chairs for the College auditorium have not arrived yet, but will be here by February 15th, soon after which the oratorical contest will come off. The six speakers, three from either society, are working hard in preparation for the occasion, and the speeches in the contest bid fair to be of an exceptionally high character.

Mr. W. M. Sloan spent the holidays in Washington in attendance upon the congress of his fraternity.

2000  
Look out Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup> John P. ...  
SOUTH CAROLINA COLLECTION

# Wofford College Journal

FEBRUARY, 1903.

VOLUME ~~XIII~~ XIV

NUMBER 5

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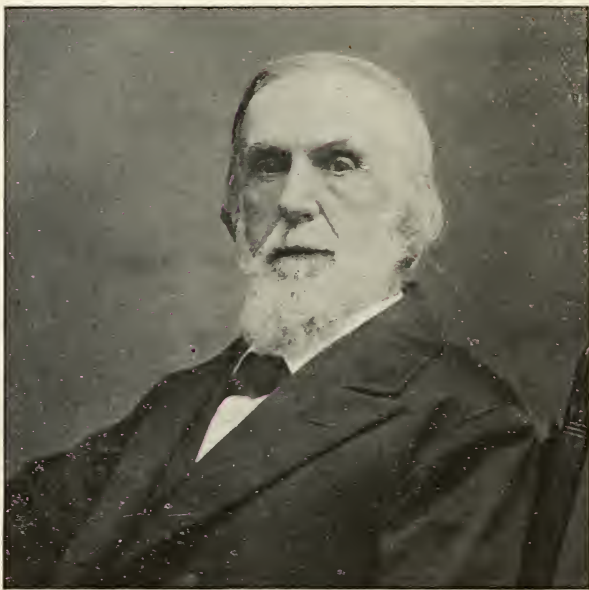
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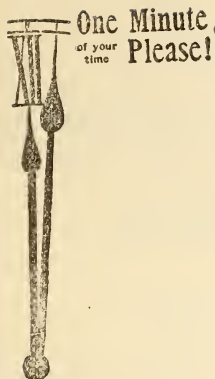
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Yours truly,

Rev. M. L. BANKS.

7/1903

# Wofford College Journal.

## Literary Department

S. M. DAWKINS, EDITOR.

### *Wordsworth.*

Thou who didst listen to the murmuring stream's glad note,  
 And tuned thy harp to Nature's changing mood  
 With earnest pathos, swelling anthem power,  
 Or sweetest music of lake or vernal wood;  
 Whose lyre breathed forth its stormless notes of power,  
 Calm and serene the music ebb'd and flow'd,  
 With compass not too full for living thought,  
 To feed the mind with strengthening daily food,—  
 Let me but sing one note like thou hast sung,  
 Touch but one quivering string with power like thine,  
 And know that once in life I feel the sacred fire  
 That moved thy soul to utterance divine,  
 Through fleeting years content would I remain till closing days,  
 With lengthening shadows, deepened into night.

—99.

### *John Keats—Man and Poet.*

Three men, we might say almost contemporaneous with each other, Wordsworth, Keats and Byron, were the great means of bringing back English poetry from the sandy deserts of rhetoric and recovering for her her triple inheritance of "simplicity, sensuousness and passion." Wordsworth, the deepest thinker, Keats the most essentially a poet and Byron the most keenly intellectual.

John Keats was born in London, October 29, 1795, and was accordingly known as one of "The London School of Poets." His father, who was an employee in one of the large livery stables of London, died when John was only nine

years old. However, we are led to believe that his mother was a woman of many noble traits of character, because John often spoke of the great influence which she had always exerted over him. In addition to his mother's immeasurable influence he was thrown under the guiding hand of Mr. Clarke, whose son Charles Cowden Clarke, afterwards became famous because of his connection with literary men. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed for five years to a surgeon at Edmonton. It is said that during his apprenticeship he carefully made and wrote out a translation of Virgil's Aeneid.

In 1817 appeared his first volume of verse, which was not very popular. But his friends admired his genius, and in 1818 his "Endymion" appeared which was not much more successful. Keats' ambition was noble and he hoped not to make a bubble reputation, but to be a great poet. Haydon says that Wordsworth and Keats were the only men he had ever seen who looked conscious of a lofty purpose. "Blackwood" and "The Quarterly," the two most forceful critical magazines of the day, treated Keats' poetry unmercifully and it is not our purpose to make any effort to show that Keats did not suffer keenly from these severe criticisms. He suffered in proportion as his ideal was high, and he was conscious of falling far below it. Keats' temperament was one in which sensibility was excessive, and could not but have been galled by such treatment. Like our own Sidney Lanier everything was against Keats, birth, health and even friends, since it was partly on their account that he was sneered at. Even at the risk of leaving our subject for a short space, it is our duty right here to note some of the points that are common to Lanier and Keats. It is a singular fact that England's greatest poet should have been taken in his embryonic literary state, so to speak, and America's also on the other hand. By the great majority of our critics it is asserted that in Keats England would have had another Shakespeare, because if Shakespeare's poetry, when he was twenty-five years, be compared to Keats, we believe that in Keats' the greater sign of genius is shown. Moreover we



feel safe in saying that if Sidney Lanier had not had so many insurmountable difficulties during his short and unsuccessful life, he would have accomplished as much as did any of our New England poets. He was certainly the greatest poet since their time. Keats, the great lover of flowers; Lanier, the ardent lover of music. Both loved nature in every sense of the word. Both inherited incurable diseases and each died away from home. These we consider the points of similarity in the lives of these two men.

Strange to say it was the misfortune of Keats as a poet to be either extravagantly praised or unmercifully condemned. The former, by many is believed to have been due to the generous partialities of friends, the latter to a resentment of that friendship. On the one case his merits, in the other his faults were entirely overlooked, His very name even stood in his way, for fame loves best such syllables as are sweet and sonorous to the ear, like Wordsworthian, Shakesperian. However, we cannot contribute Keats' early death to the fact that he was so strongly condemned by the press and public. Hear what Keats says:

“Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of nature in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own works. My own criticism has given me pain without comparison, beyond what “Blackwood” and “The Quarterly” could possibly inflict; and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine. That Jeffrey is perfectly right in regard to the ‘slipshod Eudymion,’ that it is, is no fault of mine. No! though it may sound a little paradoxical, it is as good as I had power to make it by myself.”

His attitude toward the public is that of a strong man, not of a weakling seeking praise. These harsh criticisms, in our opinion, did more good than harm, the effects being to purify his style, correct his tendency toward exaggeration and enlarge his poetic studies. Keats' instinct for fine words, which are in themselves pictures and ideals, is very wonder-

ful, and his power of poetic expression is as great as that of any English poet.

But nothing is more remarkable in Keats than his clear-sightedness, his lucidity, and lucidity is in itself akin to character and to high and severe work? "The best sort of poetry," he truly says, "is all I care for, all I live for."

Keats had an insatiable passion for the beautiful. "If I should die," says Keats, "I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory, but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time, I would have made myself remembered."

"Yet Keats has made himself remembered as no merely sensuous poet could be, and he has done it by having loved the principle of beauty in all things." To see things in their beauty was to see things in their truth, and he knew it better than anyone else.

*"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."*

From him also comes that universally known passage:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Yet Keats was human if he was a genius, so he too had his faults. It is apparent that he had no decision of character, no object upon which to direct his great powers. His style too is boyish and lacks care and exactness.

However Keats was a poet, a true poet. If we take into consideration his extreme youth and failing health, his solitary and interesting self-instruction, the severity of the attacks made upon him by his powerful critics, and above all the original richness and picturesqueness of his conceptions and imagery even when they seem to overflow, he appears to us to be one of the greatest of our young poets—resembling the "Milton of the Lycidas" or the "Spencer of the Tears of the Muses."

What easy, finished, statuesque beauty and classic expression, for example, are displayed in the picture of "Saturn and Thea" from Hyperion:

“Deep in the shadowy sadness of a vale,  
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
 Far from the fiery moon and eve’s one star  
 Sat gray-haired Saturn quiet as a stone,  
 Still as the silence round his lair,  
 Forest on forest hung about his head.  
 Like cloud on cloud.”

The genius of the poet is shown more distinctly in “Lamia,” “Isabella” and the “Eve of St. Agnes” than in any of his works.

The emotion, the thought and the sentiment expressed in the following stanzas is perhaps the best in English Literature:

“Thou wast not born for death, Immortal Bird!  
 No hungry generations tread thee down;  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by Emperor and Clown.  
 Perhaps the self same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn:  
 The same that oft-times hath  
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.”

In September, 1820, he with his friend Severn sailed for Italy. He was almost dead and his friends believed that Italy could restore his health. But he was too far gone. Italy could do him no physical good. So on February 23, 1821, despite the admirable care of his devoted friend, he passed away, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, one of the most beautiful spots on which the eye can rest or the heart wish for.

However severely Keats’ poetry may be criticised there is one thing that may be said in his favor. His short life was beautiful. No envy or hatred entered into his work and he was as tender and innocent as a lamb. His life reminds one more of that of a beautiful young girl than of a man battling with a hard world and a deadly disease. “He thought that the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the

growth of flowers." Again he says: "I feel the flowers growing over me." And there they do grow even all the winter long—violets and daisies mingling with the sweet-scented jessamine making one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so lovely a place.

Upon his death bed, he requested that this inscription be placed upon his tomb.

*"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."*

SIMPSON F. CANNON, '04.

---

### *Fillippo's Choice.*

---

Many years ago there lived in one of Italy's sunny little mountain villages a maiden who was named Margarita. Italy was then a land of painters and sculptors and even the children made pictures with colored chalk or statues from clay on the stones in the streets.

Margarita was about sixteen years old and could make very beautiful little statues indeed, and there was quite a demand, in the little town around the Cathedral, for her work. Fillippo, the handsome Italian boy, who had lived next door to Margarita all his life, sold the statues for her and it was understood by all the neighbors that in a year or maybe two, Margarita and Fillippo would be married.

"And then we shall go into the great town and set up a little house of our own," Fillipo said, "and I will work on my painting and you shall keep the house until Fra Andrea says I am finished my apprenticeship. And then we will together make the design for the great border in the new Cathedral, and people shall hear of us far away, even in Rome." So one year passed, and another, and the neighbors began to say, "Soon we shall lose Margarita and Fillippo." And it was then summer time. One day at sunset, when Margarita was forming a Florentine lily on a tile, and Fillipo had come to talk with her, there came from up the valley the sound of horses and at last in a cloud of dust a troop of men drew near the little cottage.

But one of them, handsomely dressed, paused when he saw the lily which Margarita had made, and leaping from his horse, he admired it and said many beautiful things to her about her work and about herself for, beside having the gift of modeling, Margarita was exceedingly beautiful. At last, because Margarita was so shy, and only said "Thank you" for his compliments, the young lord presumed to kiss her lips, and was immediately knocked down by Fillippo who was standing nearby.

Then was the young lord very angry at the young peasant, and had it not been for the others of his party he would have killed Fillippo with his sword. As it was he mounted his horse again and set off towards the castle.

Then the neighbors gathered, and the mother of Fillippo said, "Rash boy, do you not know whom it was that you struck? It was the young lord! He is only now returned from France; you were not wise; harm only can come from this deed."

And truly she spoke, for that same night strong men from the castle came and bound Fillippo and carried him away to the castle prison.

Now, in those days, the nobles did what they pleased with the poor peasants who dwelt on their lands, and so no one would have been surprised had Fillippo been put to death immediately, but the young lord thought he had a better plan. The next day he went down to Margarita's cottage and spoke to her for a long time, for he thought he loved the girl and though he knew that she and Fillippo were to be married he thought that by threats he could compel her to be his wife. It is true that Margarita was poor, but, as I have said, she was very, very beautiful and any young noble would be glad to marry so beautiful a girl.

But Margarita always answered, "Thank you," and said she would wait for Fillippo no matter how long it was. Then the young lord said, "But this Fillippo is only a peasant while I am a noble and rich."

"True," said Margarita.

"See, now, am I not generous? I might take you also and

cast you into prison and keep you there until you consent to be my wife, but I do not."

And Margarita answered him: "No, but you keep Fillippo."

"More than that," went on the young lord, "I might have Fillippo killed for the insult he put upon me, and men would say I was right. But I do not, I will even let him go free if you will come up to the castle."

Margarita was making a little clay statue. She did not speak again that day. But the young lord talked for two hours and then went away.

Then the neighbors came and some said: "Margarita, you are a strange girl; you never even weep, though Fillippo is in the castle dungeon."

And she answered them: "No I do not weep." And because it was growing dark, she threw a wet cloth over her statue and carried it into the house and shut the door.

The next day the young lord, watching her, said: "What do you make? This seems to be the image of a woman!"

And on the third day her visitor exclaimed: "This is an image of yourself." "Do you think so?" she asked. She even smiled. Then he drew near and pleaded with her mournfully. "Margarita, you say nothing to me and day after day I come, and still I do nothing to Fillippo. I but wait to set him free."

She looked at him for a moment and at last she answered: "Well, I will answer you the day the statue is done."

"May I have the image also?" he asked. But that she would not answer, and set to work on the clay again. The face of the image was the face of Margarita herself, but it wore upon its beautiful lips a proud, mocking smile. No one had ever seen Margarita smile that way, but as the neighbors looked at the image, then at the girl they whispered, "Still, she might. Who knows?"

But the garments of the image were those of a great lady, and Margarita was only a peasant girl, and wore the peasant's simple dress. And so the neighbors whispered again: "This is the way she will dress when she goes to live at the great

castle. She is a strange girl." But the young lord was charmed. He said: "You are not only beautiful but you are clever! I shall take you to the city and Raeffaello shall paint a picture of you."

And Margarita replied, "Fillippo and I are going to town." And the young lord smiled to himself.

So a month passed and the little image grew more like, and yet it seemed more unlike, Margarita every day. The neighbors asked her mother what Margarita meant by the statue, but she would say, "Do not ask me. She is very silent, both day and night. But I know Margarita does not this without a purpose."

And at last one day the little image was finished, and the young lord laughed with delight, and would have thrown a golden chain about the neck but Margarita, in great haste, prevented him because she said the clay was not yet hardened and she feared it would break.

And she said: "This image must go to Fillippo in his cell, and I ask you to say to him that I give him a choice, whether he will have this image and liberty, or whether he will keep our troth, and I will abide by what he chooses."

"That is no choice," said the young lord scornfully, "for I will kill him if he set you not free from your promise."

"That will do you no good," said Margarita. Meanwhile the neighbors stood at a little distance in the dusty road, and hearing what she said, they muttered, "Is the girl heartless? Has she no choice?"

Then the servants from the castle bore the image away from the little cottage to Fillippo. "If Fillippo does not want it," Margarita said, "you may have it. But if he keeps it, I will be your wife after seven days."

And they brought the statue to Fillippo, but they did not repeat Margarita's message. They told him a lie. They said: "Margarita has consented to marry the young lord, and she has sent you this statue for your consolation."

But how could the cold clay image take the place of Margarita in the heart of Fillippo?

"Yes, it is very like her," he said, "but the smile is terri-

ble! She is mocking me. She is a great lady. Surely her soul is turned to ice that she should send me such an image in those fine garments! Margarita! Margarita! Was it not enough to break our troth? Must you also break my heart anew whenever I look on this beautiful image which you have formed?"

And at last he threw himself down on his straw, and in his fitful sleep saw the face of Margarita with the proud, cold smile, gazing at him.

In the morning the young lord came to the cell, and when he saw Fillippo's haggard face he laughed because Margarita was so clever. And that same day he went down to the cottage and said: "The message Fillippo sends is that he chooses liberty and the statue!"

"And if he has chosen thus, why is he not at liberty?" asked Margarita.

This rather surprised the young lord, but in a moment he answered: "When you keep your promise to me he shall be free. I do but keep him in prison these seven days."

However, Margarita knew that the young lord had lied.

Now, about noon, the second day, Fillippo, almost crazed from grief and heartache, spoke to the little image as if it were a living being.

"I hate you, and I will no longer have you in my sight! You are not the Margarita I knew. Your life is spoiled, mine also?" And he lifted up his arm and struck the little image full upon the smiling face with his fist, so that the neck broke and the whole statue was dashed to fragments on the floor. But as the clay crumbled and split, something that was not clay fell upon the stones with a ringing sound!

Margarita had concealed a file in the midst of the clay.

That was the meaning of the little statue.

There was also a piece of parchment twisted about the file, and when Fillippo held it to the light he read these words:

*"Seven nights I wait beneath this window. The distance to the ground is but short. We may hide for a time in the town and then away to a more distant place, even to Rome. I know thou wilt break the statue for thou art ever ready with*



*thy fists when ought angers thee. For that I put the proud, cold smile upon the face of the image. Strike this time to some purpose."*

That night Fillippo filed through one of the bars of his cell window and the next night another. Then the third night he tore his long circular cloak into strips and knotting them together, fastened one end to a third bar of the window. Then he took away the two bars and looked out. The night was misty, no lights were burning in the castle. He let himself down the rope the better part of the way and then the rope broke. But he did not have far to fall and he struck on soft grass. Margarita was standing beside him. "Oh, can'st ever forgive me for doubting?" he whispered.

"I builded upon that; the plan would have failed else," she answered. "But I pray you do not do it a second time."

Then they got safely away through the darkness.

493II.

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*Dissolve the Union!*

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Slowly to my ear, there's coming,  
 Abide my fears, it is the humming  
 Of the spindle and the loom.  
 Hark! I hear some one a-crying,  
 As if in agony he were dying,  
 Amid the deep and awful gloom.

Crying and dying, a young child sighing  
 For a hope, which never nighing,  
 Leads it near unto its doom.  
 Think ye men, the child is blissful  
 Because of pain, its ne'r resistful,  
 But whistles with the humming loom?

A winter's morning, slowly dawning,  
 Shows us e'er the sun has risen,  
 A little child within its prison,  
 Where the spindles mark the time.

This the mill with all its horrors,  
 Where no hope and few tomorrows  
 Ever hush the humming drear;  
 At the rising and the setting of the sun  
 The child forgetting, nither one,  
 Is wrapt in agony and despair.

For a man the world is waiting,  
 Who with energy unabating,  
 Will rob the demon of its power.  
 See the demon who is wrenching  
 The strength of childhood, and is quenching  
 The fire from nature's fairest flower.

So ever working, and never shirking  
 Our duty to our fellow-men,

Let us resolve,

To dissolve

This union between child and sin.

845.

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### *Trusts and Competition.*

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In discussing the new industrial condition of the country and in investigating the new corporate system, the question is often asked: What effect do trusts have upon competition and free, unrestrained trade? Do they not annihilate free and healthful competition and establish a monopoly on the manufactured article? These are pertinent questions and are occupying the attention and absorbing the minds of students of economics everywhere. This is the heart of the question, the real pivot upon which the trust problem turns; is a legitimate corporation a monopoly, and does it have complete and absolute control over the market with the power to crush the life out of all competitors at its own will and discretion? When that question is satisfactorily answered, the difficult question of trusts will unravel itself with marvelous ease and rapidity.

There are those who contend that the tariff and special

legislation and unfair discrimination are the mother of trusts. This is an old axiom and has acquired a place in our economic dictionary. But this has been displaced by more modern ideas of business and finance. It is an undeniable fact that the tariff protects and fosters the corporations and prevents formidable foreign forces from coming into dangerous contact with it. But it is by no means the mother of trusts. The corporation—the word trust and corporation are commonly used interchangeably, though there is a technical difference—is a combination of competitive factories and is the natural outgrowth of our industrial and economic advancement; and protest as we may, it is here and here to stay.

Under the strenuous laws of commerce and business today, only the fittest and most capable survive. Business methods are more exacting and pitiless today than ever before in the history of the world. The strongest and the biggest are victorious and the weak and small are crushed under foot by the iron hand of competition. For example, a number of factories, with a total productive capacity far in excess of the consuming power in one community are working in opposition to each other. All of them cannot sell their products at a fair and reasonable profit, for the supply is greater than the demand. Consequently each will exert itself to obtain the largest amount of trade in order to realize the greatest profit. In order to win the trade of the community and draw it from the competitors, each will reduce prices to as low a standard as possible. This cut will be met by the others, who in turn will make a still greater reduction. Every means, fair or unfair, will be used to increase its power and make more permanent its trade. This so-called "cut-throat" competition is ruinous to the producer and harmful to the consumer. Those who are least able to withstand the severe shock and resist the overwhelming tidal-wave of disastrous competition will be forced out of the race and compelled to go into badkruptcy. The biggest and the most powerful survive; the weak and feeble are destroyed. Hence combinations are formed for mutual protection and the corporation is the result. Competition,

and not the tariff or any other protective system, is the mother of trusts.

The process through the trust is formed and attains its marvelous growth and gigantic size and is easily seen; it is a necessity and a refuge from ruin and bankruptcy. It is an application of the first law of human nature—self-preservation. If, then, competition has been destroyed and the trust or corporation formed, is it a monopoly having the power of a supreme tyrant and the malice of a heartless wretch? The corporation has been subjected to every kind of condemnation and censure and has been called all sorts of names. But the question is, does it deserve all this condemnation and all these names merely because it is large and formidable and is capable of great evils? No more so than a prize fighter is accustomed to use his strength for wrong ends or the expert penman to employ his skill for illegal purposes. The fact that it does possess strength and power does not prove unworthiness to exist but is only an element, capable of much good and improvement, but which requires careful supervision and accurate regulation.

It must be remembered that the corporation is first of all an industrial organization. It is formed and operated along safe and economical lines for the purpose of producing the largest possible output at the lowest possible rates. Its purpose and intentions are benevolent. It is calculated that combination of capital and concentration of effort are more powerful than the old system of individual firms. It is not, as some suppose, a monster without heart or conscience, operated for the purpose of robbery and dishonesty. It may degenerate into this, if not properly controlled and restrained, but primarily its object is far from evil.

The question is often asked: Should the corporation be limited or entirely abolished in order that competition might have free play and prevent a few men, with full possession of the output of raw material, from obtaining a monopoly on any one article? But the true character and true intentions of the trust are misunderstood by those who answer this question by saying that trusts should be abolished. It

has been seen that the trusts is the logical and inevitable result of the grinding wheel of competition, and when its formation is effected competition is curtailed or destroyed.

As long as the trust is saving and moderate and meets the demands of the people, it is tolerated. A trust of this kind properly managed, in the absence of competition, has many advantages over the individual concern. First of all, that severe, "cut-throat" competition is absent. Millions of dollars are spent in advertising every year; this useless expense would be almost entirely avoided if all competitive firms were combined. The vast and unnecessary waste of money and energy, with which the American people have always been accused by foreigners, would be dispensed with. The corporation, when its output is greater than is necessary, would be able to close up some of its factories and reduce the work to a great extent. Great economy can be accomplished by the trust, and the finances of the country would be on a much surer basis. But the greatest accomplishment of all the supreme laurel in the crown of the corporation is its ability to produce enormous amounts at fabulously low rates. The inventions and applications of science and the perfect organization of labor, together with the skill and genius of a large number of men, would be brought to bear upon one single object. The result must necessarily be astonishing; it has been in the past.

Is an absolute monopoly possible? It may be in other countries and under different conditions, but in our country it is in direct opposition to all our laws and traditions. Where there is such an abundance of inventive and creative power and aggressive public spirit, and where there is so much uninvested capital and idle wealth, a monopoly is a physical impossibility. The late ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, an impartial student of economic conditions, on one occasion said: "Nature abhors a monopoly as it does a vacuum." Since men first began the practice of trade and traffic, selfishness has been the dominant feature. When the greed and selfishness of a few powerful capitalists raise prices to an unjust and unfair standard, they have the

greed and selfishness of the many to contend with. The moment a corporation assumes too much power, or raises prices a little too high, the foresight and daring of the American citizen is called into play, and competitive factories spring up everywhere with vast capital. New enterprises and real captains of industry are always waiting for a favorable opportunity. This is the supreme virtue of the American form of government: that no power except a power making for good can be absolute for any length of time. Again, competition is effective and again the weak and powerless are crushed by the cruel wheel of competition. First, there is competition, then combination, and then the trust becomes objectionable, then competition springs up, and as a result combination is effected again. So the wheel turns on, and one economic truth and practical experience is established; that competition is the most potent force in the commerce and industry of the world.

To sum up: Competition is the mother of trusts, and when competition is restricted or destroyed the trust has great power for good and an equally strong power for evil. The good must be encouraged and the evil prohibited. But when the trust does assume authority, and infringes upon the rights of the people, competition will reduce it to the point where it is powerless.

C. P. WOFFORD.

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*Dooley Whipple, or Cause and Effect.*

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Thunders crashed overhead or rolled along the horizon, rain began to pour in torrents, and by the continuous play of the lightnings I could see that great masses of forest were swaying to and fro with the terrific force of the wind. I was far from home and knew not where to find shelter: Indeed there was no sign of human life in the vicinity. My clothes were becoming wetter every minute and I was cold. The glimmer of the lightning revealed a cabin some distance ahead of me. I approached and knocked at the door, but the fury of the storm kept me from hearing the reply, if in-

deed there was any. Just then a tree nearby was struck by lightning, and in my bewilderment I threw my weight against the door and soon found myself in the middle of the cabin. By the lightning playing through numerous cracks between the logs I could catch glimpses of a few pieces of rude furniture, and as I stood, wondering if the place was inhabited, my conjectures were suddenly arrested by a low murmur.

"Who's there?" I asked.

A low, scarcely audible sound greeted me.

"Who's there, I say?"

In tones scarcely more audible than before, and seemingly smothered, came the answer, "M-e-e-."

"Who are you?" I said, still keeping my stand in the middle of the floor.

"It's m-e-e, and I'm h-e-l-p-l-e-s-s" came in tones so weird that I was about to forget that I didn't believe in ghosts. The sound seemed to come from something like a bed in the corner. I was somewhat bewildered, and my cold, wet clothes were not conducive to clear thinking. I felt for my matches, but they were wet. In the unearthly chorus of howling winds, beating rains, crashing thunders, and the human cry for help, I seemed to catch an undertone like the grating of the keel of a boat on the sands of death's river.

But something must be done. I approached the bed and found it empty. On the side next to the wall I could see the dim outlines of a human hand. I caught it and pulled.

"Oh, don't, I'm dying?" was the answer.

"Have you any matches?" I asked.

"In the poke over the do'."

As directed I found a small sack and in it were securely wrapped two matches.

"Don't use but one," said the man behind the bed.

After separating them, for they were carefully tied together with a cotton string, I attempted, from force of habit, to strike one on my wet pants, and, of course, ruined it. Only one match left, I began to feel about for something to light and to my relief soon found two small pieces of rich pine, whittled smooth and round and broadening into a mass of

splinters at one end. The man behind the bed said something as I picked them up, but I paid little attention to him. Though it was raining down the chimney I managed to get a fire started and went back to my strange patient. He was between the wall and a very rude sort of bed from which he had fallen, and had evidently been in that position some time. I attempted to push the bed away but found it immovable, as it was made by putting poles into the cracks of the wall and supporting them at the other end by shorter ones placed upright on the floor. At last I got upon the bed, caught him by his clothes and pulled him back up. This gave him considerable pain, but it was the only means.

He presented anything but an attractive aspect. The shirt and breeches which he had on were a motley of patches. His hair and whiskers were entirely unkempt, his hands and feet mere skin and bones, his eyes almost hid beneath black overhanging brows, his cheek bones protruding, and a deathly yellow hue was on his face.

I ministered to his needs as best I could with what material I could find in the hut and then sat down by the fire to dry my clothes. I noticed on the hearth some partly burnt oak limbs, which had evidently been placed with one end in the fire while the other rested on the floor. I learned afterwards that he never cut any wood, but burnt it all this way. There were two or three rough chairs, and beside one of them sat the remains of a pair of shoes. A few simple cooking utensils lay in the edge of the ashes on the hearth, and over the door was an old flint-and-steel musket. In the back of the cabin I saw corn piled up, some in heaps against the wall and some as if to resemble pig-pens. The latter, I learned later, the old man intended for immediate use. It was all carefully shucked and every silk had been removed. In another corner was an old wooden mortar which had evidently been in recent use; and from the joists above hung smoked meat and stalks of tobacco. Just under the water shelf, on which there were a large gourd for containing water and a smaller one for dipping, there was a sort of push-plow which had evidently been used in the cultivation of soil.



Somehow I managed to pass the terrible night there by the fire while the old man suffered and groaned. By morning the storm had abated and I started for home, promising to return with help. Upon reaching home I told my father my experience and he at once exclaimed, "Old Dooley Whipple! Poor old fellow! I remember when he used to be one of the finest young fellows in the country. He was engaged to two girls while he was a young man and wouldn't marry either one of them."

"Why?" I interrupted.

"Well," replied father, "he had sorter queer notions of things it seems. He wouldn't marry when he ought to, but went to keeping bach, promising to marry when he got 'able.' But somehow or other he didn't get 'able' very fast, but on the contrary got queerer every day on account of being alone so much I reckon, with nothing to think about but his money. They tell me that he got so queer that when he went to eat he'd put half his bread on one plate and half on another and shake his head and say, "I can't feed her."

"He had the day set two different times with two different women and wouldn't go. I asked him about it one day and he said he thought he could do without a wife awhile longer. I told him he'd get old and need one some day, and he said he'd have one by that time. And now the poor old fellow is out there in the very middle of three hundred and seventy-five acres of the best forest land in this country, dying with fifteen hundred dollars under his head and without wife or child to give him a cup of water. Why, fifteen years ago, he was so queer he wouldn't drink out of his own spring for four days after a woman drank from it. He got so he just hated a woman and didn't put any confidence in anybody or anything. I'll tell you lots of curious things about him some day. Go now and tell your ma to fix something for me to take to him. I reckon the poor old fellow is just about as near starved to death as anything else. And then his old age too; he can't stand much."

Father took the lunch and I went over later in the afternoon, thinking that we might have to sit up with him.

When I reached the cabin there was not a cloud in sight, the sunset was clear and beautiful, and a cool breeze began to blow from the north-west. Only one acre of this beautiful piece of forest had ever been cultivated, and that lay just back of the cabin. A pig-pen and a chicken coop constituted the out buildings. Near the house was a lonely apple tree, bending with half-ripe fruit and surrounded by a very high rail fence. About the yard there lay enough wood, collected just as it fell in the forest, to do the old fellow at least two or three years, while all around the chimney and under the house was a quantity of pine knots and limbs.

I could tell at once upon entering the cabin that the old man was nearing the end. An old negro who had been Dooley Whipple's slave in his more prosperous times, hearing of his illness had come to his assistance, bringing his faithful wife with him. These old slaves were the picture of fidelity and did everything they could to make the end easy. It became so cool that Jack (that was the old negro's name) thought it time to kindle a fire and proceeded to do so with some of the wood that lay about the house. As he did so Dooley Whipple attempted in vain to raise himself and said, "Jack you oughter brought some limbs with yer when yer come through the woods. I had that wood saved up for hard times."

A moment more and he was gone.

76.

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*To a Cape Jessamine*

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Pure bloom, thy fragrance brings to me.  
Sweet memories of a rural home  
Whose inmates dear I long to see;  
Alas! today those loved ones roam.

When reigned the vernal queen, such flowers  
Around that home shed fragrance sweet,  
Then roses bright perfumed those bowers  
And made that home a sweet retreat.

The sweetest thing about that home  
Was this—the love that dwelt within  
We'll ne'er forget, though far we roam  
The loving kindness that has been.

None can forget the sweet peace there  
When true love reigned supreme;  
By day I think of that home fair  
At night of it I dream.

681.

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*Henry W. Grady the Son of the New South.*

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At the close of the reconstruction days, the South was filled with a bitter hatred for the North, because of the black man's tyranny, which had been thrust upon us. In the North, however, a period of reaction had set in and a tidal wave of desire for a reunited country swept over New England and the Middle Atlantic States. The hope of reunion became the theme of every discourse and the topic of all conversation. To such a height did feeling go that in 1886, a young Southerner, Henry W. Grady, was asked to respond to "The South" at a banquet given in New York by the New England Society. Instead of making merely a formal response, Grady launched forth into one of the most brilliant and thrilling orations ever delivered by an American. Up to this time he had been practically unknown, but the fame of this speech spread abroad over the whole country. Immediately hundreds of invitations to deliver addresses poured in upon him. From these he chose the one from Dallas, Texas, and here, again, he delivered a speech on his favorite theme—"The New South"—called the "South and her Problem." In fact all of his speeches and a great portion of his writings bear upon this subject.

Grady felt that his mission in life was to reconcile the two sections and bring them closer together than ever before. His first speech astounded the world and electrified the whole country. It seemed impossible that the South, which is pictured a South abounding in agricultural and growing in man-

ufacturing wealth could be the South which twenty years before had been left a barren and fire-swept country. Yet such was the case, and mingled with this beautiful picture were the three ideas which constituted his motto and filled his soul—"Peace, Unity and Fraternity."

As he came before the nation with these three, he seemed like a white winged angel reaching out his hands to both sections and saying, "Peace—Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Grady was an almost perfect man. He possessed a great mind, a kind and sympathetic heart and a pure soul. His mind was broad and it was deep. Never before was such depth of thought, such penetration, combined with such breadth and such clearness. There was scarcely any subject so small that could not occupy his mind, there was none so large that he could not comprehend it. Moreover, Grady had the gift of true oratory. He was as eloquent as Hill and as deep as Toombs. What wonder then that cold blooded New England manufacturers and merchants shouted themselves hoarse at the majestic utterances of this wonderful man.

Combined with his great mind and brilliant oratorical powers, was a heart as broad as the universe and as tender as a child's. He possessed an extraordinary share of human sympathy for the poor and unfortunate and always had a kind word for them. It is said that whenever he passed a poor person on the street he used to wonder whether there was a family at home in want and destitution. It was his custom to visit any homes, which he should hear of, in which there was need of help, and there was scarcely a pauper in Atlanta who had not some time or other received aid from him. This accounted in a great measure for his popularity, for it was said that there was not a dry eye in the city on the day of his death.

A great mind is indeed a wonderful creation of God, a great heart is noble beyond comparison, but grander than either of these is a character moulded after the image of him, who, nearly two thousand years ago, spent a short life of

trouble and hardship in this world of ours. Henry Grady possessed a soul fashioned in the knowlege of God and kept according to his statutes. He was reared in a Christian home and to the end of his life retained his first impressions of religion. He was intensely religious, placing his love for God above everything else. Above his noble mind, even above his great heart, was a character and soul spotless and pure. His was indeed a sublime and beautiful life and I know of no better way expressing it than that of John Temple Graves at the Atlanta Memorial service: "I have seen the light that gleamed at midnight from the headlight of some giant engine, rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of opposition, of danger, and I thought it was grand.

\* \* \* I have seen the light that leaped at midnight athwart the storm swept sky, shivering over chaotic clouds and howling winds, till clouds and darkness and the shadow haunted earth flashed into noonday splendor, and I knew it was grand. But the grandest thing, next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty throne, is the light of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself in benediction 'round the destinies of men and finding its home in the bosom of the everlasting God."

Such was the life of Henry Woodfin Grady. Such was his genius, and such were his hopes. But he was not to live to see his expectations fulfilled, for the All-Wise Providence saw fit to cut down his noble career in his thirty-ninth year. He has gone from us, but his work will stand forever as a lasting monument to his untiring energy and his love for his dear Southland.

GILES J. PATTERSON.

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### *The Parting of the Ways.*

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Sidney Malcolm was sitting on the front porch smoking a cigar. He was usually sitting on the porch and he was usually smoking. But this time his jovial face was shadowed by a cloud of anxiety and care, and his bright eyes had lost their twinkle of merriment and good nature. It was evident that he was engaged in deep meditation and that a great

trouble was brooding over him. It was commencement night, at the conclusion of the college exercises. The reproachful words of the President of the college in the morning were still fresh in his memory and struck home to his pride. The President announced, in presenting the diplomas, that Mr. Malcomn had left behind him some uncompleted work, and for this reason could not be awarded a diploma.

The story of Sidney Malcolmn is a repetition of the sad old story of a young man of excellent qualities falling into the enticing snares of dissipation, and by carelessness and folly becoming wrecked in the fortunes of life. Bright, popular, with handsome appearance and engaging manners, he had splendid prospects of making an enviable record in college. For the first year his work was admirable, and he was fast making a name for himself. But the alluring glamour and dissipation and the attraction of evil companions overtook him, and soon he had become a frequent visitor to the barroom and a reckless participant in games of chance. These habits placed their fatal clutches upon him, and his work rapidly decreased and his moral character was correspondingly debauched.

He left college with anything but a commendable record; studied law for a year and formed a partnership with a young man whose habits were similar to his own. But the principles which he employed in college followed him into business life, and before a year was over the firm had gone into bankruptcy. At last a terrible truth dawned upon Malcolmn. He realized that he must leave his native home, for he could no longer endure the disgrace which he had, by his own folly, brought upon himself. The second fall and the second dishonor quite overcame his proud spirit. He could stand it no longer.

He resolved to go to a distant Western State where cities and fortunes are made "while you wait." So early one morning he took the Western Limited and bade an affectionate farewell to the fond scenes of his childhood and early manhood. As he saw the distant trees on the old hills he knew so well pass beyond his sight, and as he flew by the

streams and meadows where he had heard the music of the birds and the lowing of the cattle, it struck deep down into his heart; but it served as a stimulus to strengthen his courage, for he was dominated by a firm desire to grapple with the grim forces of the world under conditions that were changed.

Malcolm found the great West—his adopted home—in an unsettled state; politics and society were corrupt, and there were no restraining influences from evil. He obtained a fairly lucrative position in the local office of the Western Pacific railroad. He made serious attempts to break away from his deep-grounded habits, but at this time it was a hopeless struggle. This was an ideal life for him, and he enjoyed it immensely. With plenty of leisure, he indulged more freely than ever in the vice and excitement of corrupt Western life. Frequently he would neglect his work, and his friends often warned him against his carelessness and disobedience to orders.

One evening, after the nine o'clock train had gone, it so happened that Mr. "Jerry" Douglas, the division superintendent, Malcolm and another gentleman were together in the private office of the superintendent. The men pulled up their chairs before the open grate and each lit a cigar. The conversation naturally turned to railroad affairs.

"Gentlemen," said Douglas, "we have been running in opposition to the Michigan and Texas now for eight or ten years. They have come out of the scrimmage every time with more force than we have. It would take all the banks in the State to hold the money they have made in the last few years by skillful "pooling," and it is certainly time we were showing them our fighting qualities."

The gentleman sitting next to Douglas, as the peculiar tone of his voice indicated, was a New Yorker. He began: "I have been in Wall street and have dropped a few flyers. I know what it is to take a big risk and stand with your head in a whirl until the gong sounds. I have seen men drop a cool million by the turn of a figure and leave the street without a cent in their pockets. We must take a risk, and

a big one—" But here he was interrupted by Sidney Malcomb, whose earnest manner at once gained attention.

"We must certainly defeat," he said, "the aggressive spirit of the Michigan and Texas. I have often thought of a practical plan, and it seems best to me to first to make an offer of purchasing the entire road. If that is unsuccessful (as probably it will be), by hard labor and a great expenditure of money, we can extend a line to Kingston and offer extremely low rates to the miners there. Likewise, we can run out to St. Johns, connect there with the L. S. & W., and thus be brought within a short distance of the great wheat fields. We must send secret agents to both ends of the line with a schedule of rates, and they will make all the necessary contracts. Everything must be kept secret. If it is not, we will be beaten at our own game. If we can possibly get the contract for the transportation of the coal from the Erie mines and the wheat bought by the Chicago corners, it will be easy money for us."

Preparations were at once begun to take the decisive step which was to crush the life-blood from the great Michigan and Texas. Secret agents were sent to the mine operators and offered "cut-throat" rates for the transportation of their coal. Although every effort was exerted to maintain secrecy, suspicions were creeping out on every side. There was something brewing in the air, and the Western Pacific was evidently up to some game. It was rumored that certain powerful capitalists were investing large sums in this railroad stock and were actively engaged in some important scheme. The M. & T. were justly alarmed. They realized that some powerful attack was being aimed against their armor but they could not locate it or fortify themselves against it.

Just at the time that Malcomb's hopes and plans were being realized, at an inopportune moment his evil genius induced him to yield to the voice of Bacchus, and as a result for a day and a night he was unable to attend to his duties. He was reported to the authorities and suspended from work until further notice. A third disgrace seemed inevitable.

Three days later as Malcomb stepped off a car in front of



his hotel, a man approached him giving his name as C. C. Martin and asked for a private interview. It developed that Martin was the agent for the M. & T. When they were closeted together Martin began: "I know your situation. You will very probably lose your job on the Western Pacific. If you will reveal the intentions of your road (and you must know them) a large sum of money is yours"—here he produced a blank check and placed it on the table—"in addition to this, I will guarantee you a position with twice the salary you now receive, regardless of what the amount may be."

Malcomb promised to consider the offer and to notify him of his decision before midnight. He took a seat in his room before a window facing the western horizon. His evil star was almost in the ascendancy; his sense of honor was almost destroyed. But nature seemed to have designed that at this moment he should take a retrospect of his past life. And as he looked out at the glowing crimson of the setting sun the thought came forcibly to his mind of the fickleness of human life and the uselessness of temporal things which perish with the using. He thought of how the sun, as surely as it rises, always sets in the opposite sky and it occurred to him that all human glory and all earthly splendor must some day descend in darkness and in gloom. He had come to the parting of the ways; he was in the face of a great temptation. On one side disgrace and poverty stared him in the face, and on the other he was assured of ease and luxury for the rest of his days. Should he betray the plan which he himself originated and thus bring humiliation upon his company? There was something in the sunset scene, the earth just taking on the first tinge of darkness, which reminded him of the Man of Galilee as he stood on the summit of the mountain with the world and its glory at his command, if he would speak to the temptor one word of assent. Twenty-five years of his life were swept from his memory and he saw only a vivid picture of the family circle where he learnt the lessons taught him by loving hearts of the only flawless man who ever walked the earth. And he thought of how it

was told him to follow that perfect example as far as it lay in his power. He remembered so distinctly the parting words spoken to him as he left home to battle with the temptations of the world. "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." His college days all came back to him and he thought of the first time he ever allowed these words to cease to be the guide of his life—but here he sank back into his chair and apparently swooned away.

Half an hour later, C. C. Martin received this note, strong in its simplicity:

"Your offer is rejected."

S. Malcomn.

A few minutes later, Douglas dropped in to inform Malcomn that, when he had heard of his probable discharge, he sent in his name as the originator of this new plan. "Congratulations are now in order," he said, "for you are wanted at the office of the president of the Board of Directors." The goddess of chance, the angel of the glittering wings was with him still and he was sure to win. But he was a changed man, with a new soul and a new spirit of strength and determination, who entered the president's office to receive his promotion.

# Wofford College Journal.

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1888

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## Staff:

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## Editorial Department

M. W. SLOAN, Editor.

### The Youthfulness of Our Students.

When you had an idle moment to spend in the library did you ever examine the class pictures of twenty years ago? At first one is struck by the queer cravats and unsightly trousers in vogue at that time, but soon the age of these men, in vivid contrast with some of the young boys of our own student body, attracts one's attention. We would approximate the average age of graduating class of those days at twenty-six years, while that of today is about twenty-two.

The decrease of the average age of the student bodies of our Southern colleges is the result of many causes and is the author of many effects.

Before the war the Southern youth attended the college, which had probably given his father and grandfather their degrees to complete his literary education. He sought the culture and liberal ideas found in the pursuit of letters for their own sake and without a thought of how this education was to effect the practical affairs of life.

The war left the affluence of the Old South only a memory

to be treasured by the rising generations. While the college graduate of fifty years ago expected to spend his days either in leisure as master of an ancestral estate, or in the exciting political life of the times, the graduate of the present hopes to rise high in business circles and to become president of a cotton mill or bank or to gain recognition as an expert in some mechanical line. He regards his college course as only a stepping stone to his university work, or as part of that supplementary work which must be hurried through before he can take his professional or scientific course, which is to enable him to enter the world's industrial army as a trained recruit. Because he regards the college course as a means to an end, he begins it at as early an age as possible, completes it with all dispatch, and hastens to turn his energies to something more materialistic.

Another cause that has helped to produce this educational change has been the transition of "the old field" school to our modern graded school which gives a good elementary course in Greek and Latin with a year or more in French or German, in addition to the regular English course. This has enabled the student to prepare himself for college sooner than the attendant of "the old field" school could.

Thrusting the precocious boy of fourteen upon the college world is not good for the boy nor is it good for the college. Unless he is endowed with an unusual amount of common-sense he is anxious to enjoy this newly-acquired freedom from all restraint. The wild element, of which every institution affords an example, attracts him. He tastes of the forbidden pleasures; sometimes he takes warning and sometimes he does not. The peurility of students of today has done much to impair the record which the men of the past have bequeathed us. The almost universal decline of the value and amount of work done by the collegiate literary societies is one evidence of this.

The demand of the world for an abridgment of the time required to secure a degree has at length secured a response from educational circles. Harvard has consented to give an A.B. degree for work done in three years.

What simpler solution is there of the situation than for the colleges to raise their standards one year so that the student could complete his university course more quickly; or to reduce their course to three years, throwing the burden of the work done in the present freshman year upon our grammar schools.

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**Below  
the  
Surface.** To all outward appearances the bombardment of a Venezuelan port by German and English men-of-war and the final reference of this dispute to the Hague tribunal by the three powers interested only represented the rather energetic effort of the European powers to collect a debt which was in danger of becoming worthless, from our volatile South Americae neighbor. If we look below the surface we will conclude that it meant much more.

When Monroe declared that this hemisphere should become the home of democracy and that no European power must attempt to set up any new monarchies here, he laid one of the corner-stones of our future greatness. Our statesmen have shown their appreciation of this fact by steadily maintaining this policy. But there has been one flaw in our statesmanship. While we have forbidden political influence in South America to the European powers, we have allowed them social and commercial supremacy. We have neglected the commercial opportunities which our southern neighbors offered, while engrossed in invading the marts of Europe and the ports of the East. The consequence is that the Europeans have great influence in South America, while we are regarded with disfavor and distrust.

When Germany awoke to nationalism in 1871, she found all her energies necessary for internal improvement and solidification for several decades. When she at length began to seek for a place to establish a colony to serve as an outlet to her surplus population, she found that she had entered the race for world empire too late, France and England having colonized all the available countries long before. The crowded countries of the East, while promising rich rewards

in commerce, afforded no inducements to immigrants. The empire has made futile efforts to found colonies in those parts of Africa not held by the other powers.

The rich land in South America, sparsely inhabited by an indolent and unintelligent population, was the only opportunity offered Germany of relieving herself of the evils of social, industrial, and financial congestion. There the German emigrants, retaining their native language, customs, and patriotism, have established colonies. The German capitalist has found a favorable outlet for his money there, and the business of the country is practically controlled by Germans.

Although Brazil, Uruguay, and Venezuela afford a good outlet for Germany's surplus men and money, if these colonists are not to be under the Imperial government they cannot add much strength to the Empire.

In our opinion, Germany has determined to fly her flag over a South American colony, and her recent movements were only an effort to find how strictly the United States intends to enforce the Monroe doctrine. If the United States maintains her firm position on this question, as no doubt she will, we may have to try conclusions with the Kaiser's new battleships at some future date.

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**A Conjecture.** The ever increasing improvements of civilization, while contributing toward the improvement of certain of man's faculties, certainly tend to weaken others. For instance, who doubts but that the transition of the disciple of Murs from the mail-clad knight with his lance to the expert machinest with his immense guns has put a premium on intelligence at a cost to personal valor and prowess; or does not believe that the popularity of newspapers has developed the writer on current events at the expense of the stump speaker.

In recent years the profuse use of handsome illustrations in magazines and books has been carried to a point undreamed of some years ago. In some of the novels we actually have photographs of the heroine and possibly a "snap-shot" of the most thrilling movement in the proposal of the hero. A

custom like this will weaken the pen of the author, and instead of depending for the impression he is to convey to the reader solely upon his pen, he will unconsciously trust part of it to the artist.

While the lack of proper stage effects worked a great hardship upon the Elizabethans, we are glad for our own sake that they did not know the pleasure of them. As it was, Shakespeare realized that the effect made upon his audience must be produced by the words alone, the consequence was that he was under the necessity of throwing all the power which he could command into his lines.

The enervating effect of mechanical aids is seen on the modern stage. In days of yore, between the acts of the "ten, twenty and thirty cents" show, the handsome villain, in his ill-gotten finery, rendered the love ditties of the hour to the gallery gods, depending for his applause upon his personal charms alone. Lo! now all is changed. He is crowded into one corner of the stage and in the dark renders the latest songs while the most important situations are being illustrated on an immense screen. With the aid of a magic lantern, bewitching pictures of fair maidens standing by blue rivers intently regarding purple skies are shown to "the applause, wonder, and delight, of the audience.

Even the modern lecturer has caught the fad and when he wishes to impress the beauty of the Venetian moon upon an audience by a flash of the lantern they have it, without our honored friend going through the vulgar trouble of describing it with words.

Will not the modern aids to the writer tend to weaken rather than strengthen their powers?

## Exchange Department.

W. W. BOYD, Editor.

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The material in "The Limestone Star" is neatly arranged and the departments well edited. The magazine contains three interesting stories. "The Root of all Evil" deserves special mention. "Russia's First Attempt to Settle the Eastern Question" we find a brief and somewhat comprehensive sketch of the causes and results of the Crimean war. The writer of "The Advantages of Higher Education to Women," expresses some noble sentiment in clear English. We notice, also, four very creditable little poems.

The January number of the "Winthrop College Journal" is not as good as some previous numbers. However, we accept the apology given in the editorial department. The verse, especially "The Brook," shows some talent. "White Roses" is a well written story and "Musicians of the Present" is worth a careful reading.

The stories in "The Clemson College Chronicle" are rather commonplace. In "A Young Hero" the style is easy and flowing but the story is perhaps a little overdrawn in parts. The scene in which the "Kid" shows his firearms seems unnatural. "Love's Rhapsody" is an entirely probable story but there is nothing in the story to give any special merit. "She Fell" is a nice little love story that has the usual happy ending. We notice with pleasure the variety of subjects treated in the editorial department and the masterful manner in which they are handled.

In the "Howard Collegian" "My First Call" and "To the Southern Youth" are very *weak* stories. They seem to have been written with very little thought. The writer seems to think a new paragraph is needed for almost every sentence regardless of the thought. "His First Degree" is a better story but the same mistakes in paragraphing have been made



in this story. We think the editors make a serious mistake in devoting so much space to worthless "clippings" and "pointless jokes." The literary department needs to be enlarged.

In taking up the "Central University Cento" we are struck with the peculiar arrangement of the material. On the first page is "Editorial" and there follows two editorials and a number of short stories. Then comes "Literary Department" which contains nothing more than a short comparative review of "When Knighthood was in Flower" and "Dorothy Vernon." The society noter could be placed under "Locals" and "The Championship" seems to belong to "Athletics." We fail to find anything valuable or amusing in "Locals." Other than a few society notes and a short discussion of an annual the department is worthless.

In the "Columbian Literary Monthly" "A Glimpse of Journalism" gives us some conception of the "vast expenditure of nervous energy, time, money, and brains" that goes into the making up of sixteen printed pages. "The Mystery of Morgan Falls" is an unusually interesting story and the ingenious plot is well executed.

## Alumni Department.

J. C. REDMON, Editor.

---

Prof. J. P. Inabinet, '97, is principal of the Lykesland School, Lykesland, S. C.

Prof. N. M. Salley, '97, is assistant head master of the Carlisle Fitting School, Bamberg, S. C.

Dr. D. J. Hydrick, '96, is one of the most prominent young physicians of Orangeburg.

Prof. W. W. Nickle, '95, is principal of the Dillon Graded School, Dillon, S. C.

Prof. J. A. Wiggins, '95, has been the principal of the Denmark Graded School for eight years.

G. L. Wilson, '88, is the efficient cashier of the Central National Bank, Spartanburg, S. C.

J. L. Fleming, '91, is chashier of the Merchants & Farmers Bank, Spartanburg, S. C.

Dr. J. P. Smith, '84, is professor of Paleontology in Le-land Stanford University. Dr. Smith is now writing a book on paleontology.

D. W. Daniel, '92, is assistant professor of English at Clemson College.

Mr. Chas. A. Woods, '72, was recently elected Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, winning over several good men. It is needless to say that Mr. Woods will perform the duties of his office with honor to himself and credit to the college from which he was graduated.

L. E. Wiggins, '00, is principal of the Jordan High School, Jordan, S. C.

Rev. J. McP. Lander, '79, a missionary to Brazil from th

M. E. Church, South, has been in South Carolina for a while to rest and meet with old friends.

Some alumni who are pursuing special courses at the different universities are:

W. H. Wannamaker, '95, is at Harvard. He is taking a course in English and Modern Languages.

Jas. J. Wolfe, '96, Harvard. He is taking a course in Biology and Botany.

R. S. Law, '98, Harvard. He is taking English.

J. P. Hollis, '95, has won a scholarship in Johns-Hopkins University. He is taking History and Political Economy.

W. E. Willis, '92, Vanderbilt. He is taking Physics and Mathematics.

G. T. Pugh, '97, Vanderbilt. His studies are Physics, Mathematics and Geology.

F. C. Cummings, '96, Columbia. He is taking English.

Marion Tucker, '96, Columbia, also takes English.

V. W. Bradham and E. M. Salley, '01, are studying medicine at the University of Maryland, Baltimore.

# Young Men's Christian Association.

W. C. HERBERT, Editor.

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## A Religious Awakening.

Though the officers of the Association did their best to get a minister of the gospel to conduct our annual series of meetings, the greater part of the work rested on the boys themselves. We were very glad to have Rev. Mr. Grier take charge of two of our services. For several years in succession the Association officers have been fortunate in securing the assistance of Rev. R. S. Truesdale, of Columbia, but the young men of the Fitting School had already engaged his spare time.

However, we are quite sure that the meeting was not a failure. Many of the students were made stronger by spending those few minutes after supper in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

The outlook of the Association, with such competent officers at its head, is very promising. The election of officers resulted as follows:

- C. L. Smith—President.
- E. K. Hardin—Vice President.
- Roberts—Secretary.
- A. D. Betts—Treasurer.

## Local Department.

LOY D. THOMPSON, Editor

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Whatever you do, do not touch my arm.

Preparatory work has begun on the new John B. Cleveland Science Hall.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Mr. W. L. Glaze was elected captain of the Tennis Club. Also Mr. W. C. Owen was elected as third man on the executive committee, the other two being the business manager and assistant manager of the baseball organization.

Dr. Demotte repeated his last year's lecture on "The Harp of the Senses," February 22.

The oratorical contest is to come off February 16. The speakers of the occasion are, from the Calhoun: S. M. Dawkins, L. Q. Crum, W. K. Hardin and C. L. Smith.

The speakers are making the welkin ring in the College halls these days getting themselves in fine shape for the battle royal.

L. Q. Crum, of the Senior class, taught a day or two in the graded school recently.

Chapel exercises, President makes following announcement: "A card from Inquiry Department, New York post office, has come to me with the following notice: 'A publication package directed to Miss — — is detained here. If sender will at once return this card and one cent in postage, the said package will be delivered.'"

The president remarked that he thought he knew where the card belonged from the name of the young lady addressed and straightway carried it to Senior Tom. But the said senior, with cheeks slightly taking on the rose's hue, vigorously insisted that he was not the man.

The class of '03 registers at present thirty-two students. In the college and Fitting School together there are registered three hundred students—lacking some four or five.

The anniversary of the two societies is booked for the 2nd of March. The 22nd February is the usual time for the anniversary, but due to its coming so closely behind the oratorical contest it has been thought better to put it off at least a week.

The formation of trusts is the rage just now, it seems. Immediately after hearing of the Anti-Man trust, which was organized over on the other hill, a movement in the opposite direction sprang into existence here, "full armed from the head of Jove," having as its avowed supporters the following to act as officers: Grand Knight of the Garter, James G. Bailie; Royal Chancellor of the Seals, A. M. Brabham; Loyal Sympathizer, W. K. Greene; On-Looking Well Wisher, W. D. Burnett.

The baseball schedule has been made out. The following games will take place on our own ground:

April 3—King's Mountain Military Academy.

April 6—Davidson College.

April 11—University of North Carolina.

April 13—South Carolina College.

April 17—Erskine College.

April 20—Wake Forest College.

April 29—Furman University.

May 1—Clemson College.

May 6—Trinity College.

May 8—Newberry College.

May 11—Furman University, to be played at Greenville.

May 13—Sewanee, Tenn., at Sewanee.

May 15 and 16—University of Tennessee, at Knoxville.

The debaters for the annual Junior debate between the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies, which is to take place during commencement in June, have been elected.

The following were chosen from the Calhoun: W. D. Burnett and J. P. Lane. Those from the Preston were as follows: C. L. Smith and E. K. Hardin.

One of the departments being misplaced, the JOURNAL was delayed several days this month. We hope that such will not occur again.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

# Wofford College Directory.

H. N. SNYDER, President,

J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Secretary,

D. A. DUPRÉ, A. M., Treasurer.

## Calhoun Literary Society

President, S. M. Dawkins.  
Vice-President, D. H. Marchant.  
1st Critic, W. M. Fair.  
2nd Critic, W. P. Way.  
3rd Critic, W. P. Bethea.  
Secretary, R. O. Lawton.  
Censor Morum, A. M. Brabham.  
Treasurer, G. Wells Vaughan.

## Preston Literary Society

President, M. W. Sloan.  
Vice-President, D. M. Ellen.  
1st Critic, B. F. Dent.  
2nd Critic, L. D. Thompson.  
Treasurer, W. T. Jones.  
Secretary, I. Chapman.  
1st Censor, M. B. Stokes.  
2nd Censor, J. H. Hamel.

## Wofford College Journal

Editor-in-Chief, M. W. Sloan.  
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Y. M. C. A. Editor, W. C. Herbert.

## Y. M. C. A.

President, Loy D. Thompson.  
Vice-President, W. C. Owen.  
Secretary, C. L. Smith.  
Treasurer, E. K. Hardin.

## College Hall

W. C. Owen, Caterer.

## Archer Hall

G. B. Dukes, Caterer.

## Athletic Association

President, A. G. Rembert.  
Capt. Base Ball Team, A. M. Brabham.  
Mgr. Base Ball Team, J. F. Wilson.  
Ast. Mgr. Base Ball Team, W. W. Boyd.

## Alumni Association

President, W. E. Burnett, '76.  
Sec. and Treas., J. F. Brown, '76.

## Fraternities

Chi Psi.  
Chi Phi.  
Kappa Sigma.  
Kappa Alpha.  
Pi Kappa Alpha.  
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

## Senior Class

President, W. C. Owen.  
Vice-President, Loy D. Thompson.  
Secretary, T. C. Moss.  
Treasurer, S. M. Dawkins.  
Poet, S. M. Dawkins.  
Historian, M. W. Sloan.  
Prophet, W. K. Greene.

## Junior Class

President, E. K. Hardin.  
Vice-President, J. P. Lane.  
Secretary, S. F. Cannon.

## Sophomore Class

President, J. H. Hamel.  
Vice-President, W. M. Glaze, Jr.  
Secretary, W. M. Brabham.

## Glee Club

President, L. D. Thompson.  
Vice-President, W. K. Greene.  
Business Manager, T. C. Moss.  
Asst. Bus. Mgr., D. E. Camak.  
Sec. and Treas., E. K. Hardin.



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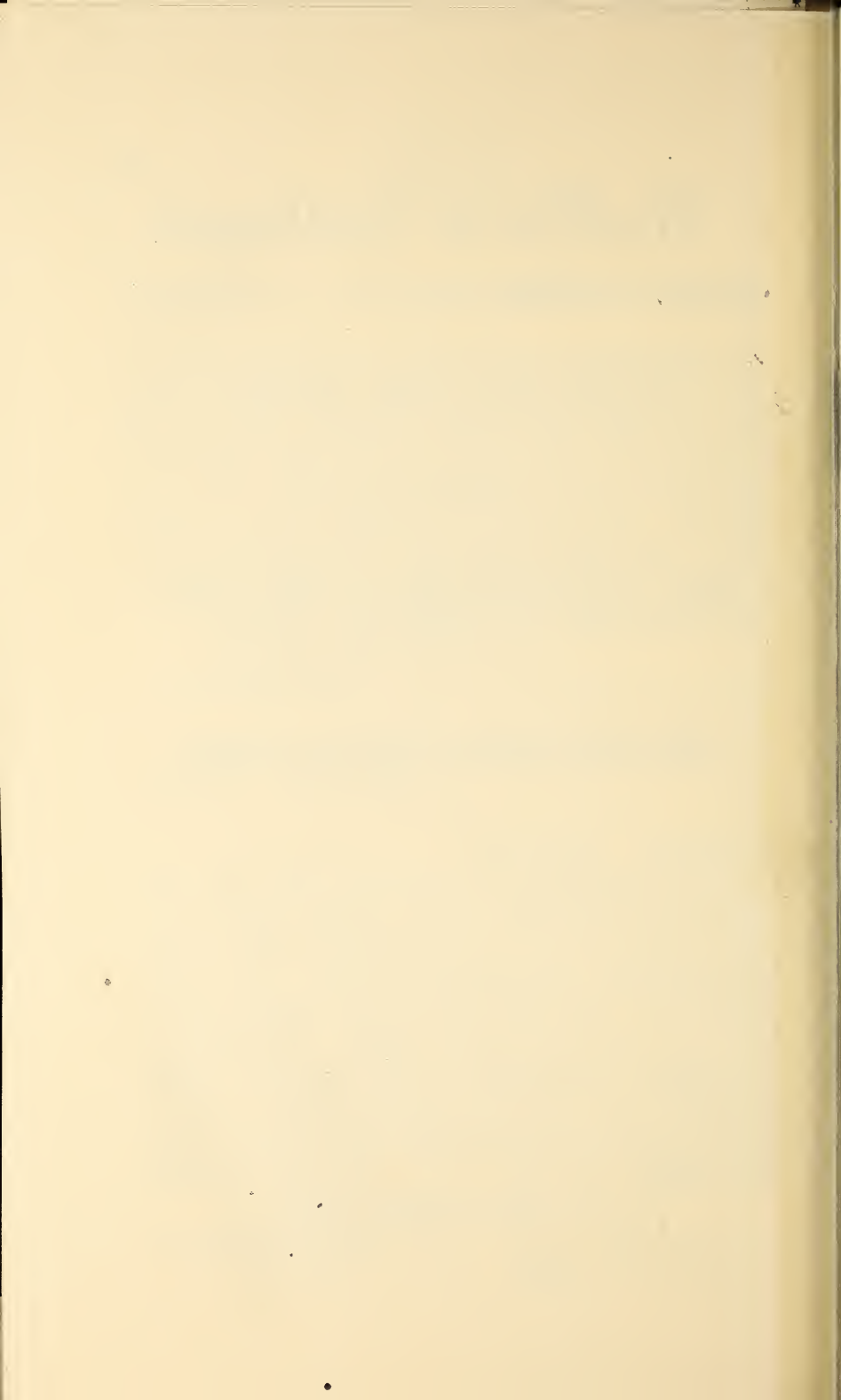
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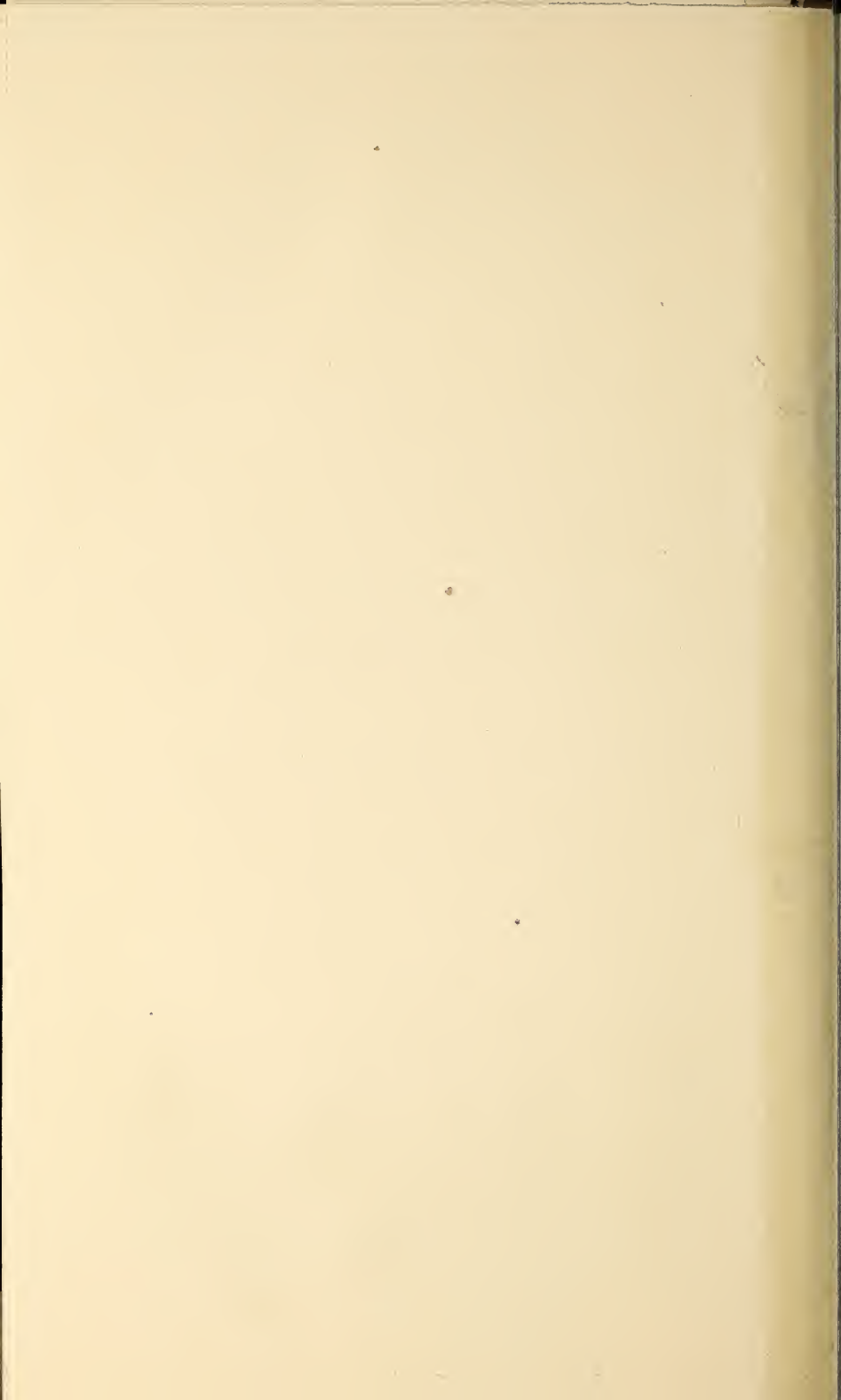
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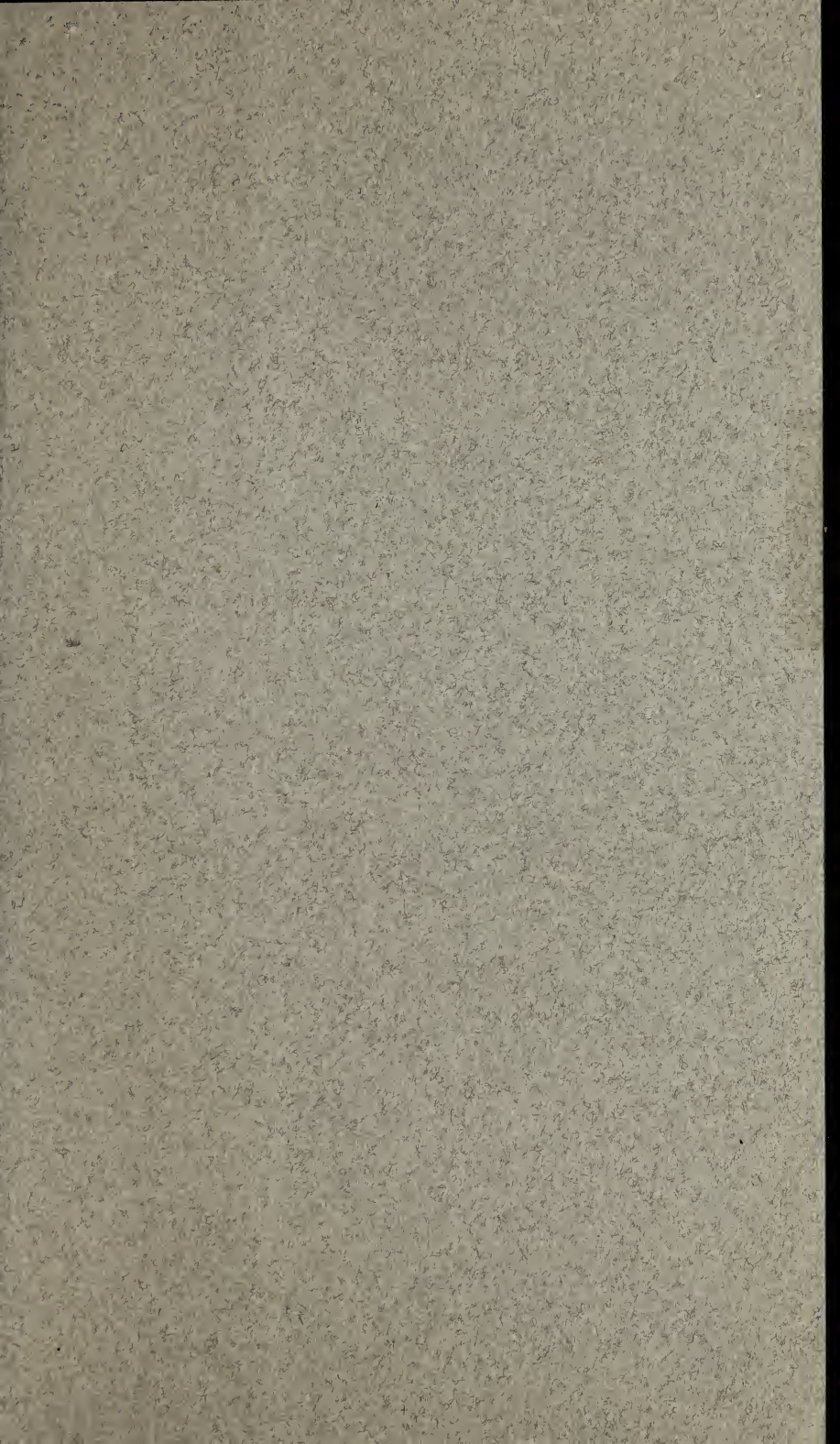
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JHC

# Wofford College Journal

MARCH, 1903.

VOLUME ~~III~~ XIV

NUMBER 6

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- VII. Life—(Poem.)
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- XIII. Local Department.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.



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The style without sacrifice of wearing qualities; the durability without loss of style and neatness—these are the points emphasized in our Shoes. All of the best lines of Men's Shoes are represented in our stock, in their latest shapes—all sizes, all lasts, all fashionable leathers.

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of the service of a store is the degree of satisfaction enjoyed by its customers. We have worked hard to make our store service the best that can be had, and that we have succeeded is proven by the ease with which we handle our continually increasing business, but we have by no means yet reached absolute perfection. We are still trying to better our service every day, and our efforts are ably seconded by the good will of our customers.

We aim to sell the best Men's  
and Boys' Outfittings at the  
Most Reasonable Prices consist-  
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article that we sell cannot be bought for a  
lower price at any other store in this town.

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Spartanburg, S. C., July 15, 1902.

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Yours truly,

(Copy.)

Rev. M. L. BANKS.

3/1903

# Wofford College Journal

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## Literary Department

S. M. DAWKINS, EDITOR.

---

### *To Shelley.*

---

The world was wrapped in dull discordancies,  
Till thou whose breath was music came,  
With heart tuned to Eternal melodies,  
Whose soul with nature's glories was aflame!

Surely an Angel Lyre was thine to touch,  
Could human tones have rung like thine?  
So gently strong, so full, we feel it such,  
As tuned for mortal hands by hand divine!

Thy lingering pathos, sorrowful, yet bears  
Hope to the awakened, longing soul,  
Thy sadnesses, though deep, and fringed with tears,  
Still with them all some future joys unfold.

From thy created world so far above  
The simple toils of common men  
Strange sister voices whispered songs of love,  
Caught up by thee and sung for us again!

Wild Ocean heard thee pleading to the wind  
To sweep thee with "its harmonies,"  
And stretching forth its arms, meant not unkind,  
Took thee and lulled to sleep thy tired eyes.

In mind we stand on Reggio's tragic shore,  
Where those who loved thee bow in bitterness,  
And feel that earth's sweet songs are o'er,  
And beauty walks on high, companionless!

As brilliant "lightning leaves the starless night,"  
Or stays an organ in some temple vast,  
So was thy passing from all human sight,  
So didst thou soaring disappear at last!

# It's Up to You, Boys!

If you wish to have your work done on the finest machinery and by the most skilled labor that money can get you should send it to the . . . . .

## SPARTAN INN STEAM LAUNDRY

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The only Collar and Cuff Dampener  
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As brilliant "lightning leaves the starless night,"  
Or stays an organ in some temple vast,  
So was thy passing from all human sight,  
So didst thou soaring disappear at last!

Centuries shall come and pass away  
While still lasts on thy high Creative Art,  
Thou wast no singer of the passing day,  
Oh Israel with human heart!

25191995.

---

*Shelley, and His Writings.*

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The three poets of the Romantic Movement in English literature who are commonly grouped together are Byron, Keats, and Shelley. However widely separated they are in most respects, they have one point in common—each died before his powers were fully matured.

Keats ignored human interests and shunned those great social problems which were convulsing all Europe, while Byron and Shelley were revolutionists of the very strongest type. But just here we must draw a contrast between the characters of these two men. Byron broke the political, moral and social laws of England because he was disgusted with the world, while Shelley did it with a pure and conscientious motive. Everything that he did was done for the uplifting and ennobling of the human race.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, England, in 1792, within the sacred pale of English nobility. The desire to pierce to the bottom of things beneath the shams woven by society and custom was early manifest in him, and being of noble birth and in contract with those who prized their social and political standing, and their wealth, and who observed every conventionality, drove him into an exaggerated warfare with existing opinions. He was a shy and sensitive lad, yet he was in a sense unruly, having his own notions of independence and justice; by nature gentle and kind, under provocation violent. At school he took no part in the sports of the "uncongenial" boys. As one of his biographers has said, "He passed among his school-fellows as a strange and unsocial being; for when a holiday relieved us from our tasks, and the other boys were engaged in such sports as the narrow limit of our prison court allowed, Shel-

ley, who entered into none of them, would pace backwards and forwards—I think I see him now—along the southern wall, indulging in various vague and undefined ideas, the chaotic elements, if I may say so, of what afterwards produced so beautiful a world.”

In 1805 Bysshe entered Eton, one of the three great preparatory schools of England. Here, as elsewhere, his eccentricities were apparent. On account of his strange views and actions he was called the “mad Shelley.” He protested against “fagging” and against all of the student rules. One of the dominant characteristics of his after life, shown in his poetry, especially in his long poems, manifests itself here—the neglect of the immediate and detailed for the abstract and universal. In this weakness we may trace his flights of imagination and imperfection in artistic execution. In the fall of 1810 he entered University College, Oxford, only to remain a few months before being expelled for the publication of a pamphlet entitled, “Necessities of Atheism.”

Shelley was of an intensely religious nature. It is said that he daily read his Bible, in which he took a peculiar interest. His frequent and severe attacks on Christianity were distinctly attacks on the hypocrisy and superstition of the established ecclesiastical system. “He distinguished between Christ, who sealed the gospel of charity with his blood, and those Christians who would be the first to crucify their Lord if he returned to earth.” He strongly believed in the spirit of Christianity but had no faith in the letter. His “Essay on Christianity” shows his reverent admiration for Christ and a deep understanding of his character and teachings. This work, though containing but few pages, morally surpasses opinions expressed by some who profess to be well up on the subject, and it is thought that when Christianity “casts aside the husks of outworn dogmas,” it will approach near to Shelley’s ideal. Shelley not only preached but put what he advocated into practice. It has been said by one who knew him, “In no individual, perhaps, was the moral sense ever more completely developed than in Shelley; in no individual was the perception of right and wrong more

acute. As his love of intellectual pursuits was vehement, and the vigor of his genius almost celestial, so were the purity and sanctity of his life most conspicuous." He was constantly sharing with those who were in need, and relieving the sick. Without complaint, without ostentation, this son of nobility, and heir of one of the largest estates in Sussex, illustrated by his conduct those democratic principles which were a part of his social and political creed.

By some of the ablest critics Shelley was considered the supreme poet of his time. The three most important elements in his poetry are ideality, freedom of construction and music. This quality of ideality constitutes sublimity, beauty and the passion for good in the abstract. It is the chief factor in his poetry, but at times is accompanied by the defects of vagueness and unreality. His longer poems furnish a striking example of the combination of ideality and freedom of construction, which often produces mistiness. But while this is true in the case of his longer productions in his lyrics he is unmatched. They are rhythmical, clear, and examples of artistic perfection. Thus, from his poem, "To the Skylark":

"Hail to the blithe spirit—  
Bird thou never wert—  
That from heaven or near it  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Another striking feature of Shelley's style is his imagery. The following is taken from the "Alastor" and is a good example of his descriptive power:

"The day was fair and sunny; sea and sky  
Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind  
Swept strongly from the shore, blackening the waves.  
Following his eager soul, the wanderer  
Leapt into the boat; he spread his cloak aloft  
On the bare mast, and took his lonely seat,  
And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea  
Like a torn cloud before the hurricane."



A beautiful picture of the relation between life and eternity is seen in these few lines from "Adonais":

"The one remains, the many change and pass:  
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments."

The ideal for which Shelley constantly strove was moral, social and political freedom. His longer poems are not representative of the world as it is, but of a perfected world—the world as it should be. His "Prometheus Unbound" is a representation of the struggle between good and evil in which good finally prevails. In time past Aeschylus had written a drama entitled "Prometheus Bound," representing the authority of the Grecian god, Zeus, over Prometheus, the champion of humanity, which drama is characteristic of the conservatism of the Greeks and their subserviency to a supreme power. But Shelley, as a representative of this great revolutionary movement throughout Europe, writes "Prometheus Unbound," in which Zeus, the tyrant and oppressor, and the impersonation of all that thwarts development, is resisted by Prometheus, and finally is hurled from heaven. The earth is freed from her burden, and peace and freedom reign supreme.

The autobiographic element plays a prominent part in Shelley's poetry. The Poet in "Alastor," Laon in "The Revolt of Islam," Lionel in "Rosalind and Helen," are remarkable portraits of himself. Later in life this self-absorption he outgrew to a certain extent, and applied his genius to more objective themes, but this autobiographic inclination remained to the end a powerful characteristic. The last lines of "Adonais," his elegy on the death of Keats, may be read as a prophecy of the manner in which he himself was to die, by drowning:

"The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,

Whose sails were never to the tempest given.  
 The massy earth and the sphired skies are riven!  
 I am born darkly, fearfully, afar!  
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
 Beacons from the abode where the eternal are."

The frequent recurrence of this thought in his poetry is quite singular. In "Alastor" we read:

A restless impulse urged him to embark  
 And meet lone death on the drear ocean's waste;  
 For well he knew that mighty shadow loves  
 The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

E. L. ALL. '04.

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### *Mary's Two Lovers.*

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Yes, Mary Boyd had two lovers. And she loved them both too, or at least she thought she did. They were both so handsome, so manly, and, in their different ways, so devoted that she would not own, even to herself, that she loved only one of them.

And yet, what different natures Mary's two lovers had! One could scarcely imagine these two men loving the same girl. Charles Gamble was a fine-spirited, jolly young fellow, who had won a host of friends by his bright and cordial manner. He had an open, affectionate disposition, and if he liked or hated anyone he wanted them to know it. John Mosely, on the other hand, was thoughtful and reserved. And though a man of charming manners, there was always an air of timidity about him. His mere acquaintances thought him cold-hearted, but his friends knew him to be a man of a deeply passionate nature, who kept all his loves and his hates to himself.

And yet they both loved Mary Boyd, and Mary Boyd thought she loved both of them.

Now Charles Gamble and Mary Boyd both lived at Evans-ton, and you may be sure he made the most of it. There were few parties or dances that he and Mary Boyd did not go

to together. And, best of all, he often called and then could talk to Mary all by himself. He was so jolly and so bright, Mary was sure that she loved him best. But, then, every month or two John Mosely would come to Evanston, on business he said. Of course he always came to see Mary, and then as they talked together, and as she looked into his steady, blue eyes, she was not so sure that she loved Charles the best. O, not near so sure!

Now, you must not suppose that Mary was a flirt. How was she to know who she loved best? There was no one to tell her this as there was everything else. Indeed, she dare not tell even father or mother or brother anything about it. One night, however, Mary told her pillow this secret: "I believe I would love John best, if only he would tell me that he loves me; but he just won't, and so I am sure I love Charles——" This was all the pillow could tell.

And thus it was till April came. Lately Charles had been especially attentive. And John, O, Mary had not heard from him in two months. And so it happened that early in April, Mary Boyd and Charles Gamble became engaged. Now, Mary did not mean to be untrue to her betrothed, but sometimes something which she could not suppress would whisper to her, "Are you sure you love Charles better than John?" At first she cast the thought from her as unworthy, nevertheless, it came each day with renewed force. For several days she thought over this strange voice, but could not tell what it meant, until one day she had a "good cry" over it, and then, ah then, she knew that she loved only John. When once possessed of the knowledge so long hidden in her heart, Mary's whole nature was changed. She was not now the vascillating girl, but the determined woman. In spite of the fact that the engagement had been generally announced, she was determined not to marry Charles if she could escape without disgrace. But with a characteristic feminine nature, she was also determined to sacrifice her love rather than her reputation.

But preparation for the marriage went busily on, and all were happy save she who should be most happy.

It was now Monday, and Mary was to be married on the following Thursday at twelve o'clock. Mary was desperate, she knew not what to do, she knew only that something must be done. In her desperation she decided on this plan: She would write to John Mosely and tell him all about it. How, that though she was engaged to Charles Gamble, she loved him better, and that though he had never asked her to marry him, she knew that he loved her, and that she would marry him, if on next Thursday *exactly* at eleven o'clock, he would come to her home in Evanston. She meant, as soon as he drove up to the front gate, to run out to him, and together they would drive far away to be married, and never again return to Evanston. Mary wrote the note and mailed it, and then went about getting ready for her marriage, to whom she knew not.

John Mosely had heard, of course, of Mary's engagement, but did not know what day she was to be married. He still loved her, but, since the announcement of her engagement, had given up all hope. You can imagine, then, his astonishment when on Tuesday evening he received Mary's letter. It did not take him long to decide what he would do. He began immediately to prepare for the journey on the morrow. He did not tell anyone where, or for what reason, he was going away, but those who saw him wondered what it was that made him so bright and happy. He arrived in Evanston on Wednesday afternoon and immediately went to the hotel. The next morning he loafed around the hotel until half-past ten o'clock, when the horses and carriage, which he had ordered, came for him. "Drive to Mr. A. C. Boyd's," John called to the driver, in a merry voice. When in sight of where Mary lived, however, John suddenly remembered that he had not brought her a wedding ring, and, although it was ten minutes to eleven, he turned around and drove back to town. He remembered that Mary had underscored *exactly*, but he did not see why he should be there on the minute.

In the meanwhile, at the Boyds' the preparations for the marriage went along as usual, until by Thursday morning

everything was ready. Mary dressed sooner than was expected, and then sat down by one of the front windows and looked out aimlessly. At a quarter to eleven she began to peer up and down the street, but no carriage was to be seen. At eleven o'clock she walked out on the piazza, but still there was no sign of anyone coming. It was five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter past, and still John had not come. At twenty minutes past the guests began to arrive and Mary, giving up all hope, determined that since John did not love her after all, she would marry Charles and make him the best wife she could.

And so, just before twelve o'clock when all had assembled in the parlors, Charles Gamble and Mary Boyd stood before the preacher to be made man and wife. Just in the middle of the ceremony there was the sound of steps on the front piazza and Mary looked up in time to see the glaring eyes of John Mosely looking through the parlor window. They were there only for a moment and then were gone. Gone, not to be the same, kind, pleasant man as before, but to be a hard, unforgetting cynic. Gone to be, what soon became almost a disease with him—a woman-hater.

484.

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*Mosses.*

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A mass of woven, silken moss!  
 'Tis heaps on heaps of tangled light,  
 Each fibre burnished to a gloss,  
 And fringed with amber lustrous, bright.

The humblest of our nature's herbs  
 With softness veils Decay's disgrace,  
 The sears of Time's impartial curbs  
 That mar the most enduring face.

A gift to us from birth to dust,  
 A resting-place for weary slave!  
 The blooming twig in tokens doth  
 Its parts; but mosses guard the grave.

Yet honor to the lowly peer!  
 The lapse of time doth fade it not  
 Nor doth a worm corrode a hair.  
 Defenceless as its bed of rock.

It neither blanches in the heat  
 Nor pines away in biting frost,  
 But faces both with fearless feet,  
 And stands alone when all are lost.

When Autumn's leaves are scattered wide,  
 When summer dims some marigold,  
 The mosses live on mountain side  
 Reflecting light of days of old.

Weave on, oh Spirit of the moss,  
 Eternal tapestries of earth,  
 Conceal our age's shameful dross,  
 And meet with Truth our Future's birth!

A. C. DANIEL, JR.

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*Wofford' College in 1868.*

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1868—that was just three years after the war closed, and men in our senior and junior classes had fought in that war. Peoples and Newton and Gray and others had been regulars; Boyd and Wallace, who were only sophomores, had gone out with the last sixteen year old draft, and trotted across the state with Hardee ahead of Sherman. My first room-mate had been a soldier in Virginia. It was a great thing for the college to have a few of these ex-soldier students. War and privation had sobered them and they were an excellent influence on the young students, especially in that we could look up to them, always a good thing for the boy. Peoples, for example, could not have been over twenty-two, but when I first saw him, he was presiding over the Calhoun Society, and he looked so august and wise that I was awed and never got over it.

There were men in those days. With all the present day athletics there simply cannot be any one now at Wofford, who, in running and leaping, wrestling and boxing—all the pentathlon except the discus—can equal John Woods, and he looked more the young Achilles in handsome features, superb form and eagle eye, than any man since his day. F. S. DuPré was doubtless a better pitcher than any man we developed, but I am sure that no man has ever since knocked a home-run regularly as far as Charlie Walker used to send it, and the boys of the present day have never seen such a feat as when Clough Wallace slid into second base, eleven feet with an eleven dollar pair of light trousers on. He was wearing his best "pants" in honor of the girls, but he did not mind the color or cost when a base was to be won. Ah! those days of the contests between the "Pioneers" and the "Wofford Stars!" There can't be any men there now as strong as Barber. We thought him just a little inferior to Sampson. There was a secret wish, doubtless, that he and John Woods would have it out sometime, but they were good friends like Bill Stallings and Bob Durham and avoided settlement of the disputed supremacy. Besides Ransy Sniffle was wanting and there were no wives to complicate the situation.

Speaking of looking up to men, I remember the first time I ever saw the senior class out together. I was on the front porch looking down on them as they gathered near the door of the west wing before going into Hebrew with Professor Lester. There were only twelve of them but no senior class of any size, anywhere, has ever since so awed me. I think they all wore long coats—certainly DuPré and Eidson did—and some had on broadcloth perhaps, though it was a week day.

That first Friday night in the Calhoun Society! Nothing can ever again impress me as the grave and solemn way in which President E. W. Peoples recited the ritual of initiation to us neophytes. The debate that followed greatly impressed me. Lewis Jones, a senior then, took part and prepared me for the impression made in the following December by his first speech on "Hebrew Poetry;" but when Waddy Thomp-

son, in an impassioned utterance, referred to the "blind old man Scio's rocky isle," my respect even for Homer was increased and my admiration for Thompson—a sophomore quoting poetry in debate, was unbounded. But the culmination of the evening was when John Cleveland spoke. He was First Critic, sat at his little table behind the big dictionary, wore gold-rimmed glasses, had side whiskers, was dressed in broad-cloth, and carried a gold headed cane. He rose with dignity—a volunteer in the debate—spoke with ease and fluency, rising at times almost to the impassioned, and all without a note for reference. I had never seen the like before, and I never got over it. Of course it was not a surprise to me to learn that he was to be the anniversary orator in November. He became and remained my hero of debate all through the year. I admired him somewhat at a distance, calling him always then, and for years afterwards—indeed until I became professor at Wofford—"Mr. Cleveland." He was aware of my admiration, I think, for he rewarded me, when he became president, by appointing me on the "Query Committee" instead of on the "Hall Committee." You young men see occasionally the wealthy financier and ex-railroad president, and you may have come perhaps once in your course under the spell of his eloquence, but my word for it, though his reputation as a finished speaker is wide as the state, he can't speak now as he did in October, 1868!

I could fill your whole Journal with accounts of Lewis Cannon's clever, incisive, effective argumentation; of Wash Boyd's oratorical power steadily growing until he became, perhaps, the best speaker of the college; of reports that came over to the Calhouns of Davies Kirkland's prowess in debate, making him, even in his junior year, Charlie Walker's only rival in the Preston Society of that period; of how Coke Smith was recognized, even in his Freshman year, as a leader by his effective way of telling a story, his power of mimicry, his readiness in debate, his fluent speech, which sometimes, even then, was close to eloquence. Speaking of debate reminds me of Charlie Woods, who came to be recognized in



his senior year as the weightiest speaker in the Calhoun Society.

One thing especially marked the college in 1868, which I hope characterizes it still—a high sense of honor. Even in the literary societies the office sought the man, not the man the office. Electioneering for office, either by a man himself or by his friends, killed him completely. Some one remarked once that — ought to have an office. It was taken for electioneering and the man was left out a year or more. There was a tradition that a student had some years before been guilty of licentious conduct, which became known to his fellows. They did not wait for the faculty to act, but held a meeting and told him he had evidently mistaken his crowd; they were gentlemen and he could get out. Such traditions are great things for the morality of a college. Tradition in our day favored, too, regular attendance at class, not “cutting.” I attended commencement in July, 1868, and heard Dr. Shipp read out the name of his son, John, as having attended every college exercise for four years, and Partridge and Sanders as absent from nothing during the whole of their Freshman year. Immediately I determined to do the same. I made it in my Freshman year, but unfortunately in the spring of my Sophomore year I took the measles, and the unhappiest day of my life up to that time was when I had to hear for the first time the college bell call to duty and could not go. To this day I have a contempt for a man who “cuts,” even when the college law allows a certain number of “cuts.”

There was a part of our training as students that must not be passed over here, what the young ladies of the town—we had too much respect for them to call them “girls”—did for us. A good Episcopalian lady, who moved in the first circles of Spartanburg, used to say that the transformation wrought by Wofford in the crude country products that came up in October was marvelous; that a fellow who came as Freshman and left as Senior became wonderfully changed in his bearing as well as in his clothes. That was true, and we owed it largely to the young ladies. The Seniors and the

Juniors and the older fellows generally were on good terms with them and visited them as a matter of pure enjoyment. But the young ladies were good enough to allow Freshmen and Sophomores to get practice in "company manners," for where there were two or more young ladies, and sometimes where there was only one, we called in groups of two or more.

Your Wofford has at least one thing as good as the Wofford of old days, viz., Dr. Carlisle. But he belonged to us before he did to you, and he grew to what he is in making us. An ex-lieutenant governor of Mississippi was in my house the past summer, talking of Dr. Carlisle and the original Wofford faculty; as gentlemen and makers of men, he thought them the peers of any faculty anywhere, and Dr. Carlisle is to him still a hero, a sage, the greatest man he ever saw. You have him still; sit at his feet reverently to learn, not to criticise, as men have been doing for fifty years.

C. F. S. '72.

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*Tidido.*

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Tidido was his name, that and nothing else, so far as we could learn from the company of gypsies with which he was travelling. He was a handsome boy, having the dark hair and complexion characteristic of an Italian and a languid expression in his eyes that made you think that he was very sleepy. You soon found your mistake when you tried to get him into conversation, for he was as ready with his wit and as fluent a talker as you could wish.

I was staying at my grandfather's when I first met him. His company had camped just across the creek from our house about a half mile, and had been there about a week when one evening Tidido appeared at the house with a pitcher and very politely asked if the "mistress would let Tidido have a little milk for his sick mother?"

Of course grandmother gave him the milk and told him to come back and get some more in the morning. He was profuse in his thanks and said that his little sister would come

in the morning. We went into the house to supper and after a while when everything was quiet in the house and we were all gathered in the large sitting room, the windows open, we heard someone playing a violin. The music was soft at first, then it grew louder and stronger and at last died away altogether ending with the most beautiful melody I ever heard drawn from a violin. We were all amazed, for we knew no one in that neighborhood who could play so well, and we were at a loss to know who the musician could be. Grandfather at length went out on the porch and immediately came in with the announcement that it was Tiddo. And sure enough it was. We called to him to come in but he would not answer and when grandfather went out into the yard Tiddo at once started towards the gate. He stopped at a little distance, however, and again we heard the violin. This time it was not as before, but a rollicking, lively air that filled the place with music.

What his object was in thus serenading us at that hour we did not know, but he told us sometime afterward that his mother had sent him. This does not connect itself with my story, however. Some months before grandfather had discharged three of his farm hands because they got drunk and raised a row over a game of cards. Drunkenness was one thing grandfather would not tolerate, and the first man who broke this rule was at once discharged. All of these hands had returned the day after grandfather had discharged them and begged to be re-employed. They did not succeed in this and at last grew violent and threatened all kinds of revenge. Grandfather listened to them and smiled, and at last went away in the direction of the town.

We did not expect to see them again, but we did. The very same night that Tiddo played his violin to us so beautifully we heard from the three rascals that had been run off. We had all retired and I was almost asleep when I heard some one at the side veranda window tapping very quietly. I at once woke grandfather, and he went to see who it was, I got up and followed him as far I dared, for I was only about eight years old at the time, and few boys of eight

would go far through the dark halls of an old colonial house such as that was.

Grandfather soon came back, very much excited, and leading somebody, I could not tell who, by the hand. He bade me light a candle, and when I did so I saw that it was Tiddo whom he had brought into our room.

"Close the blinds Ralph," grandfather said, "and draw the curtains for the light must not be seen." This was growing interesting, and, wondering what was the matter, I obeyed him. "Now Tiddo tell me what you heard them say." Tiddo told how, as he was on his way back to the gypsie camps, he had been frightened by coming upon three men seated by the road discussing some subject very vehemently and when they saw him one of them, very drunk, started up and called to him to come to him or he would kill him. Tiddo was so surprised and scared that he did not move, and it was not until one of the men called something in a maudlin voice about "the cub what lived at Cunnel Tillotson's and owned the silver," that Tiddo found his legs and made use of them immediately, not stopping until he was out of reach of the drunken man.

Tiddo was no meddler, but he did think that three men, drunk and quarrelling among themselves at that time of night about silver, was very unusual, and so after thinking it over he crossed the road and, climbing the high rail fence, crept back up the cornfield on the inside of the fence. Pretty soon he heard the men arguing again and, creeping up behind them, heard plainly every thing they said. It was nothing less than a plan to burglarize the house and make away with all the family silver which was kept in a chest in the dining room. Some of this old silver was priceless for it had been given to my grandfather's mother by Napoleon Bonaparte himself, and grandfather's excitement was due to the fact that he knew he could do nothing to keep the desperate fellows from carrying out their plans. Grandfather was nearly eighty years old and, although a fine old man, he was of course, no match for three drunken fiends bent on

robbery, and it happened that there was not a gun on the place.

Tiddo was small but he was brave beyond his size. He grew very much excited and his story was full of gestures which he made use of in place of words he did not know. Grandfather sat still and thought. I crept into bed and pulled the cover over my head, while Tiddo talked. At last grandfather stood up and said that he would go at once and conceal the chest of silver and then lock the doors and keep them out as best he could. But Tiddo grasped his arm and said excitedly "No! no! That do no good, they come, door do not hold, they mak-a you tell, maybe—what you say?—murder! Mans drunk, not mind what him do, yes, do anything! Tiddo got heap better way! Listen! that house—what you call him—dee-ry—what Mistress get milk for Tiddo—  
—it made of stone? yes! Drunk mans never get out quick there."

"What are you driving at, boy?" asked grandfather, in a dazed sort of way.

"You go sleep, Tiddo be in big hall down on floor. Man's come, Tiddo ask what they want. Then they curse Tiddo and break in, but you hide silver, they not find. Then Tiddo give them some more wine. They be drunk—very drunk—and then Tiddo ask them if they want silver. They say yes, and Tiddo tell them come with him an' they will get it. Yes, they get him, but not the way they think. You get 'hind door an' when they inside you slam door and we got him all safe! Eh! you see?"

"But what if they won't follow you?" asked grandfather doubtfully.

"Drunk mans big fool, him go!" said Tiddo confidently.

As this seemed the only plan grandfather decided to try it. He went down to the dining-room and hid the silver in the kitchen. Then he went into the hall with Tiddo and showed him a lounge to lie down upon. Then he came back up-stairs and waking grandmother told her all about the plan. She was very much frightened at first but after a time she became more calm and, calling me into her room,

locked the door and put on her dress. I stayed in the bed as close to the wall as I could get and only took the cover off my head when I had to breathe.

It was not long before we heard heavy steps on the piazza and a thick voice calling out that "there ain't nobody here but the kid." Tiddo had opened the front door and the three men, almost too drunk to walk, followed him into the dining room. One of them spied a decanter of brandy which was upon the sideboard and at once made for it. Then there was a scuffle which shook all the glasses from the sideboard and ended in the brandy being spilled.

"Git some more, kid, ef ye knows whats good fer ye!" commanded one of the men. Tiddo found the jug in a closet and they at once started drinking again. Pretty soon one of them asked, "Whur's that chist we come fer? Whur is it, kid?"

"Don't know," answered Tiddo with rare presence of mind.

"Don't know hey? Well, find it then!"

So Tiddo beckoned to them to follow and led the way through the hall and kitchen out to where the milk-house stood in the yard.

There was grandfather standing behind the door. Tiddo saw him but the three men did not. He led them straight to the door and said, "You go in, him down there."

So they started down the steps and as the last one got inside the door Tiddo gave him a tremendous shove that sent him stumbling down against his companions, and all brought up in a pile on the floor with a great clatter of milkpans and jars. Grandfather had slammed the door, shut and fastened it, and had braced it with a heavy plank, so the men were safe for a time, at least. Then Tiddo asked, "You got horse, I go for 'nother mans?" So grandfather got him a horse, and told him the way, and away he went. Soon he was back with two of the neighbors and they stayed until the next day when the sheriff came and took charge of the three prisoners.

Tiddo was of course the hero of the hour, and grandfather

would have him and his mother and sister to come and live on the plantation from that time on. Tiddo proved himself to be a musician of exceptional promise, and after going to the school in town for a while he went to New York where he is now, and bids fair to equal the famous young Pole, Kubelik, as a violinist.

C. E. C.

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*Life.*

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Why do we mourn for the days that are gone,  
 And weep for the things that will never  
 Come wandering back, since once they have flown,  
 Forever, and ever, and ever!

The future will garner the deeds that we do,  
 Those mingled with joy and with sorrow,  
 Then sow while the daylight still beameth afar,  
 With thought of the harvest to-morrow.

The river of time flows silently on,  
 And, yet, how swift is its flowing!  
 So the seeds that we sow forever will grow  
 And keep growing, and growing, and growing.

To-day we are children and cry for our toys;  
 To-morrow we're stooped with our burden—  
 Oh! life's empty dream will soon fade away  
 In the glories of dawn and its dawning.

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*King Cotton: His Rise to Power.*

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Where the cotton plant was first cultivated, or what people were the first to spin its snowy fibres into threads and weave these into cloth, will probably remain as one of the problems which cannot be solved by the human mind. Before the Christian era, Herodotus had written of an Indian plant "which instead of fruit, produces wool, of a finer quality than that of sheep." Subsequent writers inform us

of its being known in other eastern countries, and Columbus found it in the western lands of South America and the Indies. But the first notice taken of the plant in what is now the United States was in 1536, by De Vica.

The first planting of the seed in America seems to have been at Jamestown in 1607, the year of its settlement. And all along through the seventeenth century we find mention by travellers of the cultivation of the cotton plant, in Virginia, in South Carolina, and in Georgia. But not until the beginning of the eighteenth century was cotton regarded in any other light than as a garden plant.

It seems strange that the Southern colonists, knowing the adaptability of their soil and climate for the growth of the plant, should have neglected its culture for so long a time. But one cause for this neglect was the limited market which the American cotton grower was sure to find for his produce; domestic manufacturing being discouraged and even forbidden to the colonists, and the stationary character of the cotton industry of the old countries causing little encouragement to be offered these. Another hindrance was the difficulty found in separating the seed from the fibre. There were no machines for this purpose, and the only process was the exceedingly tedious one of picking the seed out by hand.

But now came a change vitally affecting the American colonies. The Revolution severed the ties between the colonies and the mother country, and the indigo trade, the greatest source of profit to the colonists, was almost destroyed. The rice industry had also declined, and the cultivation of tobacco in Virginia was falling off, the land being exhausted by successive cropping. Another product was necessary to take the place of these.

At the close of the Revolution, there came from the Bahama Islands a Mr. Levette, who settled on one of the sea islands off the coast of Georgia. Hither also came to him in 1786, from a friend in the Bahamas, some cotton seed. The seed was of the long staple variety then being cultivated in these islands, and which was famous for the great length



and silky character of its fibres. These seed were planted and, in due time, an abundant harvest was gathered. This marked the finding, at an opportune time, of the key to the South's great store-house of wealth, from which the colonists might recuperate their fallen fortunes.

This cotton was much superior to the variety heretofore known. It had fibres of greater length and strength and brought a much higher price in foreign markets. Neither was it so difficult to clean; the seed did not cling tenaciously to the fibre, and the simple roller gins, then the only known, were used to advantage. So the people turned themselves eagerly to its cultivation. But they soon found that it was not adapted to the uplands; its home was the sea islands and a narrow strip of country along the coast. Then they hastened their steps to this land of fortunes, and the rapidity of its occupation is shown by the increase of the product. But the upland farmers did not share in the good fortune; he was still unable to clean his cotton.

Eli Whitney, a Massachusetts boy, graduated at Yale College in 1792 and then came southward, intending to teach a school in South Carolina. On his way south he formed the acquaintance of the widow of General Nathaniel Green, and was invited by her to spend a few days at her home near Savannah, Georgia. Here he heard some gentlemen from the upper part of the state discussing the need of a machine for cleaning the short staple cotton. While thinking over the matter, Whitney was urged by the manager of the estate of Mrs. Greene to try to invent a machine which would answer the above purpose; he himself offering to bear the entire expense of the undertaking. With this proposition Whitney began work. The result was a machine which pulled the fibres from the seed by means of circular saws—the original of the gin of today. The last obstacle was now removed and "Cotton" was free to spread over and to occupy the land which it was one day to claim for its own.

This invention made the culture of cotton immediately monopolize the attention of the upland planters of South Carolina and Georgia. They abandoned the growing of cereals

and left their grist mills standing idle to enter the ranks of the growers of the fleecy staple. It could now be cleaned better than that from any other country and grew in favor with British manufacturers. The price of slaves, which heretofore had been low, went up by leaps and bounds, for at last was found the occupation designed by nature for them. The culture of the plant was simple and the slave could be taught in a mechanical way how to plant, cultivate, and harvest the crop. Its cultivation also furnished him with steady employment and kept him from being idle on the hands of his master. Thus we find the plantations of Virginia and Maryland giving up their black cultivators to the snow-white fields of the South; and side by side cotton and slavery gradually pushed westward over hills and prairies, across the Mississippi, and into the far West.

We find now the increasing business of cotton-growing falling into the hands of the large landowners. The working of slaves required an overseer, and four or five slaves working on a small farm required supervision as well as twenty on the large plantation. It was economy to work them in large bodies. And again the "one crop" cultivation necessitated the constant bringing of new land under cultivation. The grower planted cotton in successive crops on his land, and when it became worn out from this process he abandoned his old fields for new and fertile ones. This practice made necessary the possession of an abundance of land. But the planters soon found that this practice was causing a scarcity of fertile land—room was needed for expansion. And again comes a discovery at an opportune time.

Cotton was now supposed to have its home on the uplands. But about 1830 it was discovered that the Mississippi country possessed wonderful cotton growing qualities. These fields were exceedingly fertile and the large rivers furnished excellent means of transportation. So now began a migration of masters and slaves to this new territory. Planters in the old states sent their sons to these new fields. The room for expansion was furnished.

Thus we find that by 1850 the outline of the cotton belt, almost as it has since remained, was already to be traced. The production in many parts of the country has increased since then, but the boundaries of the belt have been pushed but little beyond what they now are. "King Cotton" has outlined his dominions.

Ten years later, at the beginning of the civil war, cotton growing is at the height of its glory. We find the typical plantation situated beside some river, whose waters, glistening in the light of a southern sun, move lazily, and on whose bosom float the ships of peace, carrying the product of the plantation to the seaboard. On a bluff overlooking the river is the stately mansion of the planter. Here the appearance of everything indicates the life of luxurious ease of the aristocrat. Near the mansion is situated the house of the overseer, and back of both we notice a row of cabins, the quarters of the slaves. Working in the fields of cotton and singing at their work, are crowds of laborers, overlooked and directed by the overseer. While on every side, extending almost as far as the eye can see, are the cotton fields, white with the harvest waiting to be gathered. Surely, now, "Cotton is King."

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Four years of civil strife have passed, and we find the agriculture of the South in a chaotic condition. The Southerner returned from the war to find his home and possessions destroyed by the ravages of invaders and his industrial system completely collapsed. Slavery, the foundation of this industrial system, was a thing of the past. The former slave was a freedman. The planter had to begin anew, and the question which confronted him was how to get laborers for his estate.

The plan which the planter decided upon was to hire his former slaves and continue the old system, in other respects unchanged. But this failed utterly. The freedman, paid for the first time for his labors, wanted his wages often, and when he got it, did nothing more until it was spent. He would not work steadily but wished to loaf and enjoy his

freedom. He would cultivate the planter's crop and then, at harvest time, would leave to attend a big campmeeting. The plan soon ran the planter into debt, and, as no other course was open, he was compelled to throw his land upon the market. It was bought in small farms by the former class of "poor whites." The ante-bellum system had perished; the small farmer had come upon the scene.

This farmer coming into the possession of land for the first time, had a mania for growing cotton, and, at the same time, a lack of capital to begin with, so he went to the merchant for credit, and, as security for the payment of his debt, gave a lien on his crop of cotton—land was worth little and was refused as security. The merchant met the risks by charging much higher prices for his goods than when sold for cash. For this reason, perhaps, the cotton of the farmer was not sufficient to pay his debt at the end of the year. Failing to pay all, he was bound to trade with the same merchant the next year, and the merchant demanded more cotton. This practice for successive years caused an over-production of the staple, the price fell, and the farmer found himself hopelessly in debt, and with no alternative but to go in further. He was bound to cotton by a law as inexorable as any ever enacted by the most despotic of governments. Again "Cotton is King" but his rule is despotic. It is the unwise rule of the King, which impoverishes his subjects.

Many plans have been made for setting this farmer on his feet again. One was the establishment of banks for his aid. But these banks, on account of insecurity of loans, charged high interest, and the farmer was benefitted but little. Another was to decrease production, but it is clearly seen that he was unable to do this. The plan which it was claimed would be most successful was the establishment of "co-operative peoples' banks." As the name suggests, these are institutions of the people. The farmer would be made a shareholder, and, because of this interest in the organization, would be encouraged to meet his obligations, and to see that his neighbor did so.

But it seems that with these plans, by a natural process of

evolution, this problem is being solved. The Southern cotton grower is steadily improving his financial condition. In many instances he is aiding this process by diversified farming. In some sections the profitable growing of tobacco is reaching important proportions. But cotton still remains the great staple product. And the people, if not bound to do so, have sufficient inducement for continuing its culture. By improved methods of farming they are enabled to produce it more cheaply. The price paid for it has not for several years fallen below the point which allows a profit. And it is safe to say that the crop will not be increased. The present crops tax the labor force of the South, and if increased they could not be harvested. Northern capitalists are putting their wealth into southern cotton factories. Already we hear the faint hum of the spindle which forecasts for us the future of the South in this industry. These factories are built in the midst of the great cotton fields. The former cost of getting the cotton to the Northern mills, now goes to the Southern farmer as an increased price for his cotton, and in many other ways this bringing in of additional wealth, and establishing of productive enterprises, is bound to benefit every class of the people. The South is coming forth in her grandeur and her glory with prosperity thundering from every mountain top, from every vale and dell, and the glorious refrain, "Cotton is King," shall still be heard o'er the land.

L. MCD. OLIVER.

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*Reginald Clayton, the Writer.*

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Thoughts of becoming a writer had crossed the mind of Reginald Clayton long before he began to "write for publication," as a young lady relative ironically expressed it. He was only a country lad, but there were developing within him those sterling qualities of manhood which constant association with nature always gives to man. His father, although a man of moderate means, was, nevertheless, mindful of the intellectual needs of his family, so he provided for

them year by year a few well-selected books and subscribed regularly to several periodicals, among which were two or three story papers of the first quality. Reginald devoured eagerly this limited but valuable fund of knowledge, which, together with his faithful application to his school books, soon gave him a decided advantage over his associates.

But with all this he was strong and active and didn't fail to contribute his full part in the activities of the playground. Whenever he took the bat in the ball game it was a foregone conclusion among the boys that his team would be the winning one while he stood there, for the ball was always hit with unerring accuracy and knocked farther than anyone else could place it. As he toiled in the fields through the long summer days he forgot the discomforts and fatigue of his work in thinking over and mentally digesting the chapter in a book which he read the previous night, or perhaps the latest story which struck his fancy. Thus he was consciously going through the most important part of his mind's development.

"I believe I'll try to write some to the papers myself," he exclaimed to his father one night after he had just finished reading an inspiring account of a poor but energetic southern girl who had succeeded in writing a story which brought her two hundred and fifty dollars. Although he was at this time only sixteen, yet his ambition in this direction now began to take definite shape. Mr. Clayton smiled at this remark but was not at all disposed to discourage his son. From that time on he spent much time writing and re-writing his articles until he thought the editor might accept them. While a few of the local papers did publish his pieces, in the most instances they were returned. But even this local success was a source of peculiar pleasure, and it caused him to be much talked about in the community. Sometimes he was rather over-bold, for he sent a few articles to publications of national reputation. One of these which he submitted to a well-known northern magazine, when returned, was accompanied by a personal letter from the editor-in-chief. He especially prized this letter from such a

distinguished man as it gave him much encouragement in his literary aspirations. In passing, it would be well to note that his mischievous younger brother took great delight in taunting him about his successive defeats. This cut him to the heart for a time but it made him more determined to attain success.

Reginald at last wrote two very interesting stories, but for a while he wouldn't send them off fearing that they, too, would be rejected. But finally he submitted one of them to a high grade story paper, one of which circulates widely through the south. A month passed and he had almost forgotten that he had sent the story, when one day he happened to go to town for his father, and calling for the mail he was surprised to find a letter for him from the editorial department of the "Weekly." It was a moment of great suspense when he was opening it as he clearly saw that it was too small to contain his story. On finding that it contained a check for five dollars he experienced a sense of joy which was indescribable. No subsequent success elated him quite so much as this. After having it cashed at the bank he returned home, but was too delighted for a while to tell anyone about it, not even his younger brother. Finally he told his mother and then his father, and before long the secret was out among the whole family. Of course, this brought his brother's taunts to an end, but, with characteristic adaptability to circumstances, this young gentleman changed his tactics and began to apply high-sounding titles to his name. But then that was not half so bad.

That it would not be long before the story would appear in print Reginald well knew. It happened just at this juncture that he was preparing to visit relatives in another county, and he was afraid that he would not see it when it came out, especially as Mr. Clayton's subscription had just run out and he had been a little tardy in renewing. Only a few miles away from his home there lived one about whom all of his fair dreams were beginning to center, and she was also taking the same periodical, so he planned to speak to

her at church on the following Sunday concerning this matter.

"Gertrude," he said, after service that day, "may I ask a favor of you?"

"Why certainly," she replied pleasantly.

"Well, then," he continued, attempting to assume an indifferent air, "I wish you would watch the columns of the 'Weekly' and if you find a story with my name as its author please save it for me until my return."

"Have you really written a story for that paper?"

"Indeed I have; and they sent me five dollars for it. I suspect it will appear during my absence, hence my request."

"Of course I will save it for you, and gladly so,"

Her look of surprise quickly dispelled the affected expression of indifference on Reginald's face, and it, too, was aglow with pleasure.

That all-important issue of the "Weekly" did not come, however, until he came back home, and then its arrival brought another thrill of delight to him. On the Sunday after, when he reached the little country church, a group of people were discussing the authorship of that article, many thinking that it was another person of the same name. When appealed to about it Reginald modestly plead guilty to the accusation, much to the astonishment of his friends. Many compliments were paid to him, and even the minister stopped to give him a word of encouragement.

He soon went away to college and spent two very profitable years there. As time would permit he would continue his writing, believing that upon the right cultivation of his talents in this direction many of his victories in the battle of life would depend. In this way he was able to correct many faults of his diction which had been revealed to him in the pursuit of his studies. Mr. Clayton told him as he entered the second year that after the following commencement he would be unable to send him to college any longer. But young Clayton was determined to complete his education. It was about Christmas when he saw that a prominent paper was offering a prize of five hundred dollars for the best story



of a certain length to be sent in before the first of June. It was a great task but he thought: "There is nothing like trying." And many a time after he had finished getting up his lessons for the next day he would burn the midnight oil over that story. It was finally completed and sent on.

June came and he went home. One day his father handed him a letter. It read as follows:

Dear sir:—

The excellent manuscript submitted by you in the recent contest has won the prize. We take great pleasure in inclosing a check for five hundred dollars (\$500.)

With best wishes we are,

Sincerely yours,

The Editors.

"I feel as if I had my diploma now," he joyfully exclaimed, handing the letter to his parents. And as he turned away he said to himself: "Gertrude must know this."

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# Wofford College Journal.

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## Editorial Department

M. W. SLOAN, Editor.

**A Suggestion** You have, perhaps, smiled at the caution of that old Saxon thane who, when the zealous priest had carried Christianity to Britain, desiring to profit by any benefits which might be secured by the acceptance of the new religion, yet afraid to risk any loss which a desertion of his old gods might cause, erected an altar in his hall to the new faith, but retained the shrine dedicated to idolatry in an inconspicuous corner.

Wofford has given her recognition of the rapid strides the world is making in material lines by the installation of incandescent lights—a little tardily, perhaps, but that by way of parenthesis. On the two public functions which have been given since Christmas by the students the lights were not the shining success which was expected of them. Who will ever forget the oratorical contest given at times under the splendor of a myriad of electric lights, at times in inky darkness, and at times with only burning matches held by the audience to act as beacons to the speakers in the darkness?

Of course we realize that both the entertainments were held under very unfavorable circumstances, such as are not apt to occur again in years, but it seems to us that the faculty could imitate with profit the conservatism of the sturdy Saxon nobleman, and remember the usefulness of gas while recognizing the superior advantages of electricity. A few gas jets in the chapel for use in case of emergency, would at least prevent Wofford's future orators from having nervous prostrations when the sun failed to peer through the clouds on the morning preceding an evening entertainment.



**Baseball** The baseball season begins under very auspicious circumstances. In the first place, we did not have any football last fall and the student body is thirsting for some athletic excitement. Then, thanks to the energy of Manager Wilson, the athletic grounds are to be in the best condition that we have ever known.

Let the student body adopt the famous motto of the "Three Musketeers," "*L'un pour tous et tous pour l'un.*" Let those who can play try for the team. There are nine regular and several substitute players needed. Even if you don't make the team, one will have the satisfaction of helping those who will represent the Old Gold and Black. Those who are not given to active participation in athletics can help by their interest and money. Let the team feel that they have the student body back of them. None can estimate how great an effect an enthusiastic support from the college has. Let us all "get in the game" and the team of 1903 will bring back to Wofford the laurels won by those of '98, '99, and '00.



**The Literary Societies** The importance of the benefits to be derived from an intelligent interest in the literary societies cannot be exaggerated. The essays which one must write afford excellent literary training. Participation in the debates teaches one to forget false modesty. The ability to express oneself easily and forcibly and

to think on one's feet is an accomplishment which will prove useful in after life.

When one alumnus after another returns to his old society and tells us that he got more help from his society duty than any one branch of his scholastic work, the use that we are making of this opportunity should be considered by everyone. The alumni say that the societies do not do the work that they did in their day. We must make some allowance for the human nature which makes every man think his own days better than any other, but the conviction is forced upon us that there must be some truth in these statements. There are many reasons why oratory is not as popular in the southern college as it was twenty-five years ago. There are now a hundred other avenues for collegiate ambition and activity, while in the past platform speaking was the only one. This change is reflected in the larger life of the world. The southern gentleman of the old school wished to court fame by the path which Calhoun had trod; the southerner of today seeks prosperity in the many manufacturing industries which have made the New South what it is.

While this trend of affairs may be the cause of the declining interest in oratory, it should not be used as an excuse for neglecting society work. After the March examinations both societies enter their newly repaired halls. Let us do work in them which will be worthy of their beauty, worthy of their wealth of memories and traditions, worthy of the names they bear—Calhoun and Preston.

## Exchange Department.

W. W. BOYD, Editor.

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*The College Independent*, although very young in the field of college journalism, is a splendid little magazine, and each number shows some improvement over former numbers. We make one suggestion; that advertising matter be printed in the first or last pages rather than placed alongside the reading matter.

*The College Rambler* contains only one story and a few short sketches. A few more contributions would add much to this journal.

In *The Baylor Literary* we find a number of short stories and essays. The variety is pleasing. "Chaucer, the Poet" shows careful preparation.

The January number of the *Furman Echo* has reached us and we are glad to note that it is a better number than any we have received heretofore.

One of our best exchanges is the *Trinity Archive*. Two interesting articles are, "Page's Rebuilding of Commonwealth" and "Ernest Seton-Thompson."

*The Emory and Henry Era* is full of fine stories, and contains several poems which are equal to any found in our exchanges. "A moral Compromise" contains some helpful thought, but the style of the article is a little unattractive. "The Adjective of Emergency" was evidently written by an apostle of McHugh. Although to one who must read a number of college journals, fiction is quite acceptable, we think a little heavy material would add something to this magazine.

We always welcome the *Criterion* and find it an interesting magazine. "The Extracts from Letters Written in China" are inspiring and give a definite idea of some Chinese man-

ners and customs. "Goethe's Friendship with Schiller" is an instructive article. "Which Loved Her Best" is a pathetic little love story

The *Hampden-Sydney Magazine* is a neat little magazine and the material is well arranged. "Duty" is an ethical discussion of some merit. The author of "A Plea Against the Publication of Love-letters" may have the correct idea but it will take much argument and persuasion to carry out this principle. This magazine contains a comparatively large amount of poetry and it is of a high order. We commend especially the poem "On the Death of a Crane."

Of the many magazines we receive none has a more uniformly high standard than *The Wake Forest Student*. Every article seems to be prepared with care. "When Cupid Winds His Bow" and "Saved and Won" are interesting stories. However, in the former we notice several instances of faulty sentence-structure. "Life in the Mountains" is a short, concise description of the manners and customs of the mountaineers of North Carolina. "The Japan Expedition" is an account of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan in 1843 and the far-reaching results obtained. The magazine contains several good articles, among them "Wordsworth's Place in Poetry."

## Alumni Department.

J. C. REDMON, Editor.

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T. G. McLeod, '92, is State Senator from Lee County.

W. P. Baskins, '94, is Clerk of Court of Lee County.

C. C. Leitner, '96, is a prominent real estate agent of Boston, Mass.

H. M. Wilcox, '80, is a successful merchant of Marion, S. C.

W. A. Brown, '74, ex-Senator from Marion County, is a prominent farmer of that county.

T. I. Rogers, '80, is a prominent lawyer of Bennettsville, S. C.

W. J. Crossland, '95, is practicing medicine at Bennettsville.

J. R. Rogers, '95, is a dentist at Dillon, S. C.

E. C. Major, '00, is teaching school at Little Rock, S. C.

T. L. Manning, '97, is farming in Marion County.

W. A. Law, '83, has been elected assistant cashier of the Merchants' National Bank of Philadelphia. He will have the management of all the southern business of that institution. The Merchants' National Bank of Philadelphia is one of the largest financial institutions in America. Mr. Law resigned his position as president of the Central National Bank and the Spartanburg Savings Bank but will continue to be connected with them as vice-president. J. A. Law, '87, president of Saxon Mills, has been elected to the presidency of the Central National Bank and the Spartanburg Savings Bank.

Our Bishop Duncan has been honored with the degree of LL. D. by Trinity College. The Bishop is eminently worthy of the high honor conferred upon him. He is everywhere recognized as a man of literary culture and one of the foremost preachers of his church. President Kilgo, in conferring the degree, spoke of the Bishop as "a true, sincere, just, generous, and unselfish man; a lover of truth and mankind; a patron of learning and virtue; a loyal servant of wide knowledge and influence." He spoke of the degree as "a work of noble distinction, the symbol of learning, justice and strength and a sober mind."—S. C. Advocate.



## Local Department.

LOY D. THOMPSON, Editor

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The Annual Oratorical Contest was held in the College Auditorium Monday evening, February 16th. The evening was terrific because of the down-pour of rain and the severity of the wind storm. Notwithstanding this fact, however, the speeches were thoroughly enjoyed by those present and were highly instructive. There were six contestants, three from the Calhoun and three from the Preston societies. E. K. Hardin, D. E. Camak and C. L. Smith represented the Preston Society. The Calhoun had as its speakers, W. K. Greene, S. M. Dawkins, and L. Q. Crum. The speakers showed good taste in the selection of their subject matter. They all took living burning questions of the day and handled them in a masterful way. Mr. W. K. Greene was the successful contestant. Wofford will be represented by Mr. Greene in the State Inter-Collegiate Contest which is to be held in Greenwood sometime in April. There is where Wofford wins.

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### The Opening of the New Auditorium.

The elegant and commodious Auditorium of Wofford, with a seating capacity of about 1,000, heated by steam and lighted by electricity, was opened on February 13th and 14th with a series of three lectures by Ernest Thompson-Seton.

February 13th, in the afternoon, Mr. Seton delivered his famous children's lecture. At the evening meeting he delighted the large audience with his lecture, "Wild Animals I Have Known." And to bring this course of lectures to a very fitting close, Mr. Seton appeared in a special matinee Saturday afternoon, the 14th, and delivered his latest lecture entitled "Indians as I Have Known Them." This lecture was brilliantly illustrated with scenes from Indian life. The

College was very fortunate to get Mr. Seton here. He is one of the foremost naturalists in the country.

In Geology.—Mr. (Sister) E.—“What peculiarity do you find in this particular species of fish?” “Nothing, Professor, except it has two backbones.”

The elections held in the Preston Society, March 7th, resulted in the selection of the following to serve as officers for the ensuing term: President, L. T. Leitner; vice-president, Loy D. Thompson; first critic, D. M. Ellen; second critic, G. W. Grier; recording secretary, E. L. All; treasurer, E. F. McWhirter; corresponding secretary, W. H. McMillan; first censor, M. W. Sloan; second censor, J. P. Stockman.

Charlie Manning was elected by the Prestons monthly orator for April.

Mr. L. Q. Crum went to Newberry February 11th to represent Wofford on the executive committee of the State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association. It was decided by the committee that the State Inter-Collegiate Contest be held in Greenwood April 21.

The last three lectures in the Wofford Lyceum Course were, in some respects, the finest of the year. They were given by men who stand at the very head of Lyceum lecturers. Dr. Dinsmore, who lectured on “A Visit to Other Worlds” is America’s leading scientist. Dr. J. B. DeMotte, who, by request, repeated the lecture he gave last year on “The Secret of Character Building,” having an audience of 850 on his second visit, is considered by many as holding the first place among Lyceum lecturers, and Ernest Thompson Seton, to whom reference has been made, complete the list of three unusually attractive lectures which the Lyceum course has given us this year. There are others of a very high character in store for us.

The annual celebration of the anniversary of the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies was held Friday, February 27th, in the College Auditorium. The Calhoun Society was represented by T. C. Moss, who chose as his subject: “The

Life and Works of Sidney Lanier." The speaker from the Preston Society was Loy D. Thompson, subject: "The Relation of Literature to the Higher and Fuller Life." After the speakers had finished, a reception was entered into by the young people and the evening, on the whole, was very pleasantly spent.

In science department: "Mr. D—t what is petroleum, is it a liquid or gaseous substance?" "To my certain knowledge it is neither. But it's a *solid gas*."

Among those who have been on the sick list during the month past are: W. C. Owen, L. T. Leitner, L. D. Walker, W. C. Herbert, R. O. Lawton, G. W. Vaughn, T. O. Lawton.

Pres. H. N. Snyder, who has been quite ill for some time, is able to be out again.

The society halls are nearing completion rapidly. When finished they will be the most beautiful in the State. The combination of colors in the steel ceiling and wall paper shows off very tastily.

Examinations began March 11 and will continue through the 21st. They seem to be hydra-headed, as fast as one is laid out another arises to take its place and the end is not yet. As a matter of fact, however, the boys are usually the ones *laid out*.

There are to be played three games of base ball on Wofford's diamond during the South Atlantic May Festival at Converse. One with Clemson College, another with Furman University, and another with Charleston College.

The class rings for the class of '03 have come. The combination of Old Gold and Black, the college colors, represented in the ring shows up very beautifully.

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Have your clothes cleaned and pressed by

D. R. D. GARLINGTON.

An unexpected visit to the Salem College library showed a wonderful state of things. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," stood with arms akimbo, and an anxious pucker of her benevolent forehead as she looked toward "Eastover Court House" where "Lazarse" in lace ruff with sword at his side was talking excitedly about "The Crisis" in his affairs to "The Carolina Cavalier." So much depended upon the coming "Valley of Decison," whether he should be recognized as true king of France, or have to return to the western frontier among "Wild Animals I have Known," or "Animals That Hunt and Are Hunted."

"Elizabeth" in her German garden was asking "The Man From Glengary" about "The Right of Way" for "Kim," in whom she was genuinely interested, while the "April Baby," swinging "the Cat of Bubastes" by the tail to keep time, was singing "Sweetheart Manette" to the tune of "The Suwanee River."

"David Harum" and "D'ri and I," were hoping to bring about a better time by "The Reign of Law," when it would be possible in a good horse trade "To Have and to Hold," without so much outside interference.

"The Gentleman from Indiana," arm in arm with "A Traveler from Altruria" were "Looking Backward" to "The Turn of the Road," where "Bob, Son'of Battle," and "Danny" were having a regular old-time dog-fight, and it was extremely doubtful which would be "The Conquerer," on "The Battleground."

"The Kentucky Cardinal" sat on "The Black Rock" pouring out his richest songs much like Riley's "Lyrics."

"Aunt Serena" was telling "Marietta, the Maid of Venice," and "Cecilia" how, during "One Summer" she had helped "Truth Dexter" to a better position "In the Palace of the King," and "The Climax" was reached by her marriage with "Count Hannibal," in "The Isle of Unrest."

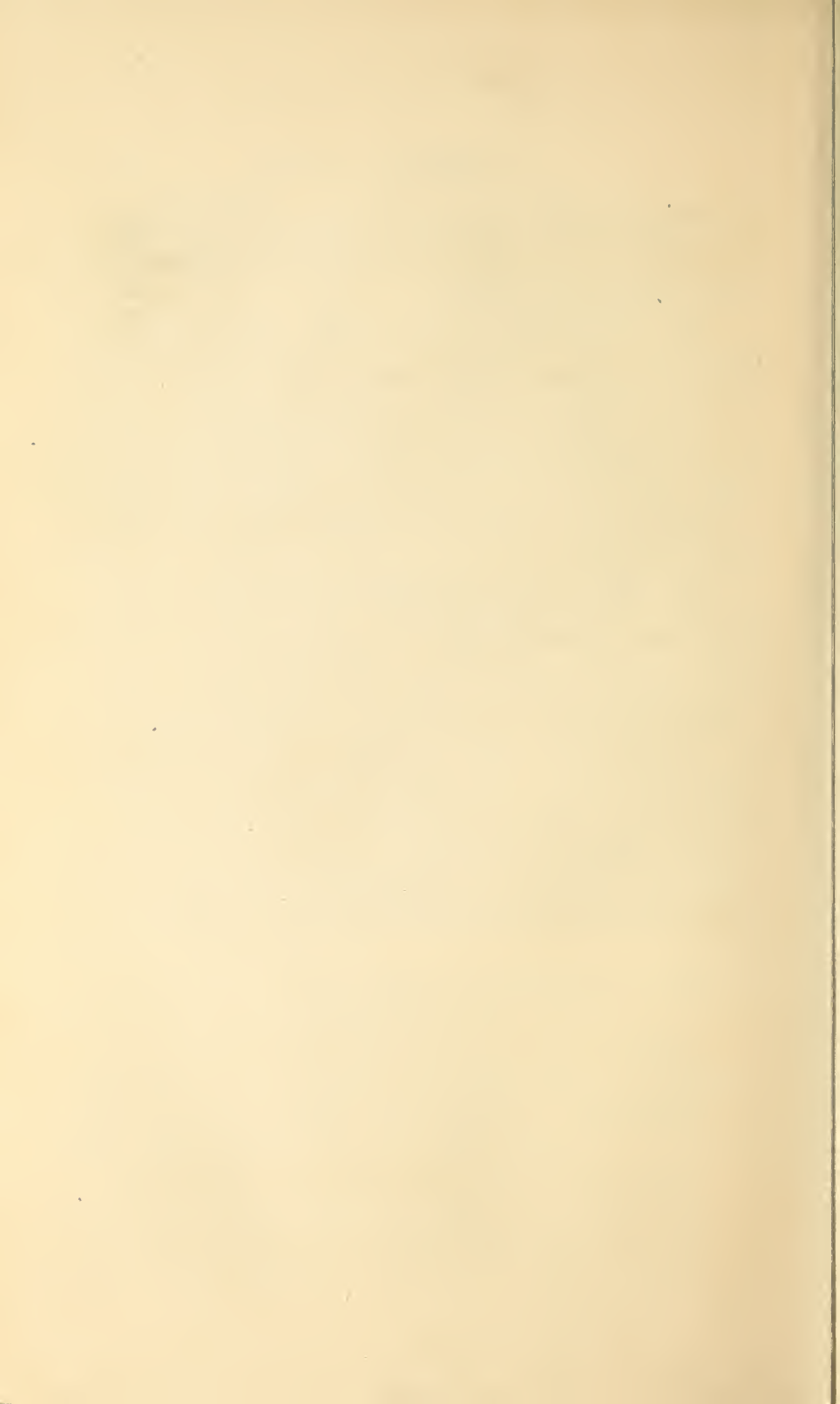
"Eben Holden" and "Betsy Ross" were deep in a discussion on the merits of the first United States flag, while "The Little Minister" was waiting to marry them over the tongs, in gipsy fashion, and "The House With the Green

Shutters" was being made ready for them. "Mistress Joy" was recalling "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," at "The Pines of Song," while enjoying "Black Coffee and Repartee" with "Alice of Old Vincennes."

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" was at "No. 5, John Street" with "Little Saint Elizabeth" and "Sarah Crew," where they were joined by "Happy Dodd," with "Tilda Jane" and "Eight Cousins" to do their Christmas shopping.

"Jo's Boys" were annoying them with firecrackers, but were driven off by a "Friend to Cæsar," who had put on "The Helmet of Navaree," and was talking about their "Cadet Days" with "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the "Cardinal's Musketeer."

"The Virginian" and "Oliver Horn" were having a jolly good time with "Captain Macklin," a real "Soldier of Fortune," while "The Sky Pilot" was teaching them a new trick in baseball. "John Herry" and "Clara J." were trying to solve the problem of "Love and Old Clothes," with "Hearts Courageous;" while sitting on "Red Rock" talking of "The Leopard's Spots" they saw "A Speckled Bird" beautifully mobbed, but it was frightened off by the approach of "The Prince of India," and "Ben Hur," who had been seeking for the "Cardinal's Snuff Box," lost though "Ransom's Folly." By this time my head was in a perfect whirl, and I could say more emphatically than Solomon of old, "of making many books there is no end."—Selected.



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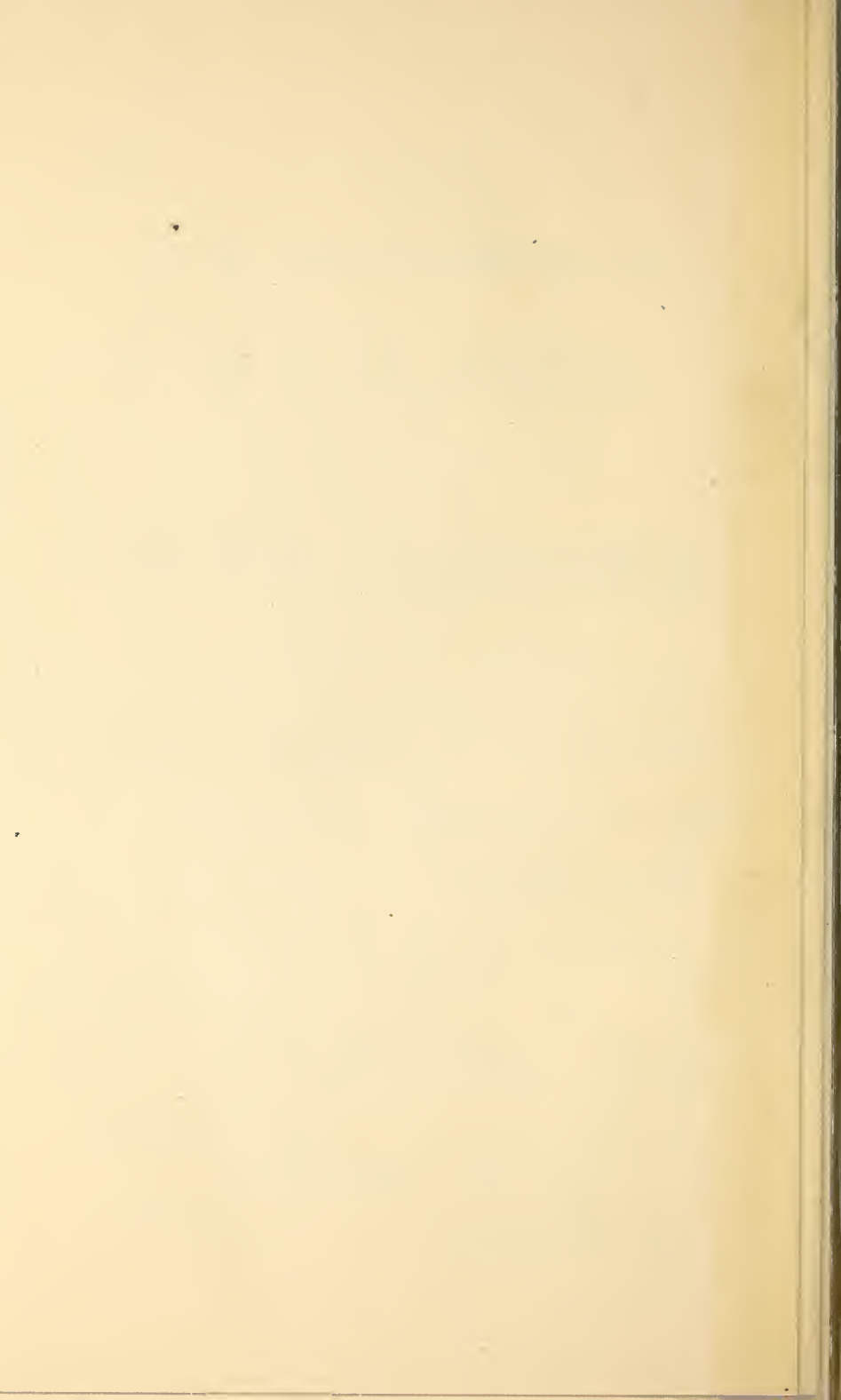
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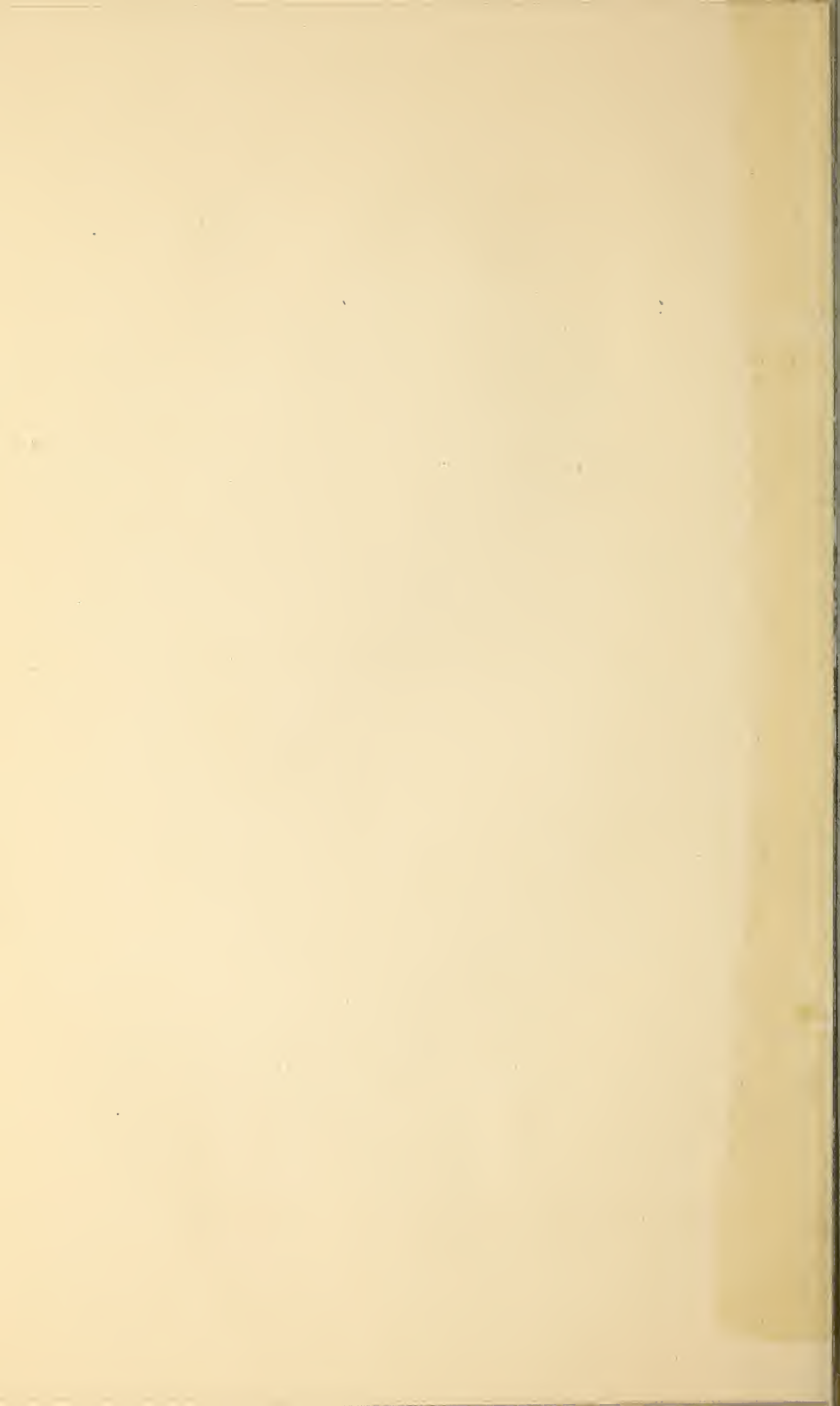
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WALKER COTTAGE



# Wofford College Journal

APRIL, 1903.

VOLUME ~~III~~ XIV

NUMBER

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ARE SPECIALLY  
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**ALL KINDS OF COAL**

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## *ELECTRICITY---GAS*

are necessities.

We deal in 'em.

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## **Base Ball Goods**

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It may be a little soon to play ball, but not too soon for : : : :

## **The Palmetto Book Store**

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to remind the students that it will be headquarters for anything in the base ball line. We will handle only the A. G. Spalding make of goods.

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# It's Up to You, Boys!

If you wish to have your work done on the finest machinery and by the most skilled labor that money can get you should send it to the . . . . .

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**SHOCKLEY PRESCRIPTION SCHOOL,**  
 Spartanburg, S. C.

Spartanburg, S. C., July 15, 1902.

Prof. HUGH T. SHOCKLEY, City:

Dear Professor—As you see by measurements enclosed, I have gained  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in normal chest measure. I am gaining more rapidly now than at first. I feel better than I have for five years, and am satisfied that the exercise has produced my improved health.

(Copy.)

Yours truly,

Rev. M. L. BANKS.



4/19 03  
#13 #7

# Wofford College Journal

## Literary Department

S. M. DAWKINS, EDITOR.

### *Happiness.*

In ages past man was given  
A seed to plant in life's domain;  
It was a gift fresh from Heaven  
To man free from any stain.

For innocent man free from care,  
The gem was sown by God's own hand,  
Up sprang in Joy's own place—a tare,  
Made to grow by foolish man.

Could man have known what he had sown  
From a seed sown to bless,  
He with remorse would have torn  
Love's habitation from his breast.

But men today yearn for thee  
Who hath to realms not our's flown;  
We wish for thee, that thou wouldst be  
The keeper of our life alone.

But hearts are few where thou dost reign  
With uncontested power,  
For envious men do intervene  
Between us and thee, thou fairest flower,  
In God's garden grown.

\* \* \* \* \*

When men perceive  
That to receive  
Is not of life the best,  
But that to give  
Is to live,  
Thou wilt return—Happiness!

*Lord Byron.*

---

Perhaps no other writer of the last century has had so much conflicting criticism passed upon his performance as has Lord Byron. Perhaps no other writer gave to the world such a mixture of good and bad, both in his personal life and in his writings. In his self-abandonment to vice he broke all moral law with reckless disregard of God and man; but on the other hand there was the nobler, truer Byron who could not look on the wrongs of the oppressed and his own soul not burn with indignation. Nor was this enough for his impulsive nature, he must needs throw himself into the struggle and give his life as a sacrifice on the altar of human liberty.

The defects of Byron's character are mirrored in all his literary work. The personal flavor is predominant in all he did. In many of his poems, especially the shorter ones, we feel that he is standing before us demanding us to look at him, to sympathize with him, to weep with him. We do not doubt that Byron suffered for want of sympathy, that the iron often entered his soul and pierced it to its depths, but with the Byron who "placed his heart on his sleeve and said to the world, 'see how it bleeds!'" we have no sympathy at all.

His early training was most unwholesome and injudicious. The violent temper of his mother, together with her moody disposition, left its mark on the character of her son. The malformation of one of his feet prevented him from taking part in outdoor exercise which would have done so much toward helping him to eradicate the evils of his early training, and to acquire a just estimate of his fellow men. That he wished to associate with them is attested by those four brilliant but unhappy years spent in London society. He felt that he ought to have something in common with other men and attempted to take his place among them. He was received with open arms, but in four years he seems to have drunk the cup of social pleasures to the bitter dregs, and to have learned how unfitted he was for such a life. In the

third canto of *Childe Harold*, written in 1816, soon after he exiled himself from his native land never to return, he gives us this estimate of himself:

But soon he knew himself the most unfit  
Of men to herd with man; with whom he held  
Little in common; untaught to submit  
His thoughts to others.

During the four years of London society life Byron's idiosyncracies were followed by the young men as if he were a model of perfection. He assumed a carelessness of dress, disarranged his hair, left his shirt collar unbuttoned; these and other oddities were copied by his admirers to the exaggerated extreme of limping along the street as Byron was forced to do because of his deformed foot. It was unfortunate for him that he was so petted by his admirers. It led him more and more to hide his truer self under a covering of cynicism, and confirmed rather than modified his distorted views of life.

Byron began writing very early, and at the age of nineteen published his first volume of poems entitled *Hours of Idleness*. In these poems there was nothing that gave promise of the advent of another genius in the realm of English literature. The young writer was violently attacked by the *Edinburgh Review*. The lion was aroused in him and *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* was the result. The stinging satire and biting epigrams of this reply showed that a new force in English literature was to be reckoned with. It is a significant fact that Jeffery and Brougham never again ventured to molest Byron. Doubtless they would have preferred a look at the Gorgon's head in preference to another encounter with this young fire-eater.

Byron's real fame dates from his publication of the first two Cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* in 1812. He had journeyed in the East for two years, and this poem was simply a record of his travels. After this his productions came with astonishing rapidity, and a corresponding careless and slovenly composition. He, himself declares: "Lara, I wrote while undressing after coming home from masquerades

in the year of revelry, 1814. *The Bride* was written in four, *The Corsair* in ten days.' For this Byron is not so much to blame as the English public. He was constantly pressed for something new, and during the years that he spent in London he poured forth a constant stream of poetry unworthy of his genius. Society strained him to her bosom and demanded for her amusement those Oriental tales which were devoured so eagerly—tales that had too little vitality to live.

It was at the close of this period that Byron's deeper power began to assert itself. In 1815 he married Miss Millbanke, who left him within a year. This unhappy episode, as it must needs do, swept the deeper chords of his genius, and gave a distinct coloring to his after life, the greater part of which was spent in Italy. On his way thither he met Shelley in Switzerland, and, although the two never became fast friends, each exerted a distinct influence upon the other. Both Byron and Shelley were children of the revolutionary period, which marked the close of the Eighteenth and the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. The turmoil and strife and social upheaval which took place during their boyhood had inflamed their souls with the spirit of revolt against established institutions and led them to the very bitterest extremes. Besides that of Shelley was another influence which came into Byron's life about this time. In 1817 he moved to Venice and came under the influence of the great Italian writers, just as he had previously felt that of Goethe. But none of these influences marred his individuality. Whatever the performance may be, good or bad, it has the Byronic flavor.

It has been said that Wordsworth is the only one of Byron's contemporaries worthy to rank with him as a man of genius, but the temperament and viewpoint of these two poets differ so much that it is hard to compare them. True, they were both inseparably linked with the Romantic movement, were both revolutionists, both lovers of nature; however in these points of similarity they differed widely. Wordsworth though intimately connected with the French Revolution in

his young manhood finally settled down a Tory, while Byron lived and died an extreme revolutionist. It was nature in her quieter moods that appealed to Wordsworth. The glory of a quiet sun-set, the murmur of a mountain brook, the modest flower that nestled its head in the crevice of some sheltering rock attracted his attention, and inspired him to write his sweetest songs. But with Byron it was the reverse. He, too, loved nature, but in her grander aspects—the ocean, thunder storms, towering mountains, volcanoes, these were the objects that appealed to him. It was nature in action that he loved most, especially when in storm. This was typical of Byron's own life. The wild passion which moved his soul frequently broke forth in notes like these:

“The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
 Their lives can scarce deserve the name;  
 But mine was like the lava flood  
 That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.”

Byron's love of nature and his worship of the Spirit back of nature are attested by such passages as—

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lovely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:  
 I love not man the less, but nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.”

Truly has it been said of Byron's life that nothing so became him as his manner of leaving it. Say what we may the fact remains that he had deep convictions along certain lines, and better still was willing to defend them even to the death. Love of freedom and sympathy for the oppressed was one of the finest elements in his character. While in Italy he joined the Carbonari, an organization which did much to bring about Italian unity and make possible a free Italy. In 1823, when poor down-trodden Greece was strug-

gling to throw off the galling yoke of Turkish rule, he hastened thither to aid them personally as well as with \$20,000 of his own money which he contributed. He was appointed a leader, and while drilling his forces in the malarial lands near Mesolonghi, was stricken with fever and died. Though warned of his danger he refused to leave his post and died a death just as glorious as if he had fallen before the thundering batteries of the Turks. On his thirty-sixth birthday he wrote a poem which seemed to be prophetic of his own early death. The poem ends:

“If thou regrettest thy youth, *why live?*  
 The land of honorable death  
 Is here: up to the field, and give  
 Away thy breath.”

“Seek out—less often sought than found—  
 A soldier’s grave, for thee the best;  
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
 And take thy rest.”

Has Byron a permanent place among the world’s great poets? Varied answers have been given to that question. The marvelous enthusiasm with which his poetry was received must needs meet with a period of reaction, the pendulum must swing to and fro before it come to its proper rest. Recent criticism points to a permanent place and when the final estimate is reached, notwithstanding all the faults that marred his character, we believe that he will be enrolled among England’s great men. His place will, perhaps, not be so high as some of his greatest contemporaries would have given him, but we believe that his is a living fame. Goethe said: “The English may think of Byron as they please; but it is certain that they can show no poet who is to be compared with him. He is different from all others, and, for the most part greater.” And Mazzini, who felt his influence in behalf of Italian liberty, says of him: “The day will come when Democracy will remember all that it owes to Byron. England too, will, I hope, one day remember the mission—so entirely English, yet hitherto overlooked by

her—which Byron fulfilled on the continent, the European rôle given by him to English literature, and the appreciation and sympathy for England which he awakened amongst us. \* \* \* \* From him dates the sympathy of all the true-hearted amongst us for this land of liberty, whose true vocation he so worthily represented among the oppressed. He led the genius of Britain on a pilgrimage throughout all Europe.”

Whatever the faults of Byron he had much to recommend him, and remembering that greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend, we spread the mantle of charity over the shortcomings of one who gave his life for a proper cause and a cause that had no claim upon him. He died just as he was beginning to develop his greater powers, his cynicism was giving way to something nobler, and had he lived none can doubt that he would have tuned his harp to a sweeter strain, or, rather, he would have struck the keys of the thundering organ with a world-moving power.

C. L. SMITH.

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### *The Other Man.*

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Never before in its eventful history had the city of Buffalo been so thoroughly aroused. Every citizen, from the wealthiest capitalist to the most humble day-laborer, felt that they had received a personal injury. No one would have thought that Samuel Tellenburg, who had always been so straightforward, could be guilty of such a crime.

On the twenty-first of November the People's Savings Bank had been robbed of fifty thousand dollars. Samuel Tellenburg, the cashier, was missing. His plans were well laid and consequently his escape was easily accomplished. In spite of a large reward which had been offered for his arrest, he was still at large, and a year had passed already without any clue as to his whereabouts.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ball-room of the Mary Louise was filled with happy young people, a perfect scene of merriment. Everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves to the fullest extent, when all of a sudden a young man entered the room and was introduced as Edward Smith, of Raleigh. Miss Christine Chester's cheeks blushed with excitement and her heart beat with inexpressible joy as he entered the room. Her home was in Washington, but she was spending the summer at this ideal health resort. She wondered why her friend did not come over to her, for it had been more than a year since they had seen each other. She could not account for his silence.

It was indeed a strange coincidence, for this young man had not been in the room very long before his eyes fell on this beautiful girl. He was smitten at once, and soon they were gliding over the floor, the most graceful couple in the room. The dance was soon over and everybody left the ball-room. Christie Chester went to her room and retired, but she did not sleep. Something undoubtedly had come between her and her former lover. She could not explain it. Why should Edward Smith be so indifferent to her; had they not known each other for lo these many years, and had she not promised to be his forever?

The sun was rising over the beautiful blue sea. Edward Smith was taking an early morning walk along the sea shore. His mind was curious; he could not imagine why this charming young lady had acted so friendly toward him, especially when he had never seen her before. He remembered her asking him about his trip to Europe, and about many other things of which he was totally ignorant. But just as any other man of his kind would have done, he resolved to have some fun and see what would be the result. He had nothing to lose and everything to gain—for she was an hieress. Naturally he was impressed when he glanced up and saw the subject of his thoughts coming along the beach.

“Good morning, Miss Chester; isn't it rather early for you to be up, and surely the air must be too cool for you?”



"No, I find it very pleasant to take a walk before breakfast, and it always gives me such a good appetite."

Their conversation became more and more familiar, until finally Christie asked him pointedly why he had acted so indifferently to her last evening. Presumably this was explained to her satisfaction, for soon they were walking arm in arm toward the hotel. She invited him to take a place near her at the table, and from that time on they were the centre of attraction. Everyone was anxious to find out who this new arrival was, who had so completely captured the fairest one of the guests.

One man was especially interested, Morton Eskridge, the head clerk. He had been very much impressed with Miss Chester's manners, and naturally he was somewhat troubled over the way things were going. He stood at a distance and watched the affair with an anxious heart.

Summer was over, the guests had all departed for their respective homes. Edward Smith decided to go home with Miss Chester to spend a few days with her brother, whom he had known for a long time, so he said. Besides he had some business at the Capital. They had decided upon the wedding day and he was to leave in a few days for his fictitious home in North Carolina. But an important event took place before his departure.

Mrs. Hay, wife of the secretary, was giving a reception in honor of Miss Chester's distinguished guest. The function was at its height when a handsome young man was ushered into the room and introduced as Mr. Edward Smith. Great excitement prevailed.

The guests did not understand the situation. Here were two men exactly alike as to appearance, and both bore the same name.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the past year Edward had been in Europe, looking after some interests of his family. It had been his intention to marry the girl of his heart as soon as he returned, but about one month before he was to set sail for America he chanced to see a Washington paper, containing the annouce-

ment of a coming marriage.—“Miss Christine Chester to Mr. Edward Smith.” He was puzzled, the girl to whom he was engaged to be married to some Edward Smith before his return! Surely there must be some mistake. He remembered too that he had not received a letter from her in several months. Their letters had surely been misplaced or destroyed. The more he thought about it the more troubled he became, so he immediately set sail for America. Just as he was stepping from his ship in New York a queer thing happened; he was arrested. Matters were explained to him and he was completely at a loss to know what to do. He had many friends of influence here, so by their aid, his innocence was easily proven, and he was immediately engaged by one of the New York Bureaus as a detective. He was an exact duplicate of the criminal Tellenburg who had robbed the Buffalo Bank. Immediately he set out for Miss Chester’s home to demand of her an explanation. When he arrived at her home he was informed that she was at Mrs. Hay’s attending a reception. At first he thought he had better wait until to-morrow. But fortune was on his side. At the hotel he chanced to meet up with Morton Eskridge, an old college chum of his. They got to talking and in some way he told the detective of his love affair and also of his rival. Edward was sharp enough to see at once that this rival was his criminal. He was directed to go to the Hay mansion, for there he would find his man.

The first Mr. Smith was in the summer-house with Miss Chester where their final plans were being made and discussed. Little did this pure young woman know that she had made a fatal mistake. Little did this criminal know that his fatal day had at last come.

The last Mr. Smith was noticeably quiet. He knew that his prisoner was here, but he knew that he must be very adroit in his movements. Of course he did not enter into any of the games, because it would never do to let anybody know his business. He had been told that his counterpart was in the summer-house.

He was almost struck dumb as he came face to face with

this happy couple, everything dawning upon him in a second. Miss Chester had mistaken this young man for him and the rascal had taken advantage of her ignorance. After collecting himself he quietly entered the summer-house and placed his hand upon the young fellow. "You are my man! Consider yourself under arrest!" Miss Chester uttered a loud scream and quickly a large crowd from the house gathered around them. The prisoner offered no resistance so completely was he surprised. Thus the grand reception ended.

The right and lawful Mr. Smith immediately went to his room and wrote Miss Chester a long note, explaining everything. She saw at once that she had been cruelly deceived. Early the next day Edward Smith called at her home and matters were soon adjusted. The only change made in the wedding personnel was the groom.

Samuel Tellenburg, alias Edward Smith, is now in Sing Sing serving out a twenty-five year sentence. When he has finished this term a longer and more serious one awaits him.

19,630.

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*Mother.*

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Dear mother, is thy spirit with me now,  
    In this silent hour?  
    Is it not the power  
Of thy presence near thy lonely child,  
That quickens hope, as when thy smile,  
    In childhood's happy days,  
Swiftly drove all shadows from the skies?

I feel as if thy hand were on my brow,  
    As in the days gone by,  
    When fever burning high,  
Racked the weary body with its pain,  
Thy gentle touch more soothing than the rain  
    On meadows parched and dry,  
When summer's drouth is broken by the showers.

Oh, could I see thee face to face again,  
I'd make thee more my friend  
Than ever did I when  
In boyhood's reckless days gone by,  
Heedless of a mother's sigh,  
I went my way,  
And left thee hungering for my sympathy.

Thou sainted mother, linger ever near,  
And guide me in the way  
Until the close of day  
Shall find me safe at home,  
Beneath the sheltering dome  
Of that Eternal City  
Which lies beyond that deep and silent sea.

C. L. S.

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### *The Railroad Problem.*

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One of the greatest problems now confronting the American people is that of the railroads. In 1853 eleven roads between Albany and Buffalo were consolidated and formed what is now known as the "New York Central." Cornelius Vanderbilt secured the "Hudson River Road" in 1864, and the "New York Central" in 1867. These roads, with several others, were consolidated, forming a system of roads 4,000 miles in length. Other consolidations were formed in various parts of the United States. This was the beginning of a state of affairs that has caused the true patriots to tremble from fear for the public welfare.

Immediately after the Civil War when railroad construction was flourishing, many abuses in the management of railroads were developed. These abuses caused general complaint. Laws were demanded to regulate the rates, mode of operation and political relation of railroads. So great was the public sentiment against such abuses that the Granger Laws were passed, fixing rates on different classes of rail-

roads, for the violation of which penalties were provided. Companies contested these laws in the Supreme Court of the country, but they were declared constitutional in 1877. However, shrewd managers had these laws repealed or so amended as to render them ineffectual.

While the Granger Laws were being contested in the West, a serious abuse developed in the East. This abuse is known as "pooling." Companies found out that rates could be kept high even at competing points by going into an agreement. The abuse was so great that legislation was necessary. In 1887 the "Interstate Commerce Act" was passed to correct the evil. At the enactment of the law railroad men predicted the ruin of the existing roads and the end of railroad construction. The prediction proved untrue. Since then railroad securities have increased more than \$2,500,000,000, and in 1890 there were 166,817 miles of railroads in the country.

When railroads were first being constructed, citizen vied with citizen as to which could give most for the building of them. No thought was in their minds as to future abuses of present privileges. In turn the railroads practiced all means for oppressing the public. State control was mentioned, but the managers of railroads met it with the argument that it would be the state interfering with private business. Abuse after abuse crept in. Some of the principal ones are: Local rates unreasonably high compared with through rates; unreasonable rates between non-competing points and in case of pools; rates laid without regard to cost of service; discrimination between individuals as to rates; improper discrimination between different classes of freight and different quantities of the same class; discrimination between localities similarly located; effect of fostering monopoly by secret rebate drawbacks and special rates; effect of favoritism in retarding the development of our industries and commerce; effect upon cutting rates on businesses; railroads refuse to pay damages and losses, from a moral standpoint; railroads break contracts; railroads refuse to be responsible for dishonest agents; passes are granted; unreasonable rates are charged to pay

dividends on watered stock, and railroads are extravagant and wasteful in their management.

The "Interstate Commerce Act" did away with some of these evils, but many grave ones yet confront the public. The chief ones are discrimination, (*a*) affecting individuals, (*b*) affecting localities, and (*c*) affecting certain branches of business.

Discriminations against individuals are, perhaps, the most unjust. This abuse enables the larger concern to drive the smaller out of business or into bankruptcy; thus it fosters monopoly. In the long run this hurts the railroads; when a monopoly is formed the prices rise, consumption becomes less and traffic is smaller.

Those discriminations affecting localities are extremely unjust in that non-competing points are taxed to pay the transportation duties on the commerce of the points where competition is effective. It is also unjust because it is made a tool in the hands of the speculative manager. The Illinois Central hauled cotton from Memphis to New Orleans, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, at one dollar per bale, while the rate from Winona, Miss., to New Orleans, about two-thirds the distance, was three dollars and a quarter per bale.

Discrimination affecting certain commodities is the source of much evil. The rates are charged not in accordance with the weight, the bulk, the insurance etc., but they are laid on just as heavily as the shipper can bear. This in itself is no special injustice! Such ought to be the case, but the company ought not to be empowered to classify the commodities. To tax one commodity for the benefit of another is doubtful propriety. Oftentimes railroads impose prohibitory rates on rails or ties so as to stop the construction of a road that might prove its competitor. The Standard Oil Company once demanded of a certain railroad that its oil should be carried for ten cents per barrel, that all other shippers be charged thirty-five cents per barrel, and that twenty-five cents of the thirty-five cents paid by other shippers be paid by the railroad to the oil company.

The railroad is still in its infancy. In 1860 there were 30,000 miles of railroads in our country, and 1890 there were 167,000 miles. In thirty years there was an increase of 137,000 in mileage. At such a rate our country in the near future will be one net-work of railroads. In view of the future magnitude of transportation it is extremely important and very necessary that the management be put on sound principles while it is yet young. The present evils now in the management of railroads does not prove that the men employed by the company are any worse than those employed in other lines. The corrupt fruit is the product of the Legislatures not passing adequate laws and providing for their enforcement in regard to management. Railroads are public highways and are for the public good. Public rights are trampled under foot without limitation and restrictions. Suppose the government lease the postoffices, the waterways or the collection of custom duties, and the lessees be permitted to reimburse themselves by placing extortionate rates and tolls, how long would the people bear it? It is right that a reasonable compensation be had, but it is the State's place to fix the compensation. No other public charge has been placed in the hands of an individual without restriction. Why make the railroad an exception? For bringing about a correction of the evils common to the railroad business several plans have been tried or proposed.

Publicity in railroad business is claimed by some to be a remedy for existing evils. This plan would render it unsafe for railroad managers to grant special rates and drawbacks. An attorney, as a member of the legislature, would be slow to accept a "retaining fee." Publishers would hesitate to seek subsidies and railroads would be slow to pay subsidies. "Railroad lobbies" would be hissed out of legislative walls. When abuses are brought to light in any public charge in the hands of individuals, public sentiment will condemn them so severely that an end will be put to the evils or the business will be taken in hand by the government. Railroads contend that the State has no right to pry into their business. However, anything of public nature is subject to

state investigation. Thorough investigation may disclose all railroad evils and abuses.

Many advocate free competition upon all roads. Mr. Hudson in his book, "The Railways and the Republic," recommends the following remedy:

"Legislation should restore the character of public highways to railways by securing to all persons the right to run trains over any track upon proper regulations and by defining the distinctions between proprietorship and maintenance of railway and the business of common carrier." He means by this that the ownership be preserved as at present and that any individual or company be allowed to run trains for transportation under certain conditions or requirements—that is, a certain sum must be paid for the use of the track and each train must be run by the immediate order of a train dispatcher at some central point. Each transportation company must own its trains but must not run them except on schedule time or as an extra. Such a system can be had only at economic loss, even if perfect competition is established. Experience has proved that centralization and consolidation in railroad operation lowers the expenses of running. If free competition be applied, it will be at a loss.

State ownership and management is proposed. Prussia, France, Belgium, Australia and British India have adopted government ownership of railroads and operate them with much success. It is the universal opinion in these countries that rates are cheaper and service more efficient. Mr. Jeans says the following of state railroads: "Notwithstanding the superior financial result, the lines worked by the State are kept in the best order, and the working of which gives the greatest satisfaction to the commercial world and the public in general as regards regularity of conveyance, cheapness of transit and comfort of travelers."

Many advantages may be the fruits of this system if adopted in our country. The public good would be the prime object and not pecuniary gains for the few. New lines would be built for the development of the country and not for speculations on the part of managers. Rates would



be based more nearly on the cost of service. Permanent roads of the state would be kept in better conditions. Rates would be stable and not discriminating. However, this system may have drawbacks if precaution is not used. There are now over 800,000 men in the railroad employment, and this number is fast increasing. Should self-interest induce such an army of men to act as a political unit much harm would result. If divested of all political power, as our soldiers are, such a danger would be done away with. Some contend that the service would not be efficient, but experience denies that assertion. New lines might be built to acquire political power and influence, but that is not necessarily so.

Some of our best authorities on the subject recommend state ownership with private management. Mr. William Larabee, in his excellent book, "The Railroad Question," says the following of this system:

"This would deprive managers of every opportunity to manipulate the railroad business for purposes of speculation. It would also reduce the fixed charges of our railroads at least 50 per cent., the benefit of which reduction the public would chiefly share. The acquisition of the railroads by the government would, moreover, afford the conservative capitalist a safe and permanent investment which, with the gradual disappearance of our war debt, might become a national desideration."

Further comment upon this is hardly necessary. All the chief evils resulting from private ownership and management would be no more. The two most plausible solutions of this question are, perhaps, this system and the system of state ownership and management. These work almost upon the same principles and would bring about almost the same results.

National control is advocated by many economists. National control is a good system in countries where one set of laws is adequate to govern the whole country, but in our country, where "home rule" for different states is necessary, it would be the source of more evil than good. Transporta-

tion is vitally connected with the welfare of each state in a different degree, and the facilities for carrying should be delegated to the state.

In the Middle Ages laws were made to perpetuate the feudal lords, but now the chief aim is to care first for the people and then for the few. Corporations have no life, but they play the part of the feudal lord. Mr. Larrabee, from whom I have quoted before, says:

"The corporation for pecuniary gains has neither body nor soul. Its corporeal existence is mystical and ethereal. It suffers neither from cold nor hunger; has neither fear of a future punishment nor hope of a future reward. It takes no interest in schools nor in churches. It knows neither charity nor love, neither pity nor sympathy, neither justice nor patriotism. It is deaf and blind to human woe and human happiness. Its only aim is pecuniary gain, to which it subordinates all else." The government is to protect its subjects against all wrongs. Then can the state refuse to protect the public against the abuses of a fictitious person? Shall the rights of the people be trampled under foot by such a tyrant? No; it cannot be. There is hope for the future. The "Railroad Commission" has been established by some states. This board promises to rid the country of the worst evils, but if it fails to give us railroads run on sound principles let us condemn the guilty with public sentiment.

A. C. DANIEL, '04.

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### *The Story of General Marion's Love.*

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About six miles south of where the historic old town of Marion now stands is a mansion, ancient and dilapidated, owned by the Gordon family. The innumerable hillocks which surrounded it were covered with tall pines and scrubby oaks, whose dark recesses gave an appearance of gloom and solitude to the building.

The owner, Col. Edwin Gordon, at the time when our little narrative begins, was far from being a young man.

Twice had he succumbed to the matrimonial vow in hopes of a son to inherit his landed estates and twice he had been sorely disappointed. His first wife, a noble lady she was, died after giving birth to a daughter. She had taken with her a young girl of some sixteen or eighteen summers just as a mere act of kindness and as a companion for herself. At the death of Mrs. Gordon this girl betook herself to one of her nearest relatives, who resided not more than three miles distant. The old Colonel not being accustomed to solitude, spent much of his time in Marion, where he could not be tormented by his loneliness. He had never swerved from the dictates of his physical powers and surely he was going to attain all past records. Scarcely had the term of mourning expired than he began to make frequent visits to his neighbor's.

It was not many weeks however before he offered the young orphan his hand and she, childlike, accepted. So now she was Mrs. Gordon and her period of shy constraint was at an end. She had a vain, haughty, ambitious and ungentle soul and on her sudden elevation, she began to usurp affairs around the house. She soon gained complete control over apoplectic old Gordon and being a great practicer of deceit, knew just how to treat his weak points.

Unmindful as well as ungrateful of the generosity and kindness of her late mistress, she treated the child she had left in her care with almost cruel neglect. Neglected Louisa went about the house as "one in some banquet hall deserted." This was increased, if such was possible, at the birth of her own daughter; for she could not bear the idea of Nell's not possessing all her father's affection. Depressed by severity and terrified by violence, the former looked as though she was in mortal pain. When questioned about this, the mother would say, "Some children always have the sulks and are in an ill-humor half the time." Her own child by her playful attitude and having every desire of the heart fulfilled, was a continual source of amusement to the Colonel.

Nell had a fine figure. her air was somewhat elegant and commanding. She was always adorned with the most artis-

tic dress of those days and her large blue eyes had a confidence in them which seemed to attract almost everyone. With special care and instruction given by her mother, she seemed to charm all the youths and dandies in the neighborhood. Much like her progenitress, her little soul was filled with the haughty, the vain and the ambitious.

On the other hand her sister, Louisa, ere she knew there was such a word as sorrow, became its prey; but despite all the cruel treatment and neglect she received, the little rosebud burst forth into a flower of infinite beauty. The graces of her form and mind even surpassed those of her demised mother. Her face was replete with the sweetness of youth; her black hair which wrapped in ringlets about her waist was unparalleled by any of the studied arts. Her fine dark eye contained a mixture of sensibility and listlessness, which awoke in the feeling soul and the gallant soldier oceans of love.

Time passed on, years flitted by. The Revolution burst forth, and volunteers were solicited from every quarter. The two sisters grew up into young womanhood. Colonel Gordon, their father, had long been failing in health, and now he was almost wholly confined to his room. If his body was a prey to infirmities, his mind was more active than ever. In the course of time the war progressed slowly, and everything looked as though the king should retain his dogmatic rule. Soldiers often passed the road in front of the house, and, when convenient and time would allow, would stop in and spend a few hours in pleasant recuperation.

The Colonel's wife was a house-keeper unsurpassed in her day, and she contrived to render everything of almost continual splendor with the neighboring families and those that were in sympathy with the Revolution. In fact, this seemed headquarters for most of the officers in the vicinity.

A ball was announced for a certain Friday afternoon. The old mansion was decorated from top to bottom, and lighted with a splendor that displayed taste and grandeur. Music resounded, wine sparkled, and all gave spirits to the evening. The two sisters were admired by all the officers. Louisa

opened the dance with Brigadier-General Marion. Her winning graces of elegance and modesty attracted him very much, and vainly he endeavored to withdraw his eyes from her beautiful figure, till the lively conversation of Nell forced him to divert his attention to her. When he came to turn Louisa his hand seemed imperceptibly attracted; he pressed it for a moment, she blushed, and the timid beam of her dark eyes met his and agitated his whole being.

In the course of the evening partners changed several times and he seized the first opportunity for engaging her. If her graceful figure had charmed his eyes, the softness of her voice and the elegance of her language did more—they captivated his heart. Never before in all his life had he seen an object half so lovely. Marion, the gallant, with this beautiful object beside him, became Marion, the timid. With her the strain of conversation was not so lively, for the heart never admits of frivolity when much interested.

General Marion was now in the prime of manhood. His stature was a little smaller than the average soldier; his features very handsome, and the fairness of his forehead showed that his complexion, until changed by war and hardship, was of female beauty. His navy-blue eyes had a spark in them that bespoke a soul of intensest feelings. The expression on his face was somewhat plaintive or melancholy, and the smile which adorned his lips was one seldom possessed by men.

Scarcely was the dance with Louisa at an end when Nell began to divert his attention with her loud conversation. She thought he was by far the handsomest officer that had ever attended a ball at her father's, and she took care to monopolize his company for the rest of the evening. He made no attempt to avoid her society, but rather seemed more jolly than ever. His fellow officers put him down as one of her adorers. This mistake he encouraged, and he began to make merry indeed.

His visits at the Colonel's became quite frequent. Nell thought they were intended for her and encouraged them all the more. As her mother generally let her do as she pleased,

she always had an assembly of miscellaneous guests in the house every afternoon. Louisa never attended those gatherings. If she was not occupied with reading to the Colonel, she preferred to seek solitude in the woods by some trickling streamlet, or visit her father's old servants who could tell her of the bygone days of her departed mother.

General Marion went one morning as usual to pay his customary visit. As he was passing through the hall his eyes were attracted by two beautiful portraits of the Colonel's daughters. By his special order, he had employed a French artist from Paris to paint them. Now they were finished the afternoon before and placed in the hall.

"Beautiful portrait," said he as he turned towards Louisa's "sweet resemblance of an angelic form."

Hardly had the words escaped his lips when he heard a noise behind him; he started, and turning there stood Louisa before him and she had evidently overheard what he had said. In utter confusion, he faltered out his admiration of the pictures. Unconscious of what he said or did, he exclaimed, "How exquisite." "Yes, indeed, it is very beautiful," said Louisa, and with that quick step of hers, led the way into the sitting-room.

Nell was doing some crochet work, but on his entrance she threw it aside, asking him if he had seen the new pictures. "Yes," said he, "that's what has detained me from seeing the original." Here he poured out a strain of compliments which consisted of more raillery and insincerity than anything else. In the course of their chat, feeling himself somewhat free, he plucked a rose-bud from her hair and pinning it to his coat, declared it should remain there as an amulet against all future impressions.

In the meantime his eyes wandered to Louisa, who seemed to be in deep interest over a book, but stole glances at him. Her face was of a deadly paleness and her countenance presented a most agitated appearance.

His spirits vanished almost instantly. He seized his hat and bid Nell adieu without further ceremony, only saying that he had some important business to attend to presently.

The pain that he had occasioned Louisa was weighing heavily upon his mind. He repaired to the camp and one of his soldiers, seeing his dejection, asked him the cause. He replied that he was only brooding over his younger brother, who had been killed a few days previous. At breakfast he had eaten scarcely anything, at dinner he ate even less. Late in the afternoon he strolled to the woods and finally wandering here and there, came upon the bank of a streamlet a few hundred yards from the Colonel's. The scene was wild and solemn. All was still as if creation slept upon the bosom of serenity. The declining sun now gave softer beauties to the extensive scenery, the lowing of cattle could faintly be heard now and then in the distant meadow. The task of the busy bees was now completed and the cheerful song of a peasant floated upon the evening gale. Still along the banks of a murmuring brook he pursued "his solitary way;" once, yea, twice, he stopped and listened. He thought he perceived a plaintive air away in the distance, sung by a familiar voice. He approached the place whence the sound proceeded and saw Louisa sitting on a rustic seat near the bank of the brook. Never before had she appeared more beautiful to him. Her white dress fluttered at the least breeze and her dark hair hung in ringlets about her neck. Noiselessly Marion stole up behind her. She had finished the quaint melody and was apparently weeping. At last she sighed: "Why was I left here to suffer thus; O that I had ne'er been born!" She heard a noise behind her; she started and would have fallen into the water had not the quick arm of the one behind prevented her. He prevailed on her to sit down till her agitation had subsided. "And why," cried he, "have you come to seek refuge in such a solitary place?"

"I like indulgence in solitude," answered Louisa.

"Why is it," he continued, "you are so melancholy and sad, when in your eyes and countenance are appearances of perfect felicity?"

"Things are not always what they seem," said she, sorrowfully. "Appearances are sometimes deceitful as I my-

self have often experienced. All this wealth and finery would I willingly resign could I only have peace and friendship."

He endeavored, however, to comfort her and utter words of cheer. As he spoke, he caught her gentle hand in his and placed it on his heart. In doing so it touched the fatal rose he had snatched from her sister. She withdrew it with a haughty air, saying: "I detain you, General; you are going, I believe, to see Nell?"

Almost in frenzy he tore the detested rose from his coat and cast it into the brook. "Going to see Nell?" he exclaimed. "Yes, going to see Nell," she repeated. "Ah, Louisa," he continued, "how greatly have you been deceived. I now look upon the object of my thoughts, the attraction that brought me to your father's. You can well see that the feelings of a hopeless passion can ill support raillery. I hid my passion in the recesses of my heart and gladly allowed my visits to be to an object which I cared little or nothing about just to have the opportunities of beholding one I really adored."

Louisa blushed and turned pale alternately. "General, I abhor deceit."

"I detest it myself," said he; "but how shall I prove my sincerity? You are witness that I have never played truant; what really seems deceit is merely a timid passion for you."

"Enough, my dear General, your gentle words are sufficient proof of your sincerity." He extended her his hand, and as she was going to descend from the seat, he placed a kiss on her lips as a talisman of his love. They walked toward the house; their pace was very slow and Louisa's blushes, had Marion noticed them, would have shown more pleasure than resentment. Ere they had gone half way, she seemed to expect another declaration, but he was too much confused and excited to speak. They proceeded in silence to the gate, where awaited a messenger on a fleet horse, who informed them of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, It was too much for Marion, he raised his hands to Almighty



God and gave thanks for the long sought goal, the freedom of his country.

The next day when the Colonel was telling his wife how they were going to celebrate the victory, she said, "It's very immaterial with me, I never did want Nell to marry that sly "Swamp Fox."

But no one believed her.

POWER W. BETHEA.

### *Magellan.*

Truth came to him and pointing to the sea

Said: "Far beyond there lies a golden land,  
Go seek it, I will be with thee  
To guide thee to its strand."

He knew the voice, his soul in eagerness

Took up the task; men laughed and jeered,  
He followed on through darkness and distress,  
He felt his vision real and nothing feared.

Midway upon the battlefield, the sea,

He fell with many wounds but flag unfurled,  
And from his sea grave his dead spirits energy  
Pushed on his work and found an unknown world.

All honor to the silent man

Who fights his way mid tears and pain,  
Who stakes his all on some great plan  
Who fails and falls but rises up again.

A.

### *Henry VanDyke—Some Observations.*

Among the modern American writers whose places are established in the literary eye of the nation, and whose productions the press is eager to grasp, Dr. Henry VanDyke occupies a unique position in the vanguard. In this progressive age when one writer is guaranteed a dollar per word for

a number of stories, when another realizes ten thousand dollars for several stanzas of poetry, when a woman sits down to write a novel, with the certain knowledge that her purse will be one hundred and fifty thousand dollars heavier at its conclusion, it is hard to determine a writer's real worth. There is either an under or an over estimation. On the one hand we have, as famous examples, Shakespeare, Moliere and Milton; on the other hand, Byron and Moore. Realizing this difficulty we shall not jump at conclusions, but try to show wherein Dr. VanDyke's ability lies and why he should be accorded the above position.

After one reads VanDyke promiscuously for a time, one's first impressions are the man's versatility, his great range and a manysidedness that characterizes no other modern American writer. He enjoys the distinction of being poet, story writer, critic, sermonizer, writer of philosophical theology, lecturer, professor. Very seldom does one encounter a man who feels at home in all these departments, and who makes one feel that he feels at home. The common objection to one man's covering practically all of the literary fields is that he covers no one well; that there must necessarily be a certain superficiality about his work. But VanDyke proves to be an exception, for there is nothing that is more apparent than the artistic finish of his work. Whether we read his theological works—"A Gospel for an Age of Sin" and "A Gospel for an Age of Doubt"—his short stories—"The Ruling Passion" and "The Blue Flower"—his poems, his sermons, his criticisms, or his lighter writings—"Fisherman's Luck," for instance—we shall always see the hand of an artist stamped on every page.

Our next observation is VanDyke's originality from a standpoint of subject-matter as well as from a standpoint of style. The writers of the present day seem to be suffering from a malady known as a lack of originality. In the realm where the novelists hold sway there seems to be a definite rule of campaign laid out, which campaign invariably has the same ending: "They got married and lived happy ever afterwards." This campaign method seems to have even worked

its way into the realm of essay and poetry as well. But VanDyke has escaped the malady. There is always a certain freshness, a certain charm about his stories that is characteristic of the writer. When he uses the East for a back-ground his style is Oriental. When he attempts a story of knight-hood and chivalry he seems to strike the same chord that inspired Tennyson's immortal "Idyls." Even in his theology there is originality and a departure from the ordinary rules. He gives us a new Christ, not an invented or fictitious Christ, but a Christ who dispels our doubts, who clears away the gloom from our lives, a Friend, a Brother, a Companion; not a "far off divine event to which the whole creation moves," but a friend who moves in all creation. His style is clear, straightforward, lucid, natural, simple. There is that important essential about everything that he writes which delights a reader and makes a reader love the writer. Examine these sentences, for instance: "We are not to tarry in the transitory radiance of Mount Harmon, but to press on to the enduring glory of Mount Zion. We can only arrive at the final and blessed resting place by way of Mount Carmel." "See how God's sweet rain ignores our vanity, falling as gently and as generously upon the poor child's box of mignonettes in the window as upon the costliest roses in the parterre."

But the most important of VanDyke's characteristics is the moral vein that permeates practically everything he writes. He is primarily a moralist. Even in his lighter works, and in those which have apparently no serious touch, he is a moralist. He is trying to show men that, while it is right, and while it is the duty of every one to work, to do good, to be good, to make use of one's time and talents, still there are times when one should lay aside the cares and the burdens of life, retire from the rush of the world, and be one with nature. That God has put innocent enjoyments and innocent pastimes in this fair world for us, and that we should enjoy them in an innocent way. This moral vein which lies back of the finished style and attractive subject-matter is probably VanDyke's strongest point as a prominent contributor to American literature.

His very life is a moral. He lives what he preaches. He preaches work and he does his share. Indeed, it is rather hard to realize how much work he has accomplished—being a man of such fragile physique and delicate health—but his indomitable will power lies back of that weak frame. Well has he said: "The strength of your life is measured by the strength of your will." A never-failing loyalty to duty is another addition to his varied accomplishments. When he exclaims: "There is no gate into heaven except at the end of the path of duty," he is giving us a clue to his private life and feelings. Again: "Every mountain top of privilege is girdled by the vales of lowly duty." These sentences are keys to his success, to his accomplishments. Besides conducting his pastorate at Brick Square Church in New York, in a most exemplary manner, VanDyke found time to write about half of his best works, and notwithstanding his arduous duties as professor of English at Princeton, he still keeps his pen busy, and often accepts one of his numerous invitations to lecture.

By way of parenthesis I shall state that it was my privilege to hear him lecture, and a great privilege it was, for there are few lecturers on the American platform who excel him. Imagine a little man about five feet seven inches, with dark hair, piercing eyes and strong face, speaking in a clear, distinct, rapid and graceful way to a large audience, with heads bent forward, and you will see Dr. VanDyke in the realm of a lecturer. You will see "talent set on fire by courage." He preaches pleasure as well as work, and he enjoys life. Fishing and hunting are among his chief pleasures. When he leaves the rush and the roar of the city for pleasure, it is to commune with nature on the bank of some sparkling stream, or in the jungles of the forest—the back-grounds of some of his stories.

In summing up we note the following observations: Ver-sal-ity, originality, a charming style, a moral vein, a man devoted to work, to duty, to pleasure. When we read Van-Dyke with these facts in mind, and judge him fairly, it will

not take us long to determine the real worth of the author of the following gem:

“To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbors except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ, and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God’s out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.”

R. O. LAWTON.

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*Friendless.*

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Tell you a story about “war times,” or of my early life?—Well, let me see,—As I have often told you, I am getting to be an old man now; I have passed the limit, three score years and ten, ascribed by the Psalmist to man; but of the many men and women I have known, and the many experiences I have had, I seem to have a very distinct recollection.

The sad story of one gifted woman whom I knew has often caused me stop and shudder at the awful tragedy man must suffer when he, either willfully or otherwise hurls himself against the unwritten laws of society, or, what is worse, seeks to oppose those laws which God stamped on the mind of man when he made him, or wrote on the walls of the Universe when he created it.

She was the daughter of one of South Carolina’s greatest jurists, who died two or three decades ago; and she was, just before, during and immediately after the Civil War, the center of the galaxy of beaux and belles who made up the society of Charleston, her native city.

I remember to have seen her once at a ball held just before the War. It was one of many times that I saw her; but on

that particular occasion she was especially attractive. She was dressed in a beautifully trimmed, white evening gown and around her fair throat were hung many precious jewels which sparkled like crystals of ice in banks of pure undefiled snow. As she moved around the room, carrying her fine figure in a gracefully haughty manner, she was the point towards which the eyes of all the young gentlemen were focused; and she was the recipient, too, of many envious glances covertly sent by the members of her own sex especially when she engaged, or rather submitted to, the attentions of some unusually fascinating young beau.

During the evening I was especially interested in watching the effects of her art of captivation on the bashful young Henry Timrod, whom she knew and for whose genius, though it was then in a very early budding state, she had a most profound admiration; and be it said to her honor as a "man-killer" that she finally drew him out and succeeded in getting him to dance twice with her, the only times he danced that night, for he was too timid to win his way where he was unordained, and few, if any, of the other young ladies there had as yet become entranced by the spell of his magical song.

But perhaps I am digressing from my story, as I am apt to do in these reminiscent moods.

Just a few months before the war broke out our young lady was married to a gallant son of an old Colonial family to whom had descended, and in whose possession there was then, one of Charleston's most beautiful old mansions. It was situated on — Street, not far from the present centre of the city, and in this fine old house were held, after their marriage and even at times during the War, when her husband, who distinguished himself in the army as soldier of merit, was stationed near 'Charleston, many a grand social function, the necessary outlay for which showed that he had, even during those hard times, what would still be called a handsome income.

Just after Lee's surrender at Appomattox and the homecoming of the tired and worn-out soldiers, there occurred,

however, between her and her husband a breach—no one ever knew the exact cause of it—which grew and widened until it finally resulted in their separation and in her going back to the paternal roof for shelter and protection. It was during this second maidenhood, which lasted three or four years, that she wrote several very attractive novels, based on Southern life, which won for her quite a reputation and brought her in a neat little sum of money. You look as though you should like for me to tell you the title of at least one of her books, but you would immediately recognize it and that would reveal to you the name of our heroine.

Four or five years after the war, during those awful times of Reconstruction, there came to Charleston a carpet-bagger of the carpet-baggers, a villainous Yankee named Jim Bolan, whom I often saw as I passed up and down ——— Street—on which he lived in the house formerly occupied by our lady and her husband—haranguing from his front porch, as he stood there in his shirt-sleeves, without collar or cuffs, crowds of negroes gathered in his front yard, who substantiated all his oratorical turns with a very fervent and effective, "Ain't dat so, do' ;" or an "Amen! 'y golly, de niggers am gwine run dis government," or else a "Praise de Lawd! It's shore gospel truth!"

This fellow, Jim Bolan, "by hook and crook," managed to get together, in and around Charleston, an enormous amount of property; and he ranked as not least among the prizes he had won, the fine old mansion that had once belonged to our lady's husband, who had, since her desertion, become very slack in his business and had, after losing almost all his property, "pulled up stakes" and gone out West to try his fortune there.

But the loss of his property and the falling of his old home into the Yankee's hands had not so much hurt him as something he learned from a traveler who stopped at his ranch; namely, that Jim Bolan had won the affections of the wife he had left, but whom he still loved, and had married her with great pomp and show, though, of course, no Southerner attended their wedding ceremony.

It was this act, this marriage with Jim Bolan, the hated and abhorred of all the Southerners and all the honest Yankees who knew him, that won to our lady the avoidance and contempt of all her former associates.

Though Charleston society had never approved of her parting with her first husband, it had never failed to flock around her and pay her its highest respects; but, after this sad event, none of her old friends recognized her by going to the parties she gave at her old home; none of her old beaux saluted her; the young ladies who had once taken her for their pattern, now turned up their noses when they met her; the shop-girls, who had once adored her, failed to return her kind and friendly smiles. Worst of all, her old pastor whom she had always loved in spite of her follies, openly showed that he only administered the sacrament to her from a sense of duty, and he did it then grudgingly.

One day she boarded a crowded street car—the car was drawn by horses—on which I was riding, and sat down at the rear end of the car. I was seated near the front end, and I as covertly watched her, I discovered her making several attempts to attract my attention; so, I finally turned and bowed to her, whereupon she said, “Well, I thought if you refused to speak to me the very horses would shed their tails at my passing,” which rather rough remark, coming from her lips, filled the car with laughter. But when the laughter had subsided no one—and there were many of her old friends on the car—gave her any more notice; and she sat there coddling her pet poodle and talking to it about the people who had once been kind and friendly toward her, but now avoided her.

The next morning she was found dead in bed. A small daguerreotype representing her first husband was held in her hand and in the other, lying open by her side, was a poison flask, whose contents she had drunk.

On the dresser, inscribed in her handwriting, was found this note: “Friendless among my friends; ostracized in my native city; hated by my lovers, I can stand it no longer.”



She had gone—a fearful example to those who see not the error of their way until it is too late for that error to be easily rectified. A loving and honorable husband had been wrongfully cast aside for a rough and dishonorable one. She had outlawed society and society had retaliated, as in such cases she inevitably does.

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**Spring** " 'The time has come;' the Walrus said,  
'To talk of many things:  
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—  
And cabbages—and kings' "

And so in the inevitable rotation of the seasons the time to talk of spring, or at least to enjoy it, has come once more. By none is spring more gladly welcomed than by the college man. It is true that a few of them enjoy it in the conventional way—worship nature in their afternoon strolls in the woods, and as a result pen odes to the reawakening earth, some of which afflict the public through the medium of the college papers, and also let their fancies turn to love, which crystalizes into those mammoth love letters which only a select part of the feminine world is forced to endure.

While your exceptional collegian may have time to notice what an attractive contrast the red breast of the robin makes upon the tender green sward of the campus, the ordinary

student gets his pleasure from spring in a less poetic way. He usually feels tired, very tired. Nothing delights his soul more than to stretch his full length under the shade of a tree and to abandon himself to reveries. The fresh odor of the earth carries his mind back to the time when he felt that indescribable joy of the warm earth under his bare foot, and to the time when he dug a prodigious amount of bait and carried a huge pole to the creek to catch an enormous amount of fish. Of course he never caught them, but he was consoled by the thought that it was because the wind was from the north.

In the evening, when the moon has risen in all her glory above the college tower, he lights his pipe and seeking a comfortable seat upon the piazza of a cottage, joins a group of boys who hail from all parts of the State and participates in one of those prolonged conversations where the anecdotes, the jokes, and the "yarns" of the different sections are mingled into one harmonious whole. Most frequently, however, that all absorbing, inexhaustible subject of base ball is brought forward and hours can be spent discussing the relative merits of a "drop" and an "in-curve," or what caused the score to be so-and-so in the last game and what it will be in the next. Perhaps the gentle breeze brings to his ears the rollicking notes of the banjo and those familiar lines "Mary had a Little Lamb" rendered by a dozen voices. He feels his college spirit begin to rise, and while he does not enjoy spring in the way that Wordsworth did, he welcomes it with a heart as full of gratitude.



**The Advances of Civilization** Slowly but surely, in spite of the predictions of the pessimists, the whole world is coming under the influence of modern civilization. Only recently this influence has been felt in a striking manner on the bogs of Ireland, the frozen wastes of Russia, and the arid plains of Morocco.

As the negro problem has been an ever-present question to engross our statesmen when their minds were relieved for a time of foreign diplomatic problems, so has the Irish peasantry situation provided ample work for the British cabinet

when it is not harrassed with troubles in South Africa or India. This question, ever demanding a solution and always seeming unable to be solved, has been grappled with by one English leader after another and none have met with success; even the reforms of Gladstone did not completely settle the trouble.

The great difficulty in the Island of St. Patrick is that there is a greater demand for agricultural land than there is a supply, with the result of higher rents, eviction, dire poverty and emigration of the best of the Irish peasantry to America. The Emerald Isle is essentially an agricultural country, possessing only one manufacturing town of importance. Her agrarian troubles are thus more acutely felt.

To relieve the situation Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has introduced a bill into the House of Commons by which he hopes to convert mutinous tenants into prosperous proprietors, while at the same time appeasing landlords who cling to their home demesnes, their sporting rights and their social privileges with grim determination. He proposes for the government to advance the difference between what the peasants can pay and what the present owners demand. After England has paid a price which has staggered humanity for the subjection of the Boers, this proposal seems rather presumptuous. However, with good management it will not prove a heavy drain upon the government exchequer. It is proposed for the government to give outright \$60,000,000 and to lend \$500,000,000, borrowed at two and three-quarters per cent. and to be repaid in sixty-eight and a half years, during which time it is to bear three and one-quarter per cent. The land is to be the security for the loan, and it is estimated that the cost of maintaining order in Ireland will be reduced sufficiently when the chief cause of discontent is removed to reimburse the government for its expenditures. Should this bill pass, as in all probability it will, we may reasonably expect to see Ireland enjoying such prosperity as she has never known.

The world has become accustomed to watch the foreign activities of Russia without giving much attention to her in-

ternal policies, of which meagre reports are sometimes made through her papers, which are ever under the watchful eye of the government. Russia has not been, however, able to enter the international politics of the western part of Europe without giving those great powers an opportunity to influence her inner life. Russian life is in many respects only advanced to the stage that the national life of her ally had reached under the powerful hand of Louis XIV. With a nobility possessing most of the land, with a peasantry sunken deep in the degradation of ignorance and superstition, with a ruler clothed in absolute power, Russia is out of accord with the twentieth century. Had the czars, like the Chinese rulers, jealously avoided all contact with western civilization, the nation might have continued in her present condition for an indefinite time; on the contrary, Russia has become an ambitious factor in European civilization.

The ideas of her sister nations have been felt in Russia and the archaic form of government established by the Tartar invasion of centuries ago is endangered by them. The world was recently astonished to learn that the Czar has determined to make important political reforms and to guarantee religious toleration to his subjects. Instead of this being the wise act of a liberal sovereign it seems to be an effort to appease the unrest of the people. Some of Russia's wisest statesmen predict that she is soon to undergo a political crisis which will result in either a limited monarchy or the abdication of power by the present dynasty. The transformation of this vast empire, now the home of ignorance and despotic power, into a country blessed with liberty, education and Christianity, will be a gain to civilization which no one can estimate.

Among the nations of the earth Morocco is an anomaly. Of all people hers has had less of change and progress. She has remained stagnant religiously, politically and economically for centuries. Inland her frontier is marked by impassable limestone ranges, her coast has no good harbors. This has made it possible for a country, which can be seen from Europe on a clear day, to have been able to avoid almost entirely the influence of the west.

In 788 A. D. the present dynasty assumed control of Morocco. The permanency and age of other governments seem trivial in comparison. Morocco has a learning which had reached its highest point when Richard Coeur de Lion, forsaken by his allies and deserted by his friends, was making his valiant fight for the Holy City on the plains of Palestine, a government which her people had obeyed for generations before the English had wrested the Great Charter, the corner-stone of the modern British government, from King John that fine June day in 1215. The quietness of her national life is without parallel. The Moorish shopkeeper occupies the shop in which his forefather traded; the Moslem farmer tills the soil upon which his ancestor planted his wheat hundreds of years ago.

At last Morocco is to feel a new life. A new Sultan is now in the royal palace at Fez. Mulai Abdul Aziy has forsaken the teachings of his fathers and welcomed the influence of the West. He has vigorously initiated many badly needed reforms. He cleared the prisons by edict, established free trade on the coast, and has put into force an equitable system of taxation. Recently a Moslem fanatic murdered an English missionary. The assassin fled to the most sacred shrine in the empire. The Sultan, however, did not hesitate to have him seized and shot. These reforms were too radical for the Moors. The tribes revolted and were put down. The young Sultan now seems secure on his throne, and his reforms will probably endure.



**A Neglected field of College Journalism.** When we become tired of reading in college magazines the interminable love stories and the criticisms of great pieces of literature which some great writer has already criticised so masterfully as to make the work of the student seem insipid, we sometimes wish that the field of college journalism was broadened more. We think that greater attention could be given to historical subjects.

It seems especially true of South Carolina that her people

have made history, and have given little heed to the writing of it. There are hundreds of traditions and historical incidents which live only in the memory of her people. Some of these, which have scarcely importance enough to find a place in the history of the State, are yet worth preserving. Part of this work could be done by the college press.

In the first place it should be the duty of the college paper to publish biographies of its alumni who have taken any public part in the life of their State. Then to confine ourselves only to this State what a rich field for original historical research of a modest kind lies open to the student of Charleston College, placed in the proud old metropolis of South Carolina; of South Carolina University, situated at the State capital, with its comparatively short but stirring history; of Clemson College, having within its vicinity Old Stone Church, the quaint old village of Pendleton, once the gathering place of South Carolina's aristocracy, and in sight of its barracks the homestead of John C. Calhoun; of Wofford College, situated at the capital of the Old Iron District, and within a short distance of the battlefield of Cowpens!

## Exchange Department.

W. W. BOYD, Editor.

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The Southwestern University Magazine contains several creditable essays and a few interesting stories. The Freshman and Sophomore Departments are much improved in the last number. However, every article in this department contains some very flowery or "sophomoric" language.

The Wesleyan Literary Monthly is made up entirely of fiction and poetry. Both are of a high standard and we do not find any dull reading in the whole magazine. Perhaps it would be beneficial to this magazine to include something of a more serious nature.

The editors of the Mount Holyoke undertake a considerable task to maintain so large a monthly, but they are equal to the task and furnish an attractive journal. One of the most ably written articles is "The Seventeenth Century Jew in the Drama." This is interesting as throwing light upon some leading characters in English drama. "A Double Romance," perhaps the best piece of fiction in the magazine, is very similar to several stories in other college journals.

The Palmetto is a neat little magazine and shows some points of excellence. "Matthew Arnold as an Essayist," is a well written essay in criticism. The remainder of the journal is filled with short stories and sketches. Judging from the style the greater part of these must be the work of the younger students. There is not a distinct plot in any of the stories.

In The Review and Bulletin there are two articles of some merit, "Lord Byron" and "Tennyson and His Poetry." The other articles are not of any special interest or value.

The Current Events Department of The Carolinian is especially well gotten up. "The River of Time" is an ex-



tremely visionary article, and fails to solve the great question which it sets out to solve. The stories are mediocre.

The March issue of *The Converse Concept* affords interesting reading. The interpretation of the character of Richard III is ably written. The author has evidently studied this character carefully. The two stories, "A Game of Chance" and "Pursuit for Love's Sake," compare favorably with the common college journal story. "The Efficient Cause of the Universe is Love" is a discussion deserving a careful reading.

## Alumni Department.

J. C. REDMON, Editor.

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In looking over the list of Alumni the number of Wofford men who are preachers in this and other conferences is striking. In almost every class there has gone out one or more ministers. In giving the list of them it will only be possible to give the year they graduated and in most cases the address of each:

- Bishop W. W. Duncan, '58, Spartanburg, S. C.  
Rev. R. B. Tarrant, '58.  
Rev. J. W. Humbert, '59, Ridgeville, S. C.  
Rev. A. J. Stafford, '59, Aiken, S. C.  
Rev. A. J. Stokes, '59, Florence, S. C.  
Rev. L. C. Weaver, '59.  
Dr. S. A. Weber, '59, Yorkville, S. C.  
Rev. C. McCartha, '61.  
Rev. G. F. Round, '61.  
Rev. J. E. Watson, '61.  
Dr. R. D. Smart, '68, of the Virginia Conference.  
Rev. P. C. Bryce, '69.  
Rev. E. W. Peeples, '69.  
Rev. F. D. Trapier, '69.  
Rev. G. W. Walker, '69, Augusta, Ga.  
Rev. E. L. Archer, '71.  
Rev. R. W. Barber, '71, Lowndesville, S. C.  
Rev. H. E. Partridge, '71.  
Rev. W. L. Wait, '71, Cheraw, S. C.  
Rev. W. A. Rogers, '72, Spartanburg, S. C.  
Bishop A. Coke Smith, '72, Charlotte, N. C.  
Rev. W. E. Bar, '73.  
Rev. J. E. Carlisle, '73, Conway, S. C.  
Dr. H. F. Chreitzberg, '73, Gastonia, N. C.  
Rev. W. S. Rowe, '73.

- Rev. J. W. Roseborough, '73.  
Rev. J. W. Wolling, '73.  
Rev. W. S. Martin, '75, Johnston, S. C.  
Rev. A. C. Walker, '75, Bishopville, S. C.  
Rev. Samuel Keener, '76.  
Rev. W. R. Richardson, '77, Spartanburg, S. C.  
Rev. J. E. Rushton, '77, Lake City, S. C.  
Rev. J. W. Tarboux, '77, missionary to Brazil.  
Rev. E. E. Bomar, '79.  
Rev. J. R. King, '79.  
Rev. J. M'P. Lander, '79, missionary to Brazil.  
Rev. J. C. Chandler, '80, Heath Springs, S. C.  
Rev. J. W. Kilgo, '81, Spartanburg, S. C.  
Rev. P. V. Bomar, '82.  
Rev. S. A. Nettles, '82, Branchville, S. C.  
Rev. R. Riddick, '82.  
Rev. J. L. Weber, '82.  
Dr. M. L. Carlisle, '83, Columbia, S. C.  
Rev. R. E. Mood, '84, Camden, S. C.  
Rev. H. S. Wannamaker, '84, of the N. Y. Conference.  
Rev. W. I. Herbert, '85, Columbia, S. C.  
Rev. J. F. Campbell, '86, Little Rock, S. C.  
Rev. A. B. Earle, '87, Camden, S. C.  
Rev. J. M. Rogers, '87, Williamston, S. C.  
Rev. P. F. Kilgo, '88, Darlington, S. C.  
Rev. E. P. Taylor, '88, Marion, S. C.  
Rev. J. R. Goodloe, '89.  
Rev. G. G. Harley, '89.  
Rev. W. H. Hodges, '89, Lancaster, S. C.  
Rev. W. A. Massabeau, '89, Greenwood, S. C.  
Rev. E. D. Monson, '89.  
Rev. D. M. McLeod, '90, Richburg, S. C.  
Rev. T. G. Herbert, '90, Greenville, S. C.  
Rev. A. J. Cauthen, '91, Orangeburg, S. C.  
Rev. G. F. Clarkson, '91, Walhalla, S. C.  
Rev. J. E. Crout, '91, Dillon, S. C.  
Rev. Peter Stokes, '91, Piedmont, S. C.  
Rev. R. C. Boulware, '92, Mt. Carmel, S. C.

- Rev. H. J. Cauthen, '92, Kingstree, S. C.  
Rev. C. C. Herbert, '92, Summerton, S. C.  
Rev. J. B. Holly, '92.  
Rev. W. C. Kirkland, '93, Allendale, S. C.  
Rev. W. F. Pitts, '93, Bowman, S. C.  
Rev. Henry Stokes, '93, Walterboro, S. C.  
Rev. O. M. Abney, '94, Pickens, S. C.  
Rev. M. L. Banks, '94, Spartanburg, S. C.  
Rev. E. S. Jones, '94, Buffalo, S. C.  
Rev. G. F. Kirby, '94, High Point, N. C.  
Rev. W. J. Snyder, '94, Clifton, S. C.  
Rev. P. B. Wells, '94, Abbeville, S. C.  
Rev. G. C. Leonard, '99, Little Rock, S. C.  
Rev. F. H. Shuler, '95, Gibson Station, S. C.  
Rev. A. E. Holler, '96, Scotia, S. C.  
Rev. L. P. McGee, '96, Timmonsville, S. C.  
Rev. R. S. Truesdale, '97, Columbia, S. C..  
Rev. G. E. Edwards, '99, Newberry, S. C.  
Rev. P. C. Garris, '00, Port Royal, S. C.  
Rev. M. Auld, '01, Rock Hill, S. C.  
Rev. N. L. Prince, '02, Townville, S. C.

# Young Men's Christian Association.

W. C. HERBERT, Editor.

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We owe much to Mr. Wilson, the Assistant State Secretary for the Carolinas, for the invaluable aid he has given us in conducting our Bible study rally. This meeting—one Sunday afternoon, as soon after college opens as practicable, is each year given up to this occasion—impresses the need of Bible study upon the men so thoroughly that we could not do without it.

The college year was begun with two classes studying "A Harmony of the Gospels," taught by Messrs. L. D. Thompson and E. K. Hardin. The enrollment of these two was about twelve each. The second year's course, "Studies in the Acts and Epistles," has changed teachers. Mr. W. C. Owen has given over this class to the hands of Mr. J. F. Gollightly. This class has lost fewer men than any other in proportion to its numbers. At first it numbered nine, and still the average attendance is very good. The third class, studying the "Old Testament Characters," has the smallest enrollment, numbering only five.

How to hold the men whom we already have in the classes is about as serious a problem as how to get them to enlist. Especially in the spring is the tendency to neglect Bible study very strong. Is it the teacher's fault or the scholar's? Very probably more often the scholar's. If the study is not a daily, systematic one the student is apt to spend his Monday mornings in some other way than in his Bible class. Though the classes have decreased in numbers, we feel sure that great good is being accomplished through this department of the Association, for this is the foundation of the whole.

We are glad to see that a union of the sister Carolinas in their annual State conventions is about to be effected. The expense of the convention will be less and we are sure that Wofford, at least, could derive much benefit from the experience of her sister colleges in North Carolina.

## Local Department.

LOY D. THOMPSON, Editor

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The Sophomore Exhibition was held in the College Auditorium March 27. The Exhibition was a success in every way. Those who represented their class as speakers covered themselves with glory and reflected credit upon their class. They have set a high standard for subsequent Sophomore exhibitions and the present Freshman Class will do well to begin preparations for the display of their oratorical qualities as early as they may if they wish to maintain the high standard established by this year's class. One of the chief attractions of the evening was the reception tendered the young people in the aftermath. The reception began at ten and closed about twelve o'clock. It was largely attended and every one expressed himself as having enjoyed the evening immensely. The entire programme as rendered is given below:

PRESIDING OFFICER,  
W. L. Glaze, Jr.

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PRAYER,  
Bishop Duncan.

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Music.

---

J. H. Hamel, Preston Society, Lancaster County.  
"The Principles of Our Fathers," Edward Everett.

---

Music.

---

C. P. Wofford, Calhoun Society, Spartanburg County.  
"A Monument to Lee," A. K. McLure.

---

Music.

J. P. Kilgo, Preston Society, Spartanburg County.  
 "A Plea for the Southern University," Benj. Hill.

---

Music.

---

G. J. Patterson, Calhoun Society, Chester County.  
 "The True Grandeur of Nations," Chas. Sumner.

---

Music.

---

W. D. Roberts, Preston Society, Richland County.  
 "The North and South," Robert Fellows.

---

MARSHALLS.

Robt. Gage, Chief.

CALHOUN.

W. M. Brabham,  
 S. L. Davis,  
 R. C. Oliver.

PRESTON.

C. S. Manning,  
 J. B. Johnson,  
 J. W. Boyd.

An entertainment was given in the College Auditorium March 30th by D. F. Leftwich, a humorist and impersonator of rare ability. The audience was very greatly pleased with the high character of the entertainment.

Mr. W. C. Cleveland, of the Sophomore Class, went home March 26th in answer to the sad intelligence of his mother's death. Mr. Cleveland will very likely not return to college this year.

Prof. J. G. Clinkscales went on an extended lecture tour last month in the southern part of the State. Prof. Clinkscales commands large audiences wherever he goes. He is an interesting speaker and his lecture tours are great instruments in bringing men to the college. The following appeared in the Sunday State (March 28th): "Prof. John G. Clinkscales, Wofford's learned professor of mathematics, and a writer and speaker of much force, will return Monday from a lecture tour. Last Saturday he went to Townville to lec-

ture for the benefit of the Dickson Memorial Chapel. Sunday he lectured at two of the churches on the Townville Circuit, Rev. Norman Prince, preacher in charge. Monday night he lectured at Honea Path. Wednesday night at Latta and Thursday night at Dillon. It is useless to say that every one who heard him heard something good."

Rev. F. D. Gamewell, Ph.D., a relative of Wofford's latin professor, J. A. Gamewell, lectured in the college chapel March 25th under the auspices of the Lyceum Lecture Bureau. Mr. Gamewell, the hero of Peking, gave in a most delightful manner the simple story of "The Providence of God in the Siege of Peking." In closing his highly entertaining lecture he quoted this impressive verse among others:

"Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,  
Accept this gift today for Jesus sake.  
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,  
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make.  
But here I bring within my trembling hand  
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small,  
But Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand  
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all."

Mr. W. M. Fair, of the class of '03, has given up his studies and gone home for a rest. Mr. Fair has been in ill health for some time. He expects to finish with next year's class if his health is such as to warrant him in trying to carry his education farther.

Dr. C. T. Winchester, one of America's leading literary interpreters, will give a lecture here April 11th under the auspices of the Lyceum Bureau. This lecture will bring to a close very probably a long series of unusually high class lectures for the season.

Professor J. A. Gamewell, who is the chairman of the Wofford Lyceum Lecture Association, has been untiring in his efforts to secure the best lecturers in the country. This year Prof. Gamewell has spent over a thousand dollars toward getting men of the best talent here to lecture before the



members of the Association. The students of the two colleges and the citizens of Spartanburg alike owe Prof. Game-well an inestimable debt of gratitude for the great interest which he has shown in trying always to get the best talent that our country affords.

Mr. T. C. Moss, of the Senior Class, was called home to the bedside of his mother who has been quite ill for some time.

Elections in the Calhoun Society resulted in the selection of the following to serve as officers for the ensuing term: President, F. Earle Bradham, '03; vice-president, F. C. Rodgers, '03; first critic, G. B. Dukes, '03; second critic, J. G. Balie, '03; secretary, J. A. McIntyre, '04; treasurer, G. Wells Vaughan, '04; corresponding secretary, J. Arial, '05; censor, S. M. Dawkins, '03; first monitor, John G. Stabler, '05; second monitor, D. C. Anderson, '05.

President H. N. Snyder has accepted recently an invitation to deliver a series of thirty lectures at the Summer School of the South to be held in Nashville, Tenn., beginning June 23. In that course of lectures will be embraced a discussion of Southern literature. A treat for those who may be present.

The first game of baseball for this season by Wofford's team was played April 3rd with K. M. M. A. boys at the college ball park. The game was interesting only at intervals. Wofford's chief desire was to shut out the military boys. She succeeded beautifully, the score in the last inning being 16 to 0. It was a complete walk-over, as the score shows.

In the second game of the season the Old Gold and Black gracefully made its bow to the Davidson College boys to the tune of 3 to 2, in the latter's favor. The game was fast and clean and exciting. Very few errors were made on either side. The Davidson boys were a gentlemanly set of young fellows. We hope to play them again in the not distant future.

The next game of interest is with the North Carolina University on our own grounds, April 11th.

The commencement program for June is as follows. 8:30 p. m., Friday, June 12—Gymnasium Exhibition.

8:30 p. m. Saturday, June 13.—Annual debate: Calhoun and Preston literary societies. Query: "Resolved, That it is to the best interest of the United States to maintain the Monroe Doctrine." Affirmative, Preston Society (E. K. Hardin, Jr., and C. L. Smith); negative, Calhoun Society (W. D. Burnett and L. F. Cannon.)

Sunday, June 14, 11 a. m.—Baccalaureate sermon by Bishop Warren A. Chandler, D. D.; 4 p. m., address before Young Men's Christian Association by Rev. Emory Olin Watson; 8:30 p. m., address by Bishop W. W. Duncan, D. D., LL.D.

Monday, June 15, 11 a. m.—Address before the literary societies by Justice Chas. A. Woods; 8:30 p. m., alumni address by Hon. B. Hart Moss, alumni banquet following.

Tuesday, June 16, 10 a. m.—Baccalaureate address, presentation of diplomas, report board of trustees and closing exercises.

Receptions Friday, Saturday and Monday nights, 10 to 12.

# Wofford College Directory.

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H. N. SNYDER, M. A., President,

J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Secretary,

D. A. DUPRÉ, A. M., Treasurer.

---

## Calhoun Literary Society

President, F. Earle Bradham, '03.  
Vice-President, Frank C. Rogers, '03.  
1st Critic, G. B. Dukes, '03.  
2nd Critic, J. G. Balie, '03.  
Censor, S. M. Dawkins, '03.  
Rec. Sect., J. A. McIntyre, '04.  
Treasurer, G. Wells Vaughan, '04.  
Cor. Sect., J. M. Arial, '05.  
1st Monitor, Jno. G. Stabler, '05.  
2nd Monitor, D. C. Anderson, '05.

## Preston Literary Society

President, L. T. Leitner, '03.  
Vice-President, Loy D. Thompson, '03.  
1st Critic, D. Monroe Ellen, '03.  
2nd Critic, G. W. Grier, '03.  
1st Censor, M. W. Sloan, '03.  
Secretary, Ernest P. All, '04.  
Treasurer, E. F. McWhirter, '04.  
Cor. Sect., W. A. McMillan, '05.  
2nd Censor, J. P. Stockman, '05.

## Wofford College Journal

Editor-in-Chief, M. W. Sloan.  
Business Mgr., F. Earle Bradham.  
Literary Editor, S. M. Dawkins.  
Exchange Editor, W. W. Boyd.  
Alumni Editor, J. C. Redmon.  
Local Editor, Loy D. Thompson.  
Asst. Bus. Mgr., E. K. Hardin.  
Asst. Lit. Ed., Power W. Bethea.  
Y. M. C. A. Editor, W. C. Herbert.

## Y. M. C. A.

President, C. L. Smith.  
Vice-President, E. K. Hardin.  
Secretary, W. D. Roberts.  
Treasurer, A. D. Betts.

## Fraternities

Chi Psi.  
Chi Phi.  
Kappa Sigma.  
Kappa Alpha.  
Pi Kappa Alpha.  
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

## Senior Class

President, W. C. Owen.  
Vice-President, Loy D. Thompson.  
Secretary, T. C. Moss.

## Junior Class

President, E. K. Hardin.  
Vice-President, J. P. Lane.

## Sophomore Class

President, J. H. Hamell.  
Vice-President, W. L. Glaze.  
Secretary, W. M. Brabham.

## Freshman Class.

President, Ed. Morris.

## Wightman Hall

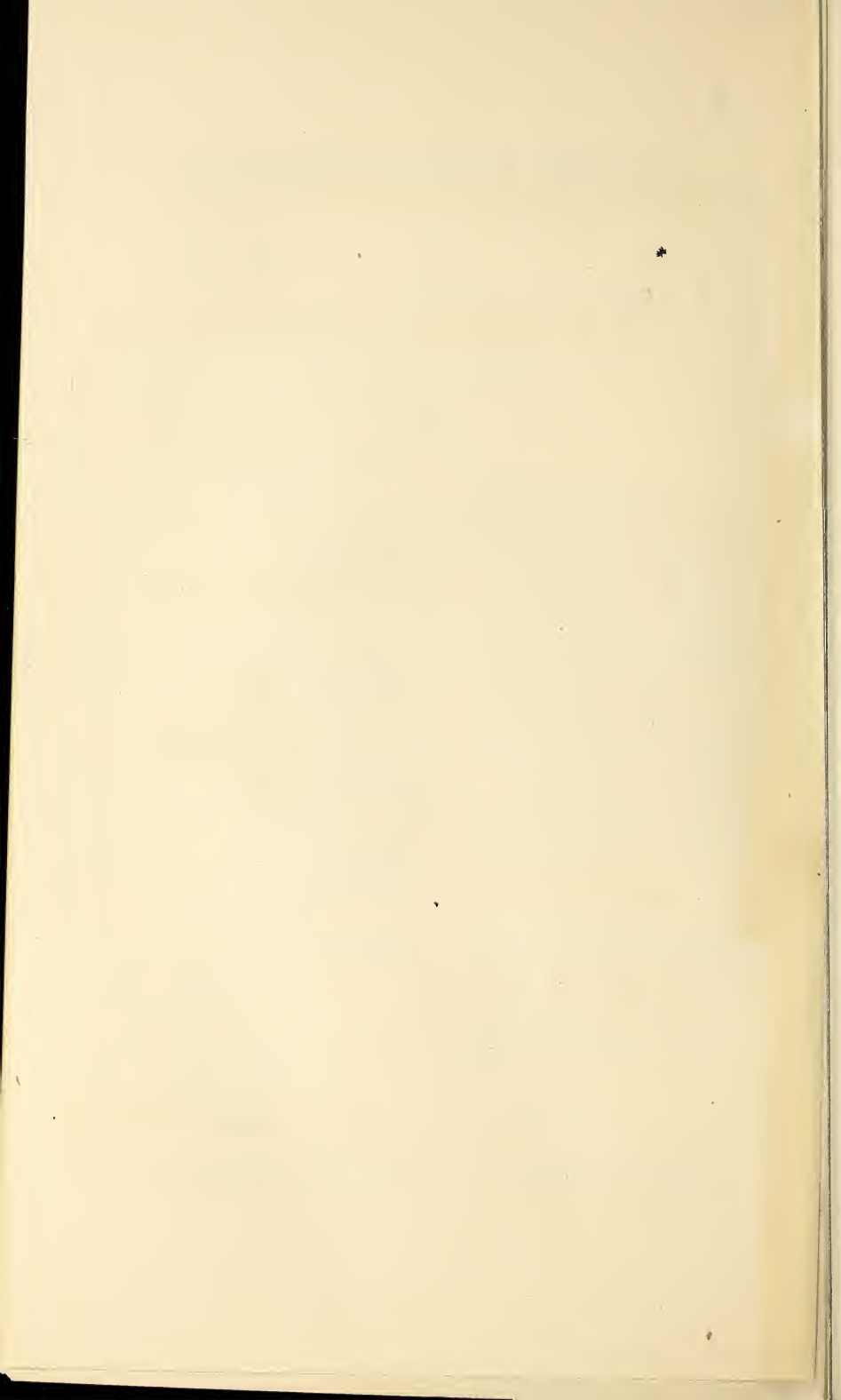
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## Archer Hall

G. B. Dukes, Caterer.

## Base Ball.

A. M. Brabham, Capt.  
J. L. Wilson, Bus. Mgr.  
W. W. Boyd, Asst. Bus. Mgr.



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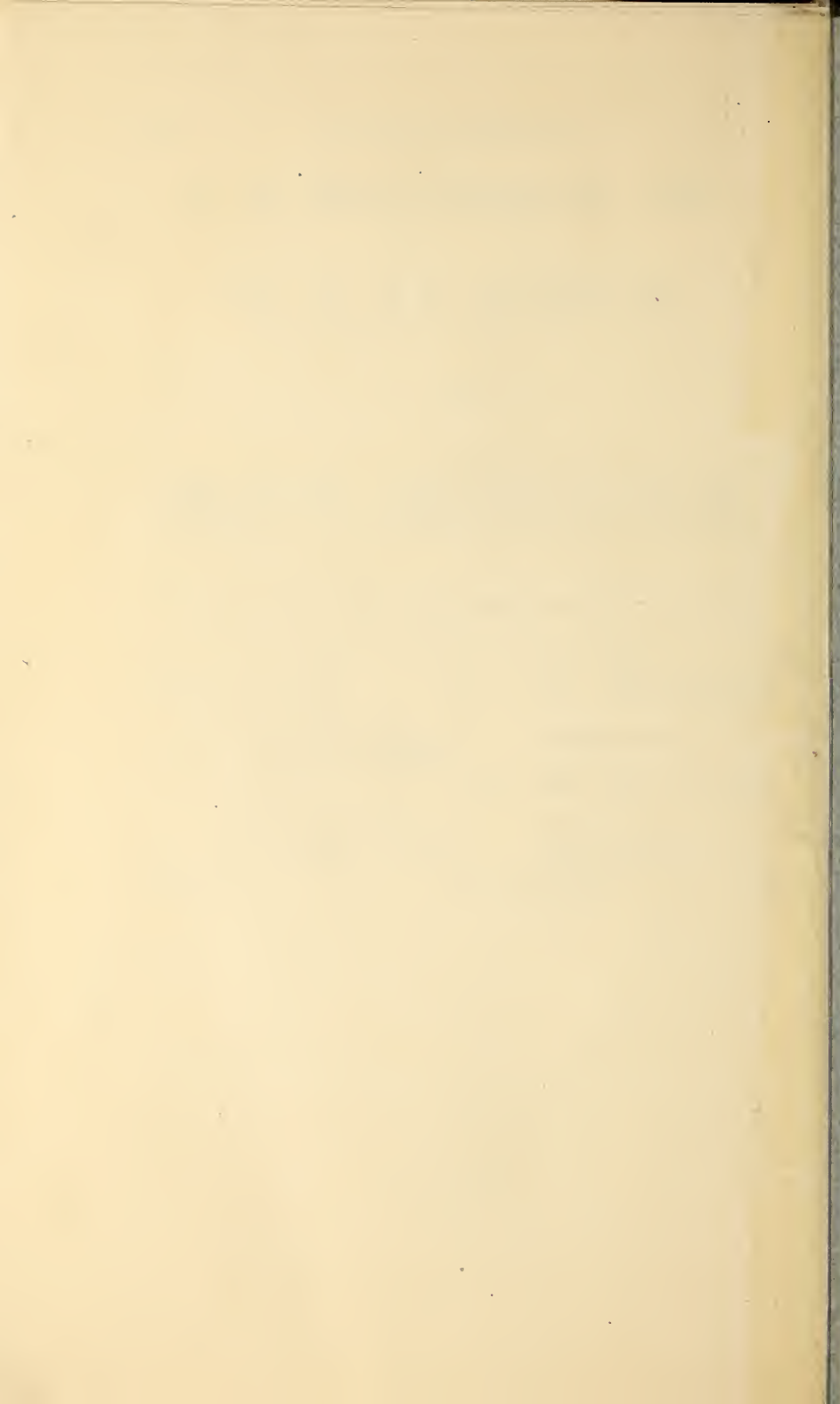
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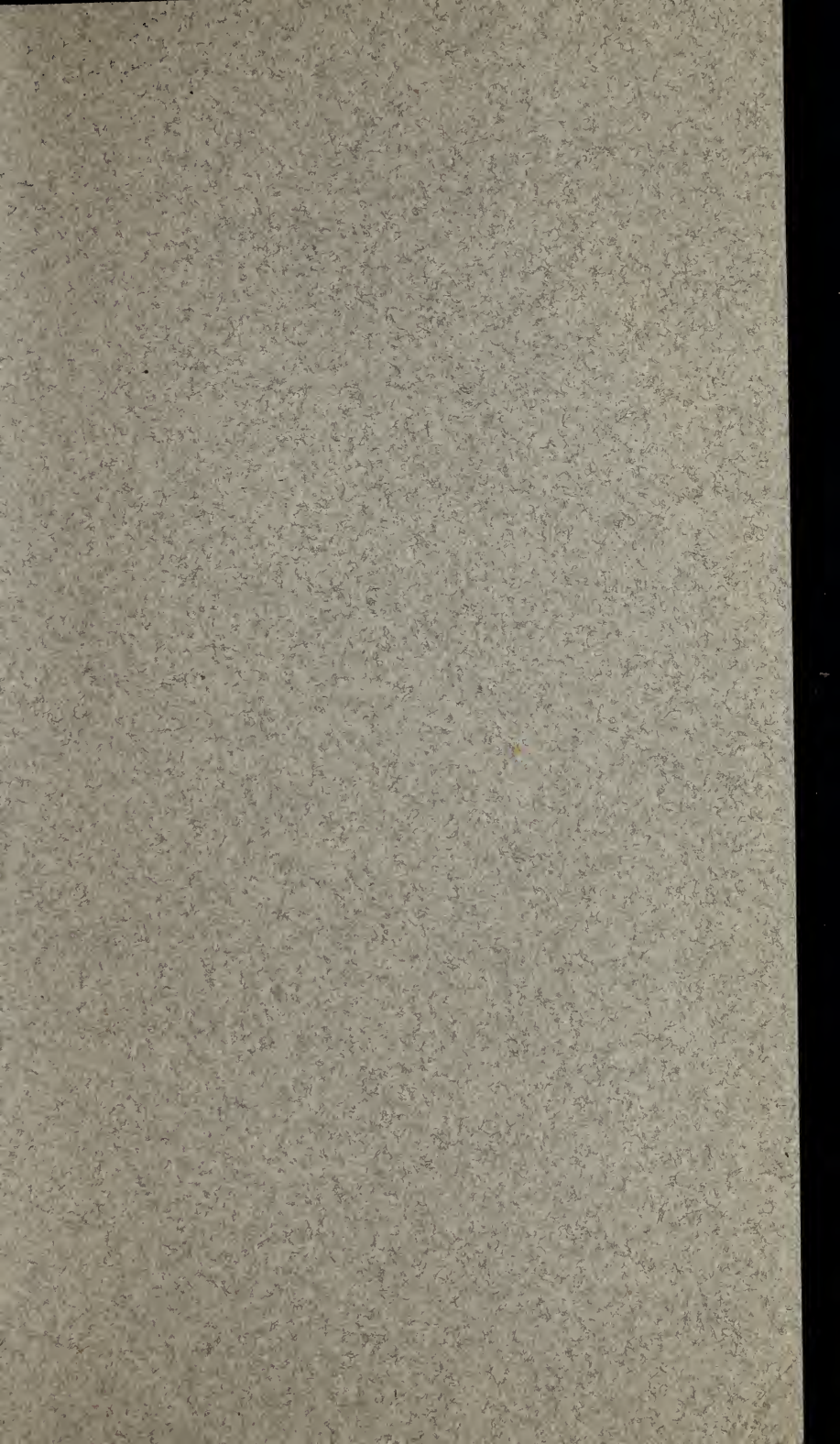
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# Wofford College Journal

JUNE, 1903.

VOLUME ~~XIII~~ XIV

NUMBER 8

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(Copy.)

Yours truly,

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6/1903  
#8

# Wofford College Journal

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## Literary Department

S. M. DAWKINS, EDITOR.

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### *Socrates.*

(Written after reading the apology.)

Before grim Death ye stood serene,  
And without fear looked on the tomb,  
Smiled as ye stepped into its gloom,  
And passed within the great unseen.  
Gave up thy life for truth and right,  
Nor begged for mercy on thy head,  
But followed where the spirit led,  
A victim to foul slander's spite.  
Love filled thy heart and truth thy mind,  
Thou knewest not the lust of gold,  
Nor didst thou shun the hemlock bowl  
To save thy life yet for a time.  
When false men ruled truth lodged with thee;  
Constant ever as that star—  
Arcturus—shining from afar  
To guide the sailor on the sea.  
Thy words by wisdom's grace were formed;  
The power of thy fearless hand  
Drives darkness yet from many a land,  
And shall through ages yet unborn.  
This humble tribute now we place  
Upon thy tomb, oh, honored sage!  
In memory's book your shining page  
The touch of time cannot efface.

—C. L. SMITH.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

"But of all writers, ancient or modern, poets, prophets, philosophers, the one to whom my spiritual indebtedness was first and last the greatest, was Emerson."—J. T. Trowbridge.

It has been wittily said that if Shakespeare were doomed to everlasting punishment, the greatest torture that could possibly be inflicted upon him would be to compel him to read all the interpretations and criticisms of his works that have been written—for many of them fail in the attempt to declare the truths that he intended to publish in his dramas.

Just so with all men whose lives and works have been of sufficient merit to attract the notice of the world,—the greatest peril they have to fear is that their words and deeds may be taken for the basis on which, in after years, men will build leaning towers of thought and philosophy of which they never dreamed.

Thus it would be, if, in another world, as a propitiation for some misdemeanor committed here on this earth, Mr. Emerson should be compelled to read all the "estimates," "reviews," criticisms, biographies, etc., that have ever been written about him.

Such an essay suggested by the Emerson centenary celebrated on the 25th of last month might easily take a dozen or more different terms, for instance, as estimates of his influence on religion, on the thought and culture of America, on that of the world, his attitude towards slavery, his private life, etc. But we intend only to make a few simple observations that would occur to any intelligent reader as to his thought and his style of expression.

As to Emerson's influence on the thought and culture of his and succeeding generations suffice it to say that few, very few, men,—not more than a half dozen, perhaps, in the whole world during a century,—live such lives as to have the hundredth anniversary of their birth celebrated in a manner to attract the widespread attention which the Emerson centenary

is already beginning to attract, as made evident by the number of magazine and newspaper articles on some phase of his life, now appearing in publications on all sides. And it is a great source of satisfaction to be able to say that none of it is undeserved; for America has produced but few, if any, other men who have held to such fine and noble principles, such high thoughts and aspirations.

Mr. Emerson always evinced a strong dislike for that analyzing, scrutinizing species of literary criticism which is, and has been for some time, "all the rage," and which always betokens a lack of power and original inspiration on the part of the scholars and leaders of thought. He ever proclaimed in strong terms against a man's making a satellite of himself by revolving round the attractive thought of some great person, instead of becoming an individual planet, no matter how small and insignificant, and pursuing an entirely individual course round the great gravitative line of truth, deriving whatever fresh and invigorating impulse possible from his neighbors.

In his introduction to "Nature, and Lectures," first published in part in 1836, and the volume of his essays as later collected by himself and gotten out by J. E. Cabot, his literary executor, Mr. Emerson has this striking paragraph:

"Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories and criticisms. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should we not also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life steam around and through us, and invite us by the power they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its fading wardrobe. The sun shines today also. There is more wood and place in

fields. There are more new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship."

In this paragraph,—the first of his writing, as has already been noted, that appears in the "New and Revised Edition" of his essays,—he sounds the main notes on which the great symphony of his living and teaching was to be played. While Abraham Lincoln, to whom tradition at least imparts a keen desire through his whole life for the freedom of slaves, was an almost unknown legislator in Illinois, and before he had yet been admitted to the bar, Emerson was beginning to lift his calm, clear, determined voice in no uncertain manner demanding emancipation, emancipation not only of the poor, benighted African of the South, whose freedom was in the hands of his white master, but emancipation of mankind in general,—no matter what the color of his skin, —from all old traditions and ritualisms of belief that sap away his power of living and thinking, that curtail his power of being, and his being pressed to the great throbbing bosom of the source of all truth and life, the spring from which the floods of time and eternity flow.

Emerson has most justly been given a place among the "five prophets of the nineteenth century," as he, Carlyle, Ruskin, Wordsworth and Tennyson have fitly been called.

The writings of this more-than-half-idealistic, freedom-loving Yankee are full to the brim of a great reverence for and confidence in, the abilities of man,—since he is a being close of kind to God,—and of a deep and holy love for Nature in all its beauty and glory,—Nature the home of man and the creation of God. And he would have us, in the presence of the awful facts of creation, to stand unbound by the shackles prejudice, of narrowmindedness, of parasiticism,—truly a most noble message for a prophet of any age to bring a famishing people. Such thoughts, such visions as he brings us refreshing us in these times of toiling for wealth and promotion as the showers in the late afternoon of a hot summer day refresh the growing corn. For "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

Mr. Lowell very happily said "The bother with Mr. Em-



erson is that though he writes in prose, he is essentially a poet."

It is Mr. Mabie, I think, in his "Books and Culture," who has something like this to say: "The real power of imagination lies in a power of realizing things to an intense degree."

Now, if ever any man had "this real power of imagination," this "power of realizing things to an intense degree," it was Emerson. His habit, in his essays,—which are almost all of them "worked over" lectures,—is continually to be breaking forth into rhapsodic strains of ecstasy, excited by facts that the "common run of mankind" usually pass over lightly; but to his intensely spiritual imagination all things took on a high degree of importance. In one of his essays, he would have all men realize God. A rather startling proposition, it would at first seem; but, taking all terms in their broadest, noblest sense, what else is there for man to do? How can he better control his faculties?

The God of his realization is a spiritual God, the spiritual source of all things that are, a great Over-soul,—to use one of his favorite expressions,—whose relation to man is something of that which the mighty river bears to the little fish that floats in its bosom, unharmed by the dashing of the torrent and nourished by the food it brings.

Perhaps the most impressive trait in Mr. Emerson's character, however, is his power of stimulating thought and quickening aspirations in the minds and hearts of his readers,—and formerly of his hearers also. Of this mysterious, but not altogether unusual power, Mr. Lowell said, in his "Emerson, the Lecturer," "We look upon him as one of the few great men of genius our age has produced, and there needs no better proof of it than his masculine power of fecundating other minds. Search for his eloquence in his books and you will perchance miss it, but meantime you will find it has quickened all your thought."

In speaking, later, along on the same line, of a course of lectures he had heard Emerson deliver when he (Lowell) was quite a young man, Mr. Lowell has this to say, "Cynics

might say what they like. Did our imaginations transfigure dry remainder buscuit into ambrosia? At any rate he brought us life, which, on the whole, is no bad thing. To some of us that long past experience remains as the most marvelous and fruitful we ever had. Emerson awakened us, saved us from the body of this death. It is the sound of the trumpet the young soul longs for, careless of what breath may fill it. Sidney heard it in the ballad of "Chevy Chase," we in Emerson. \* \* \* \* If asked what was left? what we carried home? we would not have been careful for an answer. It would have been enough if we had said something beautiful had passed that way. Or we might have asked what one carried away from symphony of Beethoven? Enough that he had set that ferment of wholesome discontent at work within us."

It is a noticable fact that men distinguished by certain traits of greatness of character are often seemingly unconscious of their possession; but have a keener appreciation of like traits in others than men not so distinguished. Mr. Emerson illustrates this point exceedingly well with reference to that magical sway over an audience, an electrifying influence of thought and word of which he was so markedly possessed. He opens his essay on "Character" with the pretty little verses that are given below, and that so fitly describe the effects over an audience of the traits just referred to.

"He spoke, and words more soft than rain  
 Brought the Age of Gold again;  
 His actions won such reverence sweet  
 As hid all measure of the feat."

And in the essay to which the little stanza is prefixed, he goes on to say, "I have read that those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said. \* \* \* The largest part of their power is talent. This is that which we call character—a reserved force which acts distinctly by presence and without means. \* \* \* What others effect by talent or eloquence, this man accomplishes by some magnetism."

The chief objection raised against Mr. Emerson as an essayist,—and I believe it was also raised against him as a lecturer,—is a pronounced lack of consecutivity in the treatment of his thoughts. There is little logic followed in his development or a theme. Indeed, one might almost say he never took a theme. He just chronicled thoughts as they came to him, caring but little as to whether they were jointed and “dovetailed” in together or not. So much so is this the case that one might after the first two or three introductory paragraphs of any one of his essays have been read, turn to the last and read the essay backwards paragraph by paragraph, often sentence by sentence, seldom knowing the difference.

Hand in hand with this goes another impressive trait, common, though, to nearly all men who have accomplished anything worthy of note in life; that is, a pervasiveness, throughout all his writings, of two or three supreme thoughts, and constant references to these as his source of inspiration.

These two traits, his broken, disjointed style and his clinging to two or three ideas, gives his writings a character that reminds us of certain minerals of crystalline structure, which when struck with a hammer always fractures in planes parallel to the surfaces of the original block, thus giving to each particle, no matter how finely the specimen may be pulverized, the same shape as the parent crystal. There is scarcely a sentence, and very seldom a paragraph in his writings but has a distinctly Emersonian flavor; and indeed there are a good many words which he was proud of using, that often call to the mind of the lover of Emerson recollections of a pleasant half hour spent with his Emerson in his lap, no matter where the word was met up with. And who can match his concise, proverbial statements?

Like all writers who have seen and appreciated the beauties of nature, he is fond of referring to her facts for illustrations and comparison; indeed among the several “uses of nature” which he mentions he places “the symbolism of nature” as one of his most valuable services to man. I copy the paragraphs below from his essay on “Civilization,” for their

beauty of thought and expression, and as an illustration of his power of writing real poetry without the help of verse-form.

"Civilization depends on morality. Everything good in man leans on what is higher. This rule holds in small as in great. Thus all our strength and success in the work of our hands depend on our borrowing the aid of these elements. You have seen a carpenter on a ladder with a broad-axe chopping upward chips from a beam. How awkward! at what disadvantage he works! But see him on the ground, dressing his timber under him. Now, not his feeble muscles, but the force of gravity brings down his axe: that is to say, the planet splits his stick. The farmer had much ill-temper, laziness and shirking to endure from his hand sawyer, until one day he bethought him to put his saw-mill on the edge of a water-fall: and the river never tires of turning his wheel; the river is good and never hints at an objection.

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"I admire still more than the saw-mill the skill which, on the sea-shore, makes the tides drive the wheels and grind the corn, and which thus engages the assistances of the moon, like a hired hand, to grind and wind, and jump, and saw, and split stone and roll iron!

"Now that is the wisdom of a man, in every instance of his labor, to hitch his wagon to a star, and see his chore done by the gods themselves. This is the way we are strong by knowing the might of the elements. The forces of steam, gravity, galvanism, light, magnets, wind serve us by day and cost us nothing."

Rightly was he fond of these little verses from Herbert:

"More servants wait on man  
Than he'll take notice of!"

J. F. GOLIGHTLY.

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*Rudyard Kipling—A Singer of Songs and a Teller of Tales.*

In this age of stupendous effort and of premature production how distressingly few artists there are who have long life.

Like a meteor they flash through the sky only to pass away from the sight of men nevermore to return. And, yet, there are some who strike upon the universal heart of mankind and find enduring response.

This we believe to be true in the case of Mr. Kipling. He seems to have found the responsive chord of humanity and played upon it with a free and unrestrained hand. We cannot but believe that, unlike the meteor which flashes forth suddenly and then fades into the realms of darkness, he has come here to stay and is a fixed star that will continue to give forth light in the days that are to come.

Mr. Kipling is not a college graduate. He is not one of those who would have us "sit at wine with maiden's nine, and the Gods of the elder days," but his one aim and chief desire is to draw "the thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are."

Born in Bombay, "between the palms and the sea where the world end steamers wait," in 1865 his literary life began at an early date. He was nothing but a boy when he was called to take the position of assistant editor of the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette.

The first verse and the first sketches he wrote were given publicity in this Indian paper in the year 1883. It was not until three years later that a collection of his poetry entitled "Departmental Ditties" was made and published.

With the publication of "Departmental Ditties" Mr. Kipling made his debut.

This collection of verse has no special claim upon the world. It is made up of comical and satirical pieces representative of Indian official life with no literary worth attached to it especially.

He is a man who has had a wide observation—well might he say with Ulysses: "much have I seen and known; cities of men and manners, climates, councils, governments," and he might well add, "I am a part of all that I have met."

Traveled, as it were, from Dan to Beersheba, in England, America, Africa, China, Japan, India, Australia and the isles of the sea, he is familiar, to a remarkable degree, with the

habits and customs, and the life of these people as it is lived in the countries where he has been; and, not only does he represent with astounding accuracy the customs and characteristics of the countries where he has traveled, but the most remarkable thing about it he pictures with equal accuracy the scenes in lands where he has never been. He speaks to us as fluently of the Lealer's from the Northern Light as the intricate machinery of the engine room. He touches upon many subjects and treats them with great accuracy and precision.

In his stories Mr. Kipling shows very clearly that his acquaintance with men is not of a circumscribed character. He knows the Anglo-Indian society people, he can tell us about the Gloucester fishermen, the millionaire who hails from California; and who knows better than he the life of that ever interesting character, Tommy Atkins, of the barrack rooms.

Mr. Kipling certainly has a remarkable power for description. This seems to be one of his strongest points. In a line he can give us a vivid picture as when he says of the Colonel's daughter, she was "wan and thin, lamblike, bleatin', pick-me-up-and-carry-me-or-I'll-die-girls, such as was made for the natural prey as men like the Captain," one would be presumptuous in the extreme to ask a better description of the heroine of the story. This is just one example among many we might cite, of illustrating this marvelous power of his making a brief, vivid portrayal of a character or a scene and his faculty, too, of linking words together.

He has an undying love for his native land and has done much towards the awakening of his own people. By his heart stirring songs he has instilled new life into the drooping hearts of his countrymen and has called the attention of the world to that India where, as someone has said: "You really see humanity, raw, brown, naked humanity—with nothing between it and the blazing sky and only the used-up, over-handled earth under foot."

The world has not been altogether blind to the land of the Eastern skies, but for centuries it has recognized that there

was something interesting and fascinating about the place of the poet's birth.

Those who are familiar with "The Arabian Nights" and "Tancred" have had a partial conception of this land, but no one has arisen who has given us such graphic pictures of life in the East as he. He can't stay in the Western world long. He becomes tired of the emptiness and restraint of our Western ways and civilization and asks that the ships take him back to the far land across the bay. Hear him: "Ship me somewhere east of the Suez where the best is like the worst, where there aren't no ten commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst; for the temple bells are callin' an' it's there that I would be—by the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—on the road to Mondalay, where the old flotilla lay."

Mr. Kipling has thrown aside the veil that has so long separated us from the private life of the soldier. He has thrown more light around the common, every-day life of the soldier than any other writer. In all English literature, perhaps, there has been no portraits of the soldier like the ones he draws for us. Soldiers are interesting people. They have their miniature world in the barracks. Their life may be one long tale of routine and unceasing repetition, yet, it is worth while to know something about this life and Mr. Kipling, recognizing this fact, has given us real, comprehensive insight into the private life of the soldier, his loves and his hates, his pleasures and his sorrows.

Mulvaney in "Soldiers Three" is a very unique creation of the poet. We know no one like him, he is the great Irish giant "The grizzled, tender, and very wise Ulysses." He is a good soldier, one of the bravest of the brave, "Old in war, scarred, reckless, resourceful, and, in his pious hours an unequalled soldier."

Again, we are interested to know something about Leayroyd the second of "The Three" who is described as being "six and a half feet of slow moving, heavy-footed Yorkshire man, born on the wolds, bred in the dales and educated chiefly among the carrier's carts back of York railway sta-

tion," and the third one of this noble trio is a little, keen, shrunk-up chap who is an unscrupulous dog-stealer, "a fox-terrier of a cockney." By means of "Soldiers Three" and other stories together with much of his verse he has cast a halo of light about the untrodden field of the soldier man.

There is a vein of genuine humor, that prevades some of Mr. Kipling's works. In his prose we do not find so much except in its sardonic form. In many of his poems, however, we come across passages that are full of real humor. For instance, what better touch of the humorous element could one find than this whole-souled description of Fuzzy-Wuzzy in "Barrack Room Ballads," given by one of his comrades in the bush:

" 'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,  
 An' before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;  
 'E's all 'ot savd and ginger when alive,  
 An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.  
 'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!  
 'E's a' injia-rubber idiot on the spree;  
 'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a damn  
 For a regiment of British Infantee.

There is one more point that we wish to consider in this brief sketch, and that is Mr. Kipling as one who advocates the strenuous life, the full-grown life of labor and service.

As Thomas Carlyle was called the prophet of labor, so, also, may Mr. Kipling be called the high priest of work. He constantly preaches to the world with unflagging zeal and earnestness the gospel of labor. He has nothing but mortal antipathy for socialism and believes with all the earnestness of an earnest soul in "the day's work" as a panacea for all the evils and ills that mankind becomes heir to. It is in the volume entitled, "Ballads and Barrack Room Ballads" that Tomlison's ghost appears, seeking admittance at the gate where Peter holds the keys. The question is put to him: "What ha' ye done?" Because he had done no work he was refused entrance. He makes his way to hell gate but, also, he is barred from entering even there.

The man whom he loved most of all, the man after his



own heart was the man who had done his work and held his place and had no fear to die." Like Ulysses, he could say: "How dull it is to pause, to make amend, to rust unburnished, not to shine in use."

In the "Seven Seas" Mr. Kipling strikes at the very keynote of the whole doctrine of work in his closing poem entitled "L'Envoi" when among the sublime words of that sublime poem, he bursts forth: "An no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame; but each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star, shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are."

After all criticism has expended itself on Mr. Kipling we shall be forced still to the opinion that he is a master in the short story and a consummate singer of brave songs.

The climax of Mr. Kipling's political expressions was reached when he gave utterance to that matchless production, "The Recessional," and it is with the exquisite melody of the first verse of that poem we take our leave from him who always fascinates and interests mankind. Hear him:

"God of our fathers, known of old—  
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—Lest we forget."

LOY D. THOMPSON.

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*Thoughts of the Dead.*

'Tis not when the light of midday's sun  
 Shines around and overhead,  
 But when nighttime comes and the day is done,  
 That we think upon the dead.

Not only those whom we loved and lost,  
 But the many myriads who  
 Have come to the dark passage and crossed,  
 The myriads we never knew.

We think of the countless throng who died,  
 Ages and ages ago,  
 And the millions who have lived and suffered  
 beside  
 The few we chanced to know.

And what has become of those fallen asleep.  
 Do their spirits linger near?  
 Tho' their bodies be scattered to pave the deep.  
 Or whiten the desert drear.

Aye, what of their long and dreamless rest,  
 Shall they awake and be free from pain?  
 Shall they rise from North and East and West  
 And meet us and love us again?

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*The College Man's Model Preacher.*

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Thomas Carlyle has said that "The history of the world is but the biography of great men." This fact taken in connection with the one that it is perfectly natural and most helpful for us to look upon the great men of the world with a feeling of admiration akin to worship accounts, no doubt, for the pleasure found in studying the life of a great man, his conflicts and victories, the obstacles and difficulties which he overcame, the great battles fought and won by man-thinking and man-working, taking all in all the accounting for his greatness.

Among the many great men of America during the nineteenth century none in his special line of work surpassed, and possibly but few equalled, that one whom we shall look upon as the College Man's Model Preacher, Phillips Brooks, and we may say that in main the thoughts for this article are those as suggested by Dr. Washington Gladden's estimate of this man which was published in a recent number of *The North American Review*.

That old American proverb expressed by Dr. Holmes, that the education of a child ought to begin one hundred years

before its birth, is fulfilled to the fullest extent in the record of Phillips Brooks. Descended on both sides from illustrious ancestors, it is an interesting conjecture—just what influence heredity had on the making of this illustrious man, how far it accounted for his greatness and renown. Certain it is, he came of a family which, in the course of time, ought to have produced a great man.

Raised in a Christian home, which gave to the world four ministers, his boyhood days were passed under favorable circumstances, and we find him entering Harvard University at rather an early age. As a college student he left a good record, but he was especially distinguished in English, in which branch he stood at the head of his class. Looking to a broader and deeper culture and life, Brooks did not as a college student narrow himself down to his text-books, but "read widely and deeply in the English classics of the eighteenth century. Johnson, Goldsmith, Dryden, Swift, Leigh Hunt, Washington Irving and Walter Scott attracted him; Carlyle came later, with a powerful hold upon his thought, but Tennyson, more than all the rest, was his master during his college days." He was taking as his nourishment the stuff that genius and greatness feed upon, and it is needless to say that after he had formed this habit, and had once dipped into the rich mine of the English classics, he was not satisfied until he had explored it all, even into its innermost and most secret recesses, finding there nuggets of gold unsurpassed in value. It is really wonderful, the amount of reading he did while in college and the Theological Seminary, though not neglecting in the least his regular routine duties. Phillips Brooks was a man of amazing industry, and "he seems to have bent himself with all the energies of his soul to the work of training and equipping his mind for its future task." Here we might as well draw a lesson—a young man with a purpose in view, setting himself to work with all the energies he possessed to prepare himself for the carrying out of that purpose. And the history of the American Pulpit of the last century tells us with what success Phillips Brooks carried out his purpose.

A most interesting study is this man when he meets a great crisis in his life. There came a time with him, as it does to all of us, when he should decide what his future life was to be. In a condition needing help and sympathy he went to President Walker, of Harvard, whom he knew to be a man of kind and sympathetic nature. His biographer, Mr. Allen, says: "President Eliot, at that time a tutor in the college, was on his way to Dr. Walker's, and recalls how he met Phillips Brooks at the door coming from the interview. He was struck by his appearance, his face was of a deathly whiteness, the evidence of some great crisis. Once again in Phillips Brooks life President Eliot saw him under a similar situation in 1881, when he called to decline the offer of a professorship at Harvard. Then, again, his face was strangely white, under some extraordinary emotion, and President Eliot remembered the vision of 1856."

Entering the ministry the first call accepted by Phillips Brooks was from a church in Philadelphia, and here the young preacher, fresh from the Seminary, went to put into practice the things he had learned there, and to see if he could prove equal to the responsibilities laid upon him as a minister of the Gospel. "It does not appear that he took the town by storm; the newspaper notices of his first sermon are favorable, but not unequivocal." However, that was, the time was not long before he was attracting large congregations to hear him preach, and the empty pews had all filled up. The young college graduate had proved equal to his task.

Here, too, as a minister we find that he was not narrow, but broadminded, interested in the great public questions. In the great strife between the North and South he rendered invaluable service to the Union side. In this he was sincere and when a man of Brooks' calibre believes in the principles of a certain party it means much for that party.

Harvard was now proud of her illustrious son, and when she called together her alumni to commemorate her sons who perished in the war, it was natural that Phillips Brooks should be asked to take part in the exercises. One who was

present when Brooks made the prayer of the day says he had put himself into a position to endure it, "but with the first sentence from those burning lips his attitude changed. He found himself listening breathless. He felt that he had never heard living prayer before; that here was a man talking straight into the face, into the heart of God. When the 'Amen' came it seemed to him that the occasion was over, that the harmonies of the music had been anticipated, that the poem had been read and the oration already uttered; that after such a prayer every other exercise might well be dispensed with." It is said that this prayer made a profounder impression upon the audience than did the famous Commemoration Ode of James Russell Lowell, with which we are all familiar.

He was now one of the most popular and widely known preachers in America. His church was crowded every Sunday and thousands hung upon his words. But his sermons were not of that kind which simply please and draw crowds. They were of the kind that do good, and men were benefited, borne on toward a higher, richer and fuller life by hearing Phillips Brooks preach. In many lives an important epoch was marked by hearing the man preach. The words of Phillips Brooks reached deep down into the very hearts of men and revolutionized their lives. The mighty influence exerted by this man was wonderful, and the words of Carlyle are especially applicable here: "We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near." There was a magnetism about the man which drew men to him, and in drawing them to him, to the Master whom he served. A working man once wrote him a letter in which were the following expressive words: "I wonder if you have any sort of conception how many there are of us who are made better, and try to be more useful, as a result of your example. To me you reveal God as no other man does. What I mean by that is, I can't think of you for ten consecutive minutes without forgetting all about you and thinking of God instead; and when I think of God

and wonder how he will seem to me, it always comes around to trying to conceive of you, infinitely enlarged in every way." What a testimony borne to the noble example and life of a simple, unaffected man of God!

But though there were exemplified in the life of Phillips Brooks so many of the true Christian virtues of manhood, yet there were men so jealous, so envious as to try to bring a stain upon his fair name, but so true, so upright was he in his every day life that they could not touch him, and, as Dr. Gladden says, "The truth remains that Phillips Brooks stood before the world the one conspicuous figure of the century whom calumny could not touch nor envy belittle. He could have said with Spurgeon that they might write his life across the sky, there was nothing of which he was ashamed." Phillips Brooks is one of the class of men whom we honor as representing the highest and best in American manhood, and who have made our nation what it is today. We look upon him as one of our greatest men, and his life stands as a beacon light, beckoning American youths on to things higher, nobler and more sublime. As a preacher what better model can the college man need than Phillips Brooks?

E. K. HARDIN, JR.

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*What is the Matter with St. Louis?*

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The city of St. Louis has been constantly in the public eye for the past few years. It has appeared in the role of the most corrupt and worst governed city in the country. St. Louis has surpassed New York in the extent of its corruption, and has outstripped Chicago in unrestrained boodling. While the Tammany men have been a source of great, unlimited injury to New York and have disregarded the authorities and evaded the law, there has never been in that city any serious complaints of wholesale boodling and extensive corruption of the higher classes. The peculiarity of the state of affairs in St. Louis is the fact that the corruption is from "the top, not from the bottom of society." Leading

capitalists, wealthy bankers, eminent lawyers and influential men in all departments of business are involved in the gigantic schemes for the control of the elections and courts of a great city and for the robbery of the city treasury. St. Louis appears before the world today as a city governed by boodlers and as surrounded by conditions in which boodling is the most popular and best paying business. The amount of bribery existing in the city, the immense extent over which this practice casts its baneful effects is sufficient to support the claims of those who maintain that American municipal government is a rotten affair. Whenever a politician wants an office or is desirous of having a favorable measure passed through the Municipal Assembly, he offers the bribe money, "fixes" his men and the game is over. He is elected or his measure is passed. A gang of boodlers, with Edward Butler as chief, has been regularly organized, and it is the object of this gang to extort as much as possible from the people and to secure under false pretenses large sums from the city government. This gang rules St. Louis and dictates to the people. Seldom does the state of affairs occur in which a city is ruled by a few reckless, selfish, unprincipled thieves; but this deplorable condition is exhibited in all its tyranny in St. Louis. "Col." Butler's authority is never disputed. He has wealth and influence in his support and decoys the lower elements of both parties into his schemes. The smaller interests never dare to protest, for they realize that the power of the monster cannot be crushed by the feeble attacks of the inexperienced. This gang does not hesitate to use its supreme authority in the most despotic and intolerable ways. It bosses the city, and its commands are firm and peremptory.

The darkest years in the history of the city were 1898, 1899 and 1900. City franchises were sold for the private benefit of the boodlers and their pockets were fast becoming fat. The total wealth of the men assembled at one meeting was estimated at \$50,000,000. Wharves, streets and markets were sold indiscriminately and it seemed as though the entire city would soon be sold out by greedy councilmen and

unprincipled city authorities, all of whom were engaged in the great boodling scheme. Almost everything in the possession of the city was on sale. The city water plant, valued at \$50,000,000, was put on the market at \$15,000,000. the object of the gang was to secure a fortune of at least a million for each man. "Combines" were formed in both branches of the council which always consisted of a majority and which were always able to elect any man or pass any measure. Butler would "hold up" the bill until he had collected the bribe money and then with a crook of his finger his men would start his machine into motion and pass the bill over the dissenting minority. He would then distribute the boodle, always realizing a large share of the profits.

The grand jury at one time made this report: "We have before us many of those who have been and most of those who are now members of the House of Delegates. We found a number of these utterly illiterate and lacking in ordinary intelligence, unable to give a better reason for favoring or opposing a measure than the desire to act with the majority. In some no trace of mentality or morality could be found, in others, a low order of training appeared, united with base cunning, groveling instincts and sordid desires."

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"Combines in both branches of the Municipal Assembly are formed by members sufficient in number to control legislation. To one member of this combine is delegated the authority to act for the combine and to receive and distribute to each member the money agreed upon as the price of his vote in support or opposition to a pending measure. So long has this practice existed that such members have come to regard the receipt of money for action on pending measures as a legitimate prerequisite of a legislator." Thus bribery is a joke and dishonesty, if not approved, certainly is not condemned, by the public sentiment of the people of St. Louis. Boodling is a paying business, and many a man has parted with his honor and has accumulated a vast fortune to which he has no title but that of a thief.



But suddenly something happened in St. Louis. The hoodlums were badly frightened and their business methods were suddenly changed. The cause of this alarm was the election of a new circuit attorney. Joseph W. Folk, a native Tennessean, a graduate of Vanderbilt University and just turned 32 years, was the cause of this radical change of affairs. He entered office on January first, 1901. A writer in McClure's Magazine says of him: "He has a literal sort of mind. He is a thin-lipped, firm-mouthed, dark little man, who never raises his voice, but goes ahead doing, with a smiling eye and a set jaw, the simple thing he said he would do." He at first refused the nomination as democratic candidate, affirming that he had no talent or inclination for criminal law. He hesitated to give up a lucrative civil practice for a branch of the law in which he had had no special training and in which his success was by no means assured. But it was insisted that he should accept, and finally he acquiesced. He said, however, that, if elected, he would "do his duty" and do all in his power to expose and punish the hoodlums who had been committing such flagrant violations of the law. In a short time after taking up the duties of circuit attorney, some of the politicians who had insisted upon his acceptance were behind the bars and the whole city was electrified by the boldness and courage of the young attorney. Others had promised to do their duty. Mr. Folk promised to do his duty but he did more than that, he fulfilled his promise. The following is a brief account of the work he has done and the prosecutions he has made.

Mr. Folk passed rapidly over a few election cases and it soon became apparent that he was in dead earnest and would administer justice without fear or favor. When he showed his determination in pushing these cases and his utter disregard of all opposition, his friends entreated with him to desist from his course of procedure; they said that it would mean a political death and that his personal safety would be endangered and that assassination would not be improbable, "I will do my duty," he said, and he did it.

Mr. Folk's greatest success and the most disastrous blow

to the boodling gang was the case of the Suburban Railway Company. Charles H. Turner, president of this company, desired to sell out at an enormous profit to his only competitor. He engaged Philip Stocke to lobby the measure through the council offering him \$135,000. It afterward cost \$9,000, making a total expenditure of \$144,000. Murrell and Kratz were engaged to effect the passage of the bill and Stocke, accompanied by Murrell, placed the money in safe deposit vaults. The agreement was that it should belong to Murrell as soon as the bill became a law, and the franchise was granted. The scheme was cunningly planned, and there was every indication to believe that the boodlers would achieve a decisive success. But the unexpected happened. A court mandate was issued prohibiting the passage of the bill and the scheme was knocked in the head.

Wrangling and disagreements broke out between the boodlers, and by their carelessness Mr. Folk was able to obtain valuable information concerning their designs. Turner and Stocke were arrested and confessed the whole crime. Kratz and Murrell, Meysenburg and Wainwright, Nicolaus and Faulkner, all of them many times a millionaire and occupying respectable and important positions in the city, were arrested. The case was complete. But in the meantime Kratz and Wainwright, both forfeiting heavy bonds, escaped from St. Louis, the former to Mexico and the latter to France. This prevented the proceedings from continuing and the prosecuting attorneys are powerless until these men can be recaptured.

The first real case which Mr. Folk had under his charge was that of Emil Mysenburg. This man sold several shares of worthless stock to the boodler, Stocke for \$9000. The object of this so-called sale was to secure the vote of Meysenburg on the suburban Railway Company bill. He agreed to sell his vote if these shares were bought. This affair seemed merely a financial transaction and perfectly legitimate under the laws of the state. Mr. Folk, however, fully defeated every argument advanced by the best legal talent of St. Louis and he won a signal success. His man was sentenced

to four years imprisonment. In the hunting down and prosecution of "Col." E. Butler, Mr. Folk has won a national reputation. No one ever thought that the great political boss of St. Louis would ever be convicted as a law-breaker or be deprived of his power which dictated the laws. It was incredible to the people that the man who had held the election strings of the city and who with his millions had dictated to the Council and the Courts, would ever be brought within the power of the law. Again Mr. Folk surprised even his friends and enemies. The place of trial was, by common consent, Columbia, the educational centre of the State. The circuit attorney was at his best and in a great speech uttering the words: "Missouri, Missouri, I am pleading for thee," with splendid effect, he won the jury and it was soon known to the world that Col. E. Butler, the greatest political power in the State and the owner of a most complex political machine, was found guilty of a grave misdemeanor and was now under the control of the great force he had so often attempted to overcome. Mr. Folk made other indictments and prosecuted other cases, but these most important ones are sufficient to show his steadfastness of purpose and, at the same time the deplorable condition of the municipal affairs of the city.

The question may well be asked, what is the matter with St. Louis? In most other cities where exposure has been sufficient to arouse the people to the necessity of reform. When Jerome of New York exposed the unlawful agreements between police officers and the managers of the gambling houses, when he estimated the extent of police corruption and its terrible effect upon the city, a storm of indignation swept down upon the police force. But when Mr. Folk lays bare the cold, calculating schemes of men from whom all honor has departed, the people of St. Louis take it as a matter of course and say that it cannot be helped. Minneapolis and other cities have been moved by their shame, but St. Louis is shameless. Corruption and bribery are not checked; they are increasing with wonderful rapidity and St. Louis is sinking lower and lower. One man is fighting heroically; but

without aid and co-operation he cannot reform the city. No movement of reform can be of any real value unless supported and urged on by strong public sentiment. Mr. Folk may convict a few boodlers and send them to the penitentiary, but what will that accomplish. It is not a permanent but a temporary improvement. He cannot capture them all and every day they are becoming more and more numerous. The exiled boodlers in foreign countries are waiting only for Folk's term of office to expire and then they will return and rule St. Louis more completely and more severely than they have ever done before. Tweed's famous question is now before the city of St. Louis, "What are you going to do about it?" The future will determine the answer to this question. At present the outlook is gloomy and, unless the people of the city raise the standard of public sentiment and insist upon the enforcement of the common law of honesty, there is a dark future in store for St. Louis. There is evidently something rotten in St. Louis.

C. P. W.

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*A Storm.*

My slumbers break,  
 Within I quake.  
 I hear the distant rumbling roll,  
 That heralds danger unforetold.  
 All nature lies in anxious wait,  
 In gasping breath, to meet her fate.

With sudden fall  
 Swoops down the pall  
 Of darkness. Nearer comes the storm  
 And fills the earth with deep alarm—  
 Now playing in a cruel way,  
 Just as some reptile does its prey.

And now I eye  
 The troubled sky.

In floods that heave, and surge, and boil,  
Anon they dash and then recoil  
As when the ocean's briny breast  
Is hurled on the wave's crashing crest.

I see a flash,  
I hear a crash,  
And now it raves unrestrained  
As would the lion if freedom gained.  
It rages, roars, increasing more  
For king of storm is passing o'er.

The climax gained,  
The height attained.  
Aeoliu's winds now chase the cloud  
And drive away the darksome shroud.  
Upon the ruin the moon doth smile  
And soothes the earth, its wakened child.

—CHALMERS DANIEL.

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*The Relation of Literature to the Higher and Fuller  
Life.*

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(Anniversary Oration From Preston Society.)

S. A. Brooke in speaking of literature and its relation to life, has made this statement: "The last result is life. Life beats in the book, the poem the drama like a tide; its force is always young and passed from it like a spirit into men pleasing and kindling them, bearing witness to truth and beauty."

The search after life and the desire to know something of its meaning are the most constant and universal longings of man's heart and nature.

It is the one great fundamental fact which we are all consciously or unconsciously striving for; and mankind is slowly but surely coming to know that the full and functionable revelation and interpretation of that fact is found in the world's great library of books.

Literature is not simply a representation of life, it does not simply interpret life, but it intensifies it and enrichens it by revealing the broadening possibilities wrapped up in human life, and by making those possibilities living realities in the life of every man.

It is not an easy matter for some people to believe in the universal worth of literature as a vital power in human life. They tell us that it is all right for the professional man, the lawyer, the teacher, the clergyman, but, when it is considered in its relation to the common activities of this work-a-day world, it at once loses its force. It is a question among many whether literature has a message for the masses of the people whether it can in any way be a real power in the common every day life of the people. But we who are here tonight know that literature, which is the product of man's highest faculty, has a message for humanity, and humanity, if it finds its goal in life, must seek it by the path of literature.

It is highly imperative that our people come to recognize that literature is not a luxury for the few, but a real urgent necessity for every one of us. It is meant for all of us, it is not of a circumscribed and limited character, but it is as broad and universal in its nature as human life itself. It has a lesson of beauty and truth and life for all conditions of mankind.

The class of man who are most prone to tell us that they find no real meaning in literature are those who are engaged in the business affairs of life; those who are daily rubbing up against the hard practical facts of the business world, in commerce, in trade, in politics and in all kinds of industrial pursuits. They often ask the questions: "Of what practical use is literature to the business man? What will he gain by cultivating a taste for Milton, Shakespeare or Tennyson?" These men are honest in their convictions, no doubt, but they fail to recognize the fact that literature cannot be reduced to the standard of the dollar. It is impossible to estimate its true value in terms of dollars and cents. For, after all, what is the supreme thing in life? What is the "summum bonum" of life? Is it the money-making faculty? Nay,

verily, the making of money is only a secondary matter—it is only a means to an end. The supreme thing that literature offers to mankind is the extension of the soul-life, the multiplication of human life at the highest standard. This soul developmens and the gaining of a better state of inner life are the chief things to be sought by us.

Let us notice for a moment how Macaulay, that popular man of the world, the statesman, the man of wealth and renown, the man of society, how he valued books. "If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners and wine and coaches and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

This statement comes from a man who was a busy man of the world, but one who knew how to appreciate good books, and such an expression coming, as it does, from such a man as Macaulay, should be sufficient evidence to prove to our minds that there is a vital power in literature for even the practical man of every day life.

Milton strikes at the very bottom of the matter when he says that, "Books contain a progeny of life in them as active as that soul was whose progeny they are."

It is verily true. They contain the highest and best that is in man and are truly flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone. And yet, after all, if we should derive any real profit by reading and studying them, it is necessary that we have a heart tempered with true warmth, an ear to hear their voices, and an eye to see accurately and vividly all the things which they feel and see. When we go to books we should go to them not as dead things, but as something containing, as Milton expressed it, "The precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life."

Some one has said and aptly so: "That literature is greatest which teaches us how to live."

Maurice Thompson, in speaking of the indissoluble union

of literature and life, makes this remark: "Life and literature cannot be separated, so as to say, that what is vicious in life is harmlessly delectable in literature."

We read books to live, in order that we may have life and that we may have it more abundantly.

If culture carries with it such a great blessing to humanity then how, in the name of all that is true and beautiful in life, can we afford to treat it lightly longer. How greatly does humanity stand in need of it! We don't plead culture, for culture's sake, but the higher culture, the broader culture, the culture which has as its supreme object the all-round symmetrical development of the individual man.

Matthew Arnold has given us, in his conception of culture the highest form of development for the individual. He tells us that the perfect life is made up of four elements, namely, the power of conduct or the Right, the power of the intellect, or the True; the power of the feelings, or the Beautiful; and the power of the will, or the Good; and he, further, says that if we would know ourselves and our relation to the general life about us we must know the best that has been thought and written in the world; and so it is we can never know ourselves and the life which humanity has lived before us, unless we go to literature for it. For, after all, what is literature but a record of life, of the abundant life which humanity has lived in the whole past time. Mr. Arnold was not alone in his great fight for a higher life for the individual. There were other men in the world of letters championing the cause of mankind for a better state of inner life and of conscious sensibility.

Goethe, who saw life "steadily and saw it whole," stood for the harmonious development of all the faculties of the soul-life through thought, feeling and action. Tennyson caught glimpses of this diviner life for mankind, which it is the function of literature to interpret and reveal, and give expression to it when he exclaimed from his heart of hearts: "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant; O, life, not death, for which we pant, more life and fuller that I want.'"

What a pathetic sight is that of the late Mr. Ruskin, when,



as he looked out from the palace of Art, which he had erected upon the dark world beneath him, and saw humanity wandering hither and thither as sheep without a shepherd, at the ripe old age of sixty, coming down out of that ideal palace, he exclaimed: "I can endure this state of affairs passively no longer," and with that plunged into the thickest of the fray, fighting the people's battle of righteousness and right living.

Why have so many men been attracted to literature? Is it not because literature furnishes such an opportunity for studying life. Hamilton W. Mabie says: "Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Arnold, Emerson and Lowell all have been irresistibly attracted to the study of literature because literature disclosed to them the soul and the laws of laws and art."

Anything that throws light on human life, which is at one and the same time a unity and a plurality, is interesting to man. "Nothing interests the human like the human."

Keats, in his study of nature and art, realized that there was something better than these, and we hear him later in life give expression to a new vision as he tears himself from his surroundings:

"And must I bid these joys farewell? Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life, where I may find the agonies, the strife of human hearts." To him the scenery of the world was fine, but human nature was finer. We cannot but feel that humanity must find its goal by the path of literature.

In recognition of what culture has done for the world in the past, and believing that it has in store untold blessings, our plea tonight is for a broader culture. A culture which develops the whole man, the power of conduct and the power of the intellect together with the power of the feelings and the power of the will. The men of letters today are the world's greatest heroes. "They are the fountain light of all our being, the master light of all our seeing."

Thomas Carlyle says that the "men of letters are a perpetual priesthood from age to age, teaching all men that a God is still in their lives."

It is their function to interpret the nation's life, to reveal

the open secret of man's mysterious nature to himself and serve as a perpetual revelation of infinitude in the great world about us. These men of letters who can tell us something about life of humanity will follow to the end of time. We need them today as never before in our history to interpret and reveal our varied and multiform life.

Our plea tonight is for a broader culture in the pulpit, in politics, in the business world and at the helm of state.

Give us more men in politics like Daniel Webster, men who are not only skilled in statecraft, but men that can make speeches that are real pieces of literature. Give us more men in the pulpit of such breadth of culture as Beecher and Spurgeon, men who can not only penetrate into the sacred mysteries of human hearts and Nature and discern the hand of the Infinite in the things of the terrestrial, but men who hand down to posterity those great eternal truths of human life and human destiny in enduring literary essays.

Give us more men at the helm of state such as William E. Gladstone, men who can not only guide with unerring eye the ship of state through the treacherous shores of international conflicts and intrigues, but men who leave behind them as imperishable legacies words of everlasting truth and beauty and, above all, men who exemplify the Christian graces in their daily life.

We need more men of the breadth of culture of William E. Curtis in the editorial chair, men who are able not only to write fine current editorials, but men who are able to give us some pieces of genuine literature.

We need more men in the business world who, like Andrew Carnegie, can not only arise iron-willed, like an infant Hercules, and strangle the world's greatest captains of industry in the fierce competition for the prize of the almighty dollar, but men who can also contribute to the world's store of books. All honor to the man who sees more in life than the art of money-making. Away with the one-sided, narrow view of life. Culture has no part in it. That culture which does not stand for the full and complete development of all the faculties of man does not answer the high purpose

of culture. The true culture is that which develops harmoniously what Mr. Arnold calls the four faculties in the soul life, the Right, the True, the Beautiful and the Good, so that God-like thoughts and God-like aspirations manifest themselves in noble living and righteous acting.

The contribution of the South's men of letters to literature while it has not been large, yet it has been of the choicest character. We have come into the possession of a goodly heritage. In the words of Carlyle: "A little row of naphtha lamps with its line of naphtha light burns clear and holy through the dead night of the past; they who are gone are still here; though hidden, they are revealed, though dead some of them they yet speak."

The mysterious river of time shall not soon wipe from the tablets of our memory the names of such men as Irwin Russell, that young Marylander, who struck the first notes of the new Southern literature; "new in strength, new in depth, and new in the largest elements of beauty and truth." Such men as Joel Chandler Harris, Maurice Thompson and the divinely gifted messenger, Sidney Lanier, who has interpreted beauty and truth in life and nature and who "Lived and sang, that life and song might each express the other's will; Careless if life or art were long, since both were one to stand or fall."

LOY D. THOMPSON.

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*Sidney Lanier.*

(Anniversary Oration from Calhoun Society.)

From the earliest times the world has been tardy in recognizing the true greatness of its poets. It seldom gives ear to the melody of their song until the voice of the singer is forever hushed. He must drudge in the meanest duties of life, his feet must blister in the rugged paths of necessity before he can earn a meagre living. Hampered by poverty and burdened by neglect, these great souls are sorrowfully allowed to waste, but, alas, poverty and neglect are not the only obstacles which they must surmount; ill health often im-

pedes them and premature death trods to earth their glorious faculties in their dawning.

Sidney Lanier was not an exception to this rule. His life was a continual struggle for existance, and pitiless death claimed him in the morning of his genius. Lanier was descended from a Huguenot family distinguished for music and painting, and, no doubt, he inherited from his ancestors his high sensibility for art. When a fondling child his passion was music, and the strains of a musical instrument stirred his soul to its innermost depth. At the age of fourteen he entered Oglethrope college, graduating in 1860 with honors. Immediately after graduating he was elected tutor at his alma mater and scraps from a note book of this period gives us glimpses in his inner life. His aspirations, his longings, his love for truth, and his intensity of spirit gives the vague yearnings of his soul, and shows a desire to do some work which the world will pronounce imperishable. These happy days of professorship were destined to be few. The greatest tragedy recorded in the annals of history was about to be enacted, and as he has said, "The spring of 1861 brought to bloom besides innumerable violets and jasamines a strange, enormous and terrible flower. This was the blood red flower of war, which grows amid thunders; a flower whose freshening dews are blood and hot tears, whose shadows chill a land, whose odors strangle a people, whose giant petals droop downward and whose roots are in hell." The true spirit of the Southern youth was upon him. He entered the army, and with unflinching fidelity to worthy ideals he zealously performs his duty in the camp and in the field. Three times he is offered promotion, three times he refuses it, because he wishes to remain with his brother, who is also a soldier. He was a soldier because his country needed him. He hated the ravagery of war and longed for better times.

The hardships of military life told on his frail constitution and the first symptoms of consumption, an hereditary disease, warned him of the struggle which awaited him in the future. Successively he clerks and teaches and at the request of his father he studies law. In the meantime the

dread disease is making rapid progress, and the man could but see that the shadows of his life were lengthening. His courage never forsook him, and in December he settled in Baltimore to devote himself to music and literature. Here begins a struggle utterly sad but heroic. He filled the position of first flute for the Peabody Symphony Concerts for six years with high distinction, and his literary career might be said to have begun with the publishing of "Tiger Lilies," a story of the Civil War, in 1867. He was also the author of "The Science of English Verse," and "The English Novel and the Principle of its Development." But we are chiefly concerned with Lanier, the poet, for it is here that we may study the man. His relations to life, his relations to nature, his relations to love and his relations to God.

The true poet is a man in advance of his age, he is able to feel the griefs and to see the needs of his time. It has been said that "He is an embodied ideal sent into the world to rebuke its commonplace aims and to learn its dull brute mass." The eye that can detect the needs will be supported by a brain able to offer solutions, and an investigation of his works will show that Lanier studied the chief questions of his day, and offered masterful solutions to them. His cry against agnosticism is forcibly put, and will be heard throughout ages to come. But greater than the spirit of doubt was the spirit of greed. We were just entering upon a great commercial age—one of trusts and corporations. His clear, discerning eye saw the hurt which must come, and in "The Symphony," one of his most beautiful poems, he pleads for heart instead of head.

"O trade! O trade! would thou wer't dead,  
The time needs heart, tis tired of head."

But Lanier was not a pessimist, his eye was as quick and as keen in discerning the beauties as it was in discerning the ills of life. In fact he preferred the gentler subjects. The swollen gush of bitter waters did not suit his calm nature. How much sweeter to him was the water of a crystal stream than that of a muddy mountain torrent. Music was the joy of his life. In "Tiger Lilies" he says "music means har-



tions of nature, for every sound from earth or sky was to his soul the voice of God in musical sweetness. His pictures are not by verse alone, we feel the music pulsing and throbbing in every line. Maverick has said of him, "His human nature was like an enchanted instrument, a magic flute or the lyre of Appollo, needing but a single breath or touch to send its beauty out into the world." With a poetic imagination and with a musical appreciation he looked upon the woods and fields of his native land. The murmuring pines, the dew-flashed hedges, the ferns, the violets and the waving corn, all whispered music in his ear. The music was set to words and the world could not but recognize his first great song—"Corn."

The poem was commented upon very favorably by Mr. Peacock, the editor of a Philadelphia paper, and resulted in a long correspondence between the two. It was through Mr. Peacock that Lanier met Bayard Taylor, and a life-long friendship sprang up between them. Through the influence of the latter Lanier was chosen to write the Cantata to be sung at the opening of the Centennial Exposition, held at Philadelphia. With the publication of this song he gained a sure foothold on the public. His literary genius was recognized, but there were obstacles and anxieties which he could not overcome. Hampered by poverty, and chained down by a dreadful and consuming disease, it is no wonder he cries out in despair, "My heart and my head are both so full of poems, which the dreadful struggle for bread does not give me time to put on paper, that I am often driven to headache and heartache purely for the want of an hour or two to hold a pen." And again—

"O Lord, if thou wert as needy as I,  
If thou should come to my door as I to thine,  
If thou hungered so much as I  
For that which belongs to the spirit,  
For that which is fine and good,  
Ah, friend, for that which is fine and good,  
I would give it to thee if I had the power."

This passionate cry for help could but come from a heart

that was wrung, and although poverty and disease were always his companions music and poetry steadily kept in his heart and continually clamored for utterance. "A thousand songs are singing in my heart, which will kill me if I do not utter them soon." But the hard struggle for bread must come before poetry, and the world has lost much on account of his poverty.

Poverty, it is true, was his companion, but love also. It was this universal love which enabled him to pour out the glory of his own soul over every condition of man's existence, and to see beauty and a meaning in the marshes and the sea. He himself says: "I am quite confident that love is the only rope thrown out by heaven to us who have fallen overboard in life. Love for man, love for woman, love for God; these three chime out like bells in a steeple and call us to worship, which is to work. Inasmuch as we love, inasmuch do we conquer death and the flesh, by as much as we love, by so much we are God's. For God is love, and could we but love as he does, we could be as he is." This word is the key-note to the man's life, and he sums the whole matter up in a single line in one of his poems, "When life is all love, 'tis life aught else 'tis naught."

An intense sacredness pervades all of Lanier's works. Of all things, to him the most beautiful was the right. It delighted him to reverse the phrase, "The beauty of holiness" to "The holiness of beauty," and in his soul artistic beauty and moral beauty are two flames which unite and give but a single light. He never loses sight of the fact that he is the bearer of a message, and in this message he does not hesitate to entwine a moral purpose. Let us measure him by his own standard, that is, by his advice to younger artists: "Cannot one say with authority to the young artist, whether working in stone, in color, in tones or in character forms of the novel: So far from dreading that your moral purpose will interfere with your beautiful creation, go forward in the clear conviction that, unless you are suffused soul and body, one might say with that moral purpose which finds its largest expression in love, that is the love of all things in their



proper relation—unless you are suffused with this love do not dare meddle with beauty, unless you are suffused with beauty do not meddle with goodness. In a word, unless you are suffused with truth, wisdom, goodness and love abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist.” This worship of the good, the true and the beautiful shines forth in all of his works and combined with his profound thought carried him into the deepest spiritual paths.

His health was steadily declining; he had sought relief in the different climates to no effect, and in 1879, when appointed to a lectureship at Johns Hopkins University, his life was truly held by a thread. He was unable to stand while delivering these lectures, and his hearers thought that each would be his last. It is due to this faculty for work and his indomitable will power that we are in possession of many of his best poems, for did he not write “Sunrise,” his poem of life, on the brink of the grave? His condition gradually became worse and he was taken to North Carolina, where after lingering a few weeks, “Then fell the frost and the unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God.”

It is worse than useless to deplore the irremediable, and to predict and conjecture to what sublime heights the genius of Lanier would have attained had he been permitted to live. Predictions and conjectures will lead to nothing. Thus it is we know that when life opened out before with unimpeded activity and happiness untimely death bore him away. His work, although unfinished, is so closely connected and continuous, that we may, without fear of contradiction, assign him to his proper place. A true poet of the South and the greatest singer of his time. As Carlyle has aptly said of Burns, so, too, we may say of Lanier: “While the Shakespeares and the Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa fountain will arrest our eye, for this is also nature’s own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth with a full, gushing current, into the

light of day, and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters and muse among its rocks and pines."

THOS. C. MOSS.

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*Shall the Tariff be Revised?*

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A question of general and most absorbing interest at this time is the revision of the tariff. Not only all sections of the country, but all classes of the people are aroused on the subject; and well they may be, for it is of vital importance to the laboring man no less than the millionaire capitalist. So as it involves not only the prosperity and welfare of the nation at large, but every individual in it, it behooves us to inform ourselves on it, and be prepared intelligently to take part in the issue whenever the opportunity may occur. For as it has been of great importance in the past, and as it is in the present, so may we still expect it to confront us in the future, and perhaps even in a more magnified form.

In taking a retrospect over its history in the past, we find that it has occupied a prominent place in the politics of the country, and has puzzled the minds of the profoundest thinkers of the day. Such illustrious men as Calhoun and McDuffie took part in the controversy, and many exciting debates were held on the subject. Mr. Calhoun, even with his farsighted sagacity, was compelled to reverse the sentiments which he had advocated in 1826, when he spoke before the senate in favor of a tariff. In 1824 he says that his former speech was in favor of a tariff for revenue and to meet the exigencies of the times, and in urging it, he did not commit himself to that system of oppression since grown up, and which had for its object the enriching of one portion of the country at the expense of the other.

In following this subject through the succeeding years, we find it growing in importance and a greater diversity of opinion still existing. Indeed, the conflicting views maintained on this question by the ablest and most enlightened statesmen of the day, leave one in a maze of doubt as to the right

course to pursue. It seems that the principle feature of this subject is its connection with the trusts and corporations. Some maintain that it not only fosters trusts, but creates them, or, as the popular phrase is, "It is the mother of trusts." To get an impartial view of this subject it will be necessary for us to consider the arguments on both sides.

From the vast amount of arguments used by those in favor of the tariff, or the protective system, we select the following:

First, they all agree that the prosperity of the country under the present tariff law, is sufficient reason why it should continue as it is; as in the words of ex-speaker Reed: "It is best to let well enough alone." He also adds that he opposed Cuban reciprocity because he believed that our own beet sugar producers should be favored by our tariff laws, rather than the cane growers of Cuba.

In answer to the charge that the concentration of capital which is fostered by our tariff law tends to destroy competition, they say that this is a serious mistake. When the products of the small factory undersold those of the hand-loom and drove the hand-loom weaver out of the market, it did not destroy competition. It is true, competition ceased between the factory and the hand-loom weaver, but it immediately commenced between small manufacturers. Hence, instead of destroying competition, it only changed the plane upon which the competition took place. Again when competition began between small manufacturers, it was much fiercer than it had ever been between hand-loom weavers. The same was true when small manufacturers began to integrate into corporations. The product of the corporation undersold those of the small manufacturer, and practically dropped him from the market; but that did not destroy competition, for, when the small manufacturer ceased to compete with the large corporation, another corporation took its place, and competition was raised to a still higher plane; that is to a plane between stronger contestants, in which the competition was necessarily much more severe. What was true of the hand-loom weaver and the small manufacturer

and the corporation, is now true of the trusts. By the use of large capital, improved machinery and better facilities, the trust can and does undersell the corporation; but that is not destroying competition.

Again, it is said that protection is necessary to enable us to compete with foreign markets.

And now in opposition to this view we have such statements as these: First, the concentration of capital induced by the tariff law tends to increase prices. This is the most important charge of all. Whatever the advantage derived from the concentration of capital in productive industry may be, it tends to increase the price of commodities, that would be an evil sufficient to warrant its arrest; and as the whole history of industrial progress has been in the direction of the concentration of capital into larger and larger establishments, it would prove if the charge were true, that the industrial development of modern civilization is on the wrong track, and nothing short of revolution could redeem us from its evil effects.

Again, it is said that the corporation, the outgrowth of the tariff, tends to build up an oligarchy which controls legislation in its own interest against that of the community, thereby undermining personal and political freedom, and endangering the existence of our democratic institutions. That this danger is apprehended is evident from the recent intense excitement throughout the country, caused by the report that an attempt had been made by the president of a large corporation, through private letters to senators, to prevent a revision of the tariff law.

Again, there are still others who seem to take a broader and more impartial view of the subject. They see the danger of the tariff by fostering the immense combinations, that are crushing out competition, and, on the other hand, they are aware of the necessity of protecting our own industries to some extent. So they advise a middle course, which is to revise the tariff, and where thought necessary, to lower it on certain articles; to deal with the trusts by wise legislation, and to regulate and control them so that they shall promote

the public welfare, rather than by drastic measures forbidding combinations and endeavoring to swing the world back again into the individualism of industry from which it is unquestionably emerging.

We have now come to a new period, not only in political economy but in the history of our country. It is easy to see that great results will follow from the action taken by our leaders at this time. There is a tide in the affairs nations, as of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, We appear to have reached that crisis. The old regime with much that was good in it has passed away. Great changes have taken place in our country. We have to face a different state of affairs from those that occupied the minds of our statesmen one hundred years ago. For example, in one of Mr. Calhoun's speeches, he said there was not within his knowledge a woolen or cotton manufactory in the state of South Carolina in 1816. Think of the difference then and now! In many parts of the state you can scarcely turn in any direction that you do not see the smoke from some factory, and the whir of the machinery sounds on all sides. Massachusetts that was once at the head of the manufacturing industries, now has a successful rival in South Carolina. The march of progress is undoubtedly Southward, and we should not allow party prejudices or a preference for old time methods to prevent us from pursuing such measures as will be of benefit to the country at large; but we should raise a standard with this maxim of the old time democratic principle engraved upon it: "The greatest good for the greatest number." This is a safe doctrine, and if our law-makers will lay aside sectional and selfish interests and rally around it, our country with its heritage of noble heroism and achievements for the good of humanity in the past, will still take rank as foremost in the march of progress for all that tends to uplift the human race to a higher standard of morals. Henry Clay has said: "That patriotism which, catching its inspiration from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below, all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice,

of valor, of devotion, and of death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues.” It is such patriotism as this that our country needs at this time, and we have faith to believe that such still exists. Let us banish the thought that our leaders are corrupt politicians. Nothing save disbelief in God tends to demoralize a country as loss of confidence in its law-makers and fellow-citizens. No doubt there are even now in our midst men of this high type of patriotism who only need the exigencies of the times to develop them into men of action; and upon such men we can safely rest the hopes of our country for the future.

ROBT. C. OLIVER.

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*Goethe's Relation to the True Freedom.*

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During the discussions of the popular rights which accomplished the French Revolution, during the earthquakes of popular commotion, which shook every throne in Europe, there was one man whose mind was not perturbed, one man who gave no recognition to these movements, either in his life or in his writings. This man was Johann Wolfgang Goethe. How, we may ask, was it possible that a man at the head of the war department, and president of the Chamber of Deputies of one of those numerous little German States, was not interested in these uprisings of the people? Nowhere can we find a trace of those feelings, which pervaded the continental mind of that day. As a poet he wrote no war ballads, and as an officer he issued no manifestos, but kept himself entirely aloof from all contemporaneous events.

To find a reason for this we must turn back a little. From his earliest youth, Goethe had determined to become distinctly a man of letters. Because of this resolution of his, he had assiduously kept himself free from anything in connection with them. And moreover, he carried out his resolve, until Duke Karl August persuaded him to accept the office of

Geheimrath or Privy Councillor. In this purpose he was perfectly justifiable, for when a literary man allows himself to be led away from true ideals by the demand of the populace, his career as a writer is ended. Goethe knew this, and for this reason was indifferent to the changeable wants of the public.

At the time of the French Revolution, Goethe had reached his maturity, and it was perfectly natural that a man, who had spent the greater part of his life free from politics, should fail to see the real significance of the opposition of the German people to Napoleon. He did not believe that the disunited states, could, in any way, check the onward march of the victorious Napoleon. He thought that they would bring about their own destruction. He knew as well as any one, that there was no German nation, but he did not know that there was a desire for union, which pervaded all of the German states at that time, and made them, as it were, one great country.

However, this was the mistake of his mind and not of his heart, and Goethe always obeyed the dictation of his mind. To prove that he was sincere in his belief, we have the testimony of the historian Suden, which is all the more striking, since he was one of the most ardent of patriots. He says, "I am deeply convinced, they are in grievous error, who blame Goethe for a want of love of country, a want of German feeling, a want of faith in the German people, or of sympathy with its honor, or its shame, its fortune or its misery. His silence about great events is simply a painful resignation, to which he was necessarily led by his position and knowledge of mankind."

Although Goethe did not believe the time yet ripe for re-union, he did not believe in final accomplishment, for he himself says, "I am not uneasy about the unity of Germany, our good high roads and future railroads will of themselves do their part. But above all may Germany be *one* in love, and may it always be *one* against the foreign foe."

But although Goethe was not interested in social and political revolutions—"The Great Revolution—that Revolution

of which the great political one was merely a result, which swept over the continent, as a great tidal wave in the realm of thought—of this he was a part. It aimed at freedom for the thinker, the emancipation of the artist and writer from ruler, and worn out conventionalities, and a return to nature, and a more complete development of the power of true manhood. This is the true freedom, the freedom of individual from old and incrustated forms of thought, forms which have been accepted by generation after generation of people, by school after school of authors, merely because the preceding generations and schools had adopted them. Goethe himself gives the best definition of their freedom. He says that "True freedom for the individual comes not through anarchy of the will, not through the tumult of passion, but through intellectual clearness and order, purity of feeling and activity within a definite sphere." The mind of the German people had become saturated with certain cut and dried forms, rules and regulations. Lessing first began the attacks upon them, but it was left to Goethe to finish the work. Goethe was particularly gifted for this, because his mind was entirely free from mannerisms. Not only did Goethe strive to destroy the old literature, but he also endeavored, as did Lessing, to substitute a new one for it. His writings are forceful. They deal with German subjects, but there is one characteristic which marks them all the great German virtue of simplicity.

But Goethe was not always thus, nor did he always strive for true freedom. In his early life he was the follower of the sensational class of authors, who chose their subjects and heroes from those bold knights of the adventurous past. These authors were called the "Storm" and "Stress" writers. With his mind filled with these dashing ideals, the young Goethe produced the play entitled "Goetz von Berlichingen," in which the hero is one of the picturesque old knights. This Goetz was an expression of freedom, of unrestraint. This was the youthful Goethe's ideal of a freeman. But as time passed on, as he passed through experience after experience, as he watched the struggles of his native land for freedom, he became more and more convinced, that more precious



than political and bodily freedom was the freedom of the mind which must be the final goal of mankind. This conviction finally became a certainty to him, and in his life he earnestly endeavored to free his country from the bondage which was more oppressive than any other in the annals of the world. And when he died he could have said in the words of the Apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

G. J. PATTERSON.

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*The Patriotic Element in Shakespeare's Plays.*

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The literature and the entertainments of an age are very indicative of the spirit of that age. Great battles, revolutions, and even elections, determine largely the ideals, the tastes of a nation, the future progress and life of a people. This may sound trite, but its truthfulness is apparent on its face. By carefully studying the literature of any time, the real literature which has come from the great minds of that age, we can determine the spirit which was ripest and most influential, most general and effective in actuating the events of history of that time. This is a general truth, and in speaking of the "Patriotic Element in Shakespeare's Plays," we must recognize this truth.

With all his versatility, his remarkable genius, his almost superhuman insight into human nature and his portrayal of what he found through that insight, Shakespeare was essentially an Englishman, a patriotic man, a loyal citizen, a product of his age. He was more than this, but he was all this to a remarkable degree. With our veneration for him we are apt to forget that he, like ourselves, was a human being with all the passions, feelings, love and patriotism of a true man. Shakespeare lived in that age when England, under her "Virgin Queen," was assuming a prominent place among the nations of the world which history shows God intended her to take. Spain's power was forever crushed, and in the destruction of the Armada her bright light passed from a

star of the first magnitude to that of a third or a fourth magnitude. England was aroused to a realization of her own strength and power, a spirit of indomitable nationalism swept over the country, and pride in their own might, love for God, Queen and country burnt itself into their hearts and lives, and in wildest, sincerest enthusiasm they took up the glorious work of leading the nations of the world.

Shakespeare was imbued with this intense spirit of nationalism, he felt and wrote of his country's greatness; the result—immortal fame. The people demanded a theatrical presentation of this history, resulting in scores of writers attempting to meet this demand. The effort was in vain, each play that appeared called for another, and the theatres were crowded night after night that they might live over the past in listening to the impersonations of historic characters by the actors of their day. Filled with this spirit, recognizing his opportunity, conscious of his own power, full of love for his native land, Shakespeare touched with a master hand the strings of an historic past, and to sweetest melody the famous characters once again, with almost life-like presentation, marched across the stage of human action. The England from John to Henry VIII was lived over again, and the impulse and the impetus thus received made glorious the life of the nation.

We must remember this patriotism of the writer when reading his plays. Despite this intense love for England and all for which she stood, in few of his plays did he let this bias him in portraying a character. We confess that in some instances he did let partisanship rule. This is true especially of his delineation of the character of Joan of Arc, for instead of giving her credit for her intense love for her country, her true bravery, he represents her as

“A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,

Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists,”

through the mouth of Talbot, who again says:

“Here, here she comes; I'll have a bout with thee,

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee!

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,

And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st!"

Not content with this, but true to the opinion of his age, Shakespeare makes her deny her father by putting into her mouth—

"Discrepit miser! base, ignoble wretch!  
I am descended of a gentler blood:  
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine,"

and then—

"Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issued from the progeny of kings."

Though time has proved her a real heroine, Shakespeare was too English to see in her other than a witch, an undutiful daughter, a braggart, a strumpet. This same spirit is shown in the portrayal of French character, the contempt in which he held everything French, and we are relieved by turning to aged Gaunt as he lies at death's door, pouring out blessings on his native land.

Perhaps nowhere in literature have we a finer outburst of patriotism than this:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
In Christian service and true chivalry,  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom blessed Mary's Son,  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation throughout the world,"

Amidst the weakness of Richard, the usurpation of Bolingbroke, and the unsettled condition of the times, old Gaunt is the only one who utters a note of true loyalty, of patriotism. This, we know, is an outburst of true Elizabethan patriotism, the man and patriot, Shakespeare, speaking for his age. Few lines are more magnificent in their intensity of true love for one's native land.

Once or twice John rises to the true dignity of a patriotic king, and though it lasts for a short time only, yet we see protestant England of Shakespeare's day speaking forth her new-born liberty of speech and religion. Pandulph has come with orders and threats from the Pope, to whom John emphatically says:

"What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to answer, as the Pope,  
Tell him the tale; and from the mouth of England  
Add this much more; that no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominion."

We may imagine that Shakespeare was not only representing the time of John, but he is representing clearly the time of Elizabeth who had just passed through a trial similar to the one through which John had passed, and we may take this as his tribute to his queen. It was not John but Shakespeare himself who rises to this height of patriotic fervor.

Falconbridge is an interesting character, the only true patriot in the play, I think I am justified in saying. Ever faithful to his king, devoted to his country, he manifested such loyalty and patriotism that we are instinctively drawn to him. He is a fair type of the representative Englishman, full of life, enthusiastic, rather brusque in manner, ever faithful in heart. It does us good to turn to him for relief from the weak and treacherous. In a final climax of patriotism he says:

"This England never did, nor never shall  
Lie at the proud foot of a conquerer,

But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true."

And in him we see the great soul of patriotic feeling which is in the heart of the past, and we, grandsons, as it were, of that land of liberty, the "scepter'd isle" of freedom of man from the thralldom of superstitious religion, feel with Falconbridge that

"England to itself does rest but true."

As we turn from this typical Englishman to the court where a father's heart cries out:

"O, that it could be proved  
That some night tripping fairy had exchanged  
In cradle clothes where our children lay,  
And called mine Percy—his Plantagenet,"

for the heir of all his hard-earned glory, the successor and inheritor of the golden crown for which he had sacrificed so much, was squandering his time with worthless companions in the slums of London; at least he thought such was true of Hal. Somehow we feel that all will turn out well, that the prince is merely playing lightly on the surface of that life, his heart ever sincere and true, and that to escape the superficial courtesies of the court he seeks such amusing company as that of Falstaff and his companions. This prince seems to be throwing away the wonderful possibilities of a life full of promise and the cry of Henry is the irrepressible longing and regret of a father's heart.

In portraying the life of Henry V Shakespeare seems to have attempted the portrayal of his ideal of an English king, and in a masterly way he unfolds the working out of a true type of kingly manhood in this apparently indifferent, careless youth, who shuns his father's court and seeks the tavern. Hal says:

"For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry."

Percy who had been a believer in idle rumor calls Hal;

“The nimble-footed, modest, Prince of Wales,”

and so he appeared. Shall Hal answer in similar terms?  
No. To Worcester:

“Tell your nephew,  
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy.  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active valiant, or more valiant young,  
More daring or more bold, is now alive  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.”

Good King Henry IV died, and with beating heart his brothers and courtiers gathered to learn their fate since Hal had ascended the throne. With wonderful love and kindness of heart, he utters here in true words that England will stand as ever for what is best, fulfilling words that which caused him to fight as a hero on the field of battle at Shrewsbury. He says:

“Brother, you mix your sadness with your fear,  
This is the English, not the Turkish court.  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds.  
But Harry, Harry.”

Again:

“Let me but bear your love I'll bear your care,  
\* \* \* \* \*

I survive

To mock the expectation of the world,  
To frustrate prophecies.”

From this moment we see the Henry who became the patriot king, the one who established the prestige of his country at home and abroad, who brought under England's rule the disputed provinces on the continent and finally France herself with the cry:

“Cheerily to sea the signs of war advance,  
No king of England, if not king of France.”

Shakespeare has poured forth all the ardor of his own being in creating or reproducing the life of this glorious king. We learn to love Henry for what he was, for the great soul in him, for all he meant to accomplish for England. But underneath all we see the artist soul, the patriotic Englishman, the great-hearted Shakespeare. There is no finer quality a writer can have than to become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his age, and so was Shakespeare. He was intensely a patriot, a believer in his country, a brave scholar, a genius, and above all, an Englishman of truest, most heroic mould. While many of his characters are truly patriotic, the most patriotic are the ones who have in them the spirit of Shakespeare's own age, Elizabethan England.

W. C. OWEN.

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*"What Shall We Do With Our Currency."*

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When people come in close touch with each other, problems as to how new material and social relations will be adjusted are constantly arising. When one country gets to the point where its interests are vitally affected by the progress of other countries, all alike feel the need of establishing harmonious relations, so as to promote the general welfare. By virtue of the intimate trade relations existing between Mexico and the United States, a new movement has been set on foot having in view the regulation of the currency so as to promote a uniformity of monetary relations between the two countries.

The condition is just this: Mexico employs the silver standard; that is silver is legal tender for any amount. The United States has the gold standard, some silver bullion and a subsidiary coinage of silver. Mexico wants the United States to put silver into free use and to fix the legal ratio at 32 to 1, when they know that silver in the market is 43 to 1. In other words Mexico wants us to make unequal things equal to each other. This is harping on the old bi-metallic string that has vexed the life of our currency time and again.

There have been four conferences to discuss the relations that exist between silver and gold-using countries and by what means more intimate relations could be established. The purpose and the result have been the same in each case. Every proposition to establish Bi-metallism has met with failure. Why? Because the change from a silver to a gold standard has been an unconscious but inevitable process in the financial life of the leading nations. Great Britain and Germany adopted the gold standard because the birth and growth of a world-wide trade made it necessary.

The Latin countries held on to the silver standard because they did not know any better. Time and experience, however, have served to bring all the leading nations to the same opinion on this subject.

This discussion leads us to take into consideration the proposed Philippine Currency Bill. This bill provides that the gold peso (equal to our half-dollar) be the unit of value, but it does not provide for any gold coinage. It makes the gold coinage of the United States legal tender in the Philippines.

Next it provides for a silver peso of full legal tender to be coined from bullion bought by the government, and of which the government must coin \$20,000,000, and may coin \$75,000,000. Thirdly, it provides for subsidiary silver coins to be legal tender for \$10.00. If we force the Philippines into subjection to such a currency, we will only be inflicting upon them the evils with which we are possessed. This kind of currency has been rightly called the "limping standard." Certainly it is not direct in its movements. It hobbles little or much according to the fluctuations of silver in the market.

Germany, France and the Latin Union are possessed of this disease. They did not act willingly, but they were forced to use their silver because they had so much of it. It is true Germany got rid of the larger bulk of silver that flooded the country. But it is infested with the disease, and its poisonous roots are buried deep in its financial life.

The United States, however, took the disease because she exposed herself to it. She assumed the "limping standard"



voluntarily. Her statesmen are not proud of this step and can only justify themselves in maintaining the present system, by saying that it takes the silver bullion off our hands. However, if this condition of things continues to exist, we should not use any more silver than the retail trade can absorb, for the United States knows how frequently the market is subject to the overflow of silver.

We know from experience that this system is bad. Let us not poison the prosperous beginning that is in store for the Philippines.

Then we shall not be accused of trying to make unequal things equal to each other. We might as well believe that the legal ratio will never fix the market ratio; that the legal ratio of 32 to 1 will never have any effect upon the market ratio of 43 to 1, because there is always ground for uncertainty in markets. There are a few deep, underlying principles which form the basis of a solid, consistent financial system and the sooner we learn them the better it will be for us and for the growth of our prosperity.

W. K. GREENE.

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*Class Poem--Looking Forward.*

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Come friends let's put the boat to sea,  
 We can no longer wait;  
 The current ebbs and we are far from home;  
 That current which shall wash us down  
 Unto the land of joy, and happiness and love,  
 Where daisies grow and daffodils whose  
 Odors scent the evening gale and make  
 The weary wanderer forget his weariness,  
 Relieved of care, of poverty, of toil.

Our number has accomplished that which in the  
 days gone by  
 Would be regarded by the men of mind  
 Some stalwart feat of strength;  
 But in this brilliant age where men are men

Only where their minds are minds, and  
Where the heart of heart, the love of love is recked  
not on

By men of judgment and good strength,—  
Here it is, I say, that we have done but little.

Yet what was done was done with zeal,  
Well worthy of the gods of old.

But what is yet to do? the future opens clear and  
tranquil  
Upon a sea of work and thought and strenuous ac-  
tion.

We can not sit and wait and dream,  
But plunge headlong into the dashing wave of prog-  
ress.

Are our fortunes made?—then make them over;  
Have we followed truth—the good, the beautiful?  
Yea: like the meteor which scuds across the  
gleaming heavens,

Leaving in its wake a stream of frothing fire,—  
So have our lives been clear and pure and noble;  
And no man can point the accusing finger after us,  
And say with scorn: "That class has been a  
blight unto the world:

'Twere better it had never been!"

But come, let's launch the boat,  
Why hesitate; our work is done,  
Let's put to sea,  
And rocking on the billowy bosom of continuous  
action,

With love and joy and wisdom as our guides,  
We'll sail thro' all the world,  
And anchor in the haven of eternal truth.

L'Envoi.

Could we but know the future,  
Weigh the prospects that it closed;  
Could be but estimate somewhat  
The chances there reposed,—

Could we know it just as fully  
 As we know the die we cast,  
 There'd be not doubtful future  
 As there is no doubtful past.

Yet the past is but the future,  
 And the future but the past,  
 And the destiny of mortals  
 Is in the die they cast.

—S. M. DAWKINS.

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*History of the Class of 1903.*

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The ripest apples on Knowledge's tree,  
 The noble class of Nineteen Hundred and Three.

When we think of the noble subject to which our pen is expected to do justice our heart becomes faint and we pray for support and guidance to Clio and her sister muses. Four long years our noble band has spent at the Pierian Spring, quaffing the water which is to give eternal strength. But soon this brave legion is to leave the pleasant security found on the balmy heights of Olympus and descend into the strife and turmoil of the commonplace world. With a last appeal to our patron, we strike at once into our theme.

The class of nineteen hundred and three entered the walls of Wofford on the 29th day of September, 1899, and on the 16th day of the present month a company of thirty fair maidens and promising youths hope to receive their diplomas from this institution. Our class was not unusually large, being only fifty-six, and there was little to suggest the undeveloped qualities of greatness it was afterwards to display. The four years which have passed between these two dates have not been unmarked by great results.

Wofford has made remarkable progress during this period (we do not mean to hint that the class of 1903 has been either the direct or indirect cause of this); the old Fitting School has been transformed into a college dormitory and a handsome new building shelters Wofford's future students,

the old college building has been improved, and our class is to christen the modern auditorium in June. On the knoll in front of the main building the walls of a Science Hall are rising into view. Besides these material changes, the curriculum of the college is to be broadened and the faculty increased.

The world has been making history rapidly, and the class has followed the struggle of the Boers and Britons in South Africa and the suppression of the revolt in the Philippines, has mourned the death of England's great Queen and has heard the echo from the Buffalo Exposition of the assassin's revolver which added one more to our list of martyred presidents, has witnessed the loss of Ruskin to the realm of letters, has seen the English crown descend upon the head of Edward VII, and Spain entrust the sceptre to Alphonso XIII, and has welcomed the new-born republic of Cuba.

With this broad panorama for a background, we begin our narrative. Hardly had we alighted at our future resting-place before the pleasant news was brought to us that a reception was to be given the new students. In our unsophisticated minds came pleasing pictures of ice cream and cake served by fair maidens. The reception proved quite different, however, and we were treated to a display of college oratory.

During the year we received the usual attentions which Freshman fall heir to. Several wandered into the bell tower in search of the English room, and one of our number experienced the excitement of a snipe hunt.

These incidents weighed lightly upon our spirits, however, and the class entered into the election of officers, with the following result: Herbert Lewis, President; W. K. Greene, Vice-President; J. R. Duncan, Secretary.

A cloud of gloom descended upon our class, when, in the spring, the Grim Reaper removed from our midst G. E. Merchant. In college one learns his fellows quickly, and we had become to love Merchant for his sunny nature and social disposition.

In the course of time it became "our pleasant duty" (this

phrase is the staff of every speaker, from the Sunday School superintendent to the platform orator, and its support should surely not be denied the historian) to assume the responsibility of Sophomores. The annual class election made W. K. Greene, President; I. E. Curry, Vice-President; L. Q. Crum, Secretary. As everyone knows the crowning event of the second year is the "Soph. Ex." Our "Ex." was a great success, the following programme being carried out: Continuity of Races, L. D. Thompson; The Greater Republic, L. Q. Crum; Future of Anglo-Saxon Race, M. W. Sloan; True Grandeur of Nature, I. E. Curry; Our Honored Dead, A. H. Marchant.

Thirty-seven men entered the Junior Year to stand the test of this difficult year. L. Q. Crum, President; W. C. Owen, Vice-President; M. W. Sloan, Secretary, were the officers selected to guide the class over this rugged path. At commencement the Juniors were very much in evidence. "Bill" Owen and "Pious" Crum, from the Calhoun Society, successfully maintained the negative side of the query, Resolved, That Commercial Democracy is best for the South, while "Id Est" Curry and Loyd Thompson ably sustained the affirmative for the Prestons. Crum received the Essay Medal from the Calhoun Society and S. M. Dawkins won the medal offered for the best paper on "The Progress of South Carolina since 1865, and Wofford's Contribution to the Period."

During the succeeding summer we were shocked to learn of the death of W. G. Leonard. Guy's cordial manner and conscientious class-room work had won for him the friendship and respect of every man in the class.

At the beginning of the present session thirty-three haughty, yet, withal, condescending, Seniors returned to display their senatorial bearing and rich vocabulary to the younger students. The following are the class officers: W. C. Owen, President; L. D. Thompson, Vice-President; T. C. Moss, Secretary; S. M. Dawkins, Treasurer and Class Poet; L. Q. Crum, Class Prophet; and M. W. Sloan, Class Historian. The presidents of the Calhoun Society have been

"Bill" Owen, "Tom" Moss, "Stout" Dawkins, and "Prodigal" Bradham; in the Preston, Stokes, Taylor, Sloan and "Strauss" Leitner have served in this capacity. The Anniversary was pronounced one of the best ever given in the history of the College. The speaker from the Calhoun Society was T. C. Moss, with the subject, "The Life and Works of Sidney Lanier," and the Preston Society was represented by L. D. Thompson, who spoke upon "The Relation of Literature to the Higher and Fuller Life." The class had quite a reputation for oratory, and all rejoiced when, for the second time, Greene won the Oratorical Contest.

But let us not forget record on the athletic field. On the football eleven we laid claim to Leitner, Boyd and Bradham. On the baseball diamond we watched with pride Greene's work on second base and Bradham's on third.

The class made secure its claim to immortality when one of our number announced to the world of science his startling discovery that the Plesiosaurus enjoyed the peculiar luxury of two backbones.

The crowning class event was the geological expedition taken under the direction of Prof. D. A. DuPre, in the latter part of May. We went over the best part of Union and Spartanburg Counties, visiting gold mines and granite quarries. We recuperated from the labors by partaking of a bounteous dinner at Glenn Spring. Everyone enjoyed himself to the full, especially those who carried bottles of this exhilarating water off with them.

But we must roll up the scroll reciting past events and turn our attention to commencement with its speeches, music, and flowers. How sad it is to leave the scene of our work and fun and to bid farewell to pleasant associations and friends! Holding our sheepskins and Bibles we cast one last, long look back towards the two gray towers, which gradually fade away in the distance. PAX VOBISCUM.

*Class Prophecy---The Twenty and Nine.*

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WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20, 1933

PROF. W. K. GREENE,  
Softhead University,  
Lincoln, Neb.

MY DEAR WALTER:—Some weeks ago I was sitting in my law office in this city framing up a most awful murder case which was to come up at the next term of court when the postman brought an invitation from my oldest son requesting my presence at the commencement exercises at dear old Wofford, from June 13th to 16th. In the same mail came a letter from Col. Thos. C. Moss, of Orangeburg county, S. C., stating that a reunion of our class would be held and extending an urgent invitation for me to be present. And as I sat there all alone the contrast was truly great—on the one hand the son was to be tried for the murder of his father who had well-nigh reached the three-score and ten limit, while on the other there on the desk lay the welcome invitation and letter to go and see again those with whom I spent four happy years at Wofford—now nearly thirty years ago.

It is indeed hard for me to realize that it has been so long since we were together on the old hill. Father Time has been very busy counting out the years, however, and when I think that thirty years have followed each other in rapid succession since that memorable morning of the 16th of June, when we of the class of '03 reached the end of our college course and stood with eager and expectant eyes peering out into the future, it almost makes my head dizzy. Nevertheless, the time has gone, never again to return, and now when I found that there would be a chance to meet the class again, to see again on the old battle-ground the veterans who had marched side by side for four long years, my heart was almost overwhelmed with gratitude and joy.

I am very sorry indeed that you were hindered from being present, because I know it would have brought back to you fond memories of those days, past and gone, but I saw recently

your latest work in two volumes entitled *Industrial Conditions*, and I presume you were too busy so undertake the long trip. I succeeded in seeing or hearing from every member of the class and have decided to write you something about their fortunes and misfortunes since graduation. I know that such a communication will be of great interest to you as you have also been away from South Carolina and will be glad to hear what part our classmates are playing in the great "University of Life."

The invitations were accepted and on the morning of the 12th of June my private airship was gotten in readiness and I in company with "Stout" Dawkins, and an engineer started on our way to meet our dear old class-mates.

Dawkins taught school two years after leaving college, then studied law, and after a few years turned up as private secretary to president Wilson. He stumped several doubtful states in the last presidential campaign and was rewarded with the fat job which he now holds.

I know you have heard of W. W. Boyd, for the airship in which we rode was the product of the Boyd Flying Machine and Aeronautic Manufacturing Company, of Atlanta, Georgia. Everybody thought Bill was going to teach mathematics, but he turned his attention to railroading and a few years ago established the only airship plant in the South, which has now grown to enormous proportions. Boyd was not at commencement but his airship was and it did about as well as he would have done.

Our trip was without special interest, except, of course, the delightful sensation attendant upon a voyage in the aerial ocean—until we reached Gastonia, N. C., where we saw a most gigantic building on the crest of one of the seven hills of the "tar heel" state. Old Glory was playing with the zephyrs above the building and upon noticing a well nestled in a cool nook among the tall water oaks we decided to get a good drink of what Prof. DuPre would call H<sub>2</sub>O. On alighting we noticed in bold letters on the front of the building: "The L. D. Thompson Military Academy." At once we thought of "Old Legs" as the boys used to call him. We hastened



to go in and the three of us soon had an informal reunion before the whole school. Loy went to teaching immediately after leaving college and now has his school established with an enrollment of about two hundred students. Of course we didn't say anything about it, but we had heard that Loy's legs had served him well on two or three occasions and he certainly seemed proud of them. You ought to have seen him strutting around before the students. Loy told us that Glenn Grier is editor of the Gastonia Gazette, one of the leading dailies of that thriving town. Grier soon became city editor of the Spartanburg Daily Herald and went steadily up until he is now one of the leading journalists in the South. Leitner's business ability is making itself felt in the world and he is owner and proprietor of the Gastonia Gazette, besides having large cotton mill interests in North Carolina. He was a great loss to our old state for Bradstreet puts him down as one of North Carolina's Millionaires and the "stingiest" man in the State.

We came on down into South Carolina and when about ten miles north of Spartanburg, Dawkins, who used to live at Spartanburg, showed us the magnificent Ferndale Truck Farms run by 'Teddy Roosevelt Golightly.' He went into business with his father and the Spartanburg people say it would be impossible to get along without his vegetables. There are more Teddies than one who have gotten along well with coons and little Teddy is making good use of his talent. His brother Jacob, the most sensible man of the class, is also living on part of the Golightly plantation. You know he was in love with one of Wofford's fair graduates during our senior year and soon took her unto himself. Orangeburg's loss is Spartanburg's gain, however, and they are spending a happy life in the richest portion of the Piedmont section.

We reached Spartanburg on the 13th and were soon ensconced at the hospitable home of our classmate and friend, Mrs. A. M. Johnson nee Mary Ligon. It didn't take her long to get the A. M. degree, for she had scarcely opened a thriving school in Anderson county when Dr. Johnson came along and her pedagogical days were numbered. This was not at all

surprising because you know she made a very narrow escape from matrimony while in college, and it was not long before she said "I've met the man and I'm his'n." They seemed to be perfectly devoted to each other and during the whole of my stay I didn't hear her sing, "Do, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose." Well, this brings to mind another one of the lovely trio. I referred awhile ago to the narrow escape made by Miss Ligon, but when my mind runs back to the four happy years at Wofford, my heart beats quick and my hair almost stands on end when I think that the narrowest of all escapes was made by Miss Jones. You know we were always looking for an invitation to her marriage but it never came, and I understand that she has determined "Niver" to get married." She is librarian at Wofford and still prefers "single blessedness to double cussedness." Miss Ruth Evans is also single and has recently published a very authoritative and lucid treatment of the subject of Geology. She has preferred to bestow her affections upon Lamellibranches, Brachiopods and all those other Geological monsters rather than take unto herself one of those animals—the entrance of whom into the world Geology is utterly helpless to explain.

On the afternoon of the 13th we dropped in upon Luke Cantrell at his office in the Cleveland building and he is certainly making for himself an enviable reputation. Luke, you know was of all men the most independent in his beliefs and his fine stand in the legal profession bears testimony to his independence and sagacity. He didn't believe the world was round and said it might have turned on its axis when he was a little boy, because he fell out of bed every night. But now since he had laid away childish things old Mother Earth had done likewise and had ceased to revolve. He is getting along well, however, and knows how to make the dollars revolve into his pockets.

Frank Rogers also lives at Spartanburg and is running one of the biggest book stores in upper Carolina. He got his training under DuPre and Wilson and soon launched forth as "boss dog of his own bone yard." Frank is a trustee at Wofford and one of the most influential men of the city.

How surprised I was when I learned that Rev. W. P. Way, D. D., was to preach the baccalaurate sermon to the graduating class. He fills the very important position of pastor of Washington Street Church, Columbia, S. C., and I was told that another one of our classmates figured very prominently at commencement last year; it was Governor George C. Hodges, who delivered the literary address before the two societies. George also wielded the hickory for some years, but finding a good opening as private secretary to Governor Thompson, accepted and it only took time to tell the tale. George soon had the Governor's place and the Governor had George's place. Governor George—well the alliteration sounds pretty good and George is making a mark, if it is only a cross mark, for himself in the political world. This reminds me of Col. T. C. Moss. All who have kept up with the countless colonels, captains, etc., will know that it got to be Col. Moss. Our friend, Governor George, made him a colonel and it is useless to say that "Little Tom" wore the honors with becoming modesty and dignity. Every one of Tom's classmates expected him to go into the law business as he possessed one of the most essential qualities but he preferred to go back to Cameron and farm.

Our stay in Spartanburg was very pleasant indeed. How fine it was to climb up in the old tower and view the far off mountains as we did in days of yore. How beautiful the campus was. The old academic pines have all been taken away and the magnificent science hall which was started when we were in college and a most commanding library building in front of where Dr. Snyder used to live and the beautiful grounds make the old place "another Eden—a demi-paradise." As I walked again the old familiar paths and heard the jays piping their merry notes, different faces and forms of our old college mates glided swiftly before my vision. I thought of those who were there no more. Some of them have taken their "journey into that undiscovered country from whose borne no traveler returns," some are still living and plodding their weary way on earth awaiting the "summons to join that innumerable caravan which moves to

that mysterious realm." But the tide thus ebbs and flows and humanity marches on.

Thus did we come to the end of our stay in Spartanburg and on the morning of June 16th, started on our way down through the State to visit the old home at Orangeburg. Here we found Hugh Marchant, who represents his county in the State senate. He has become famous as orator and lawyer and is senior member of the law firm "Marchant & Redmon." The people down there say they are hustlers and it is the marvel of the legal profession that they have never lost a case. I found Bill Owen teaching down there. You know he was the greatest surprise of the class. Everybody thought that he would preach and he felt that he was called, but Jonah-like refused and now is principal of the graded school at Orangeburg. His wife, Camak, has never married. You remember he was to be married on graduation day, but unfortunately for him it took two to get married and the other one has never been found. He has stumped the state from mountain to seaboard as pulpit orator, but in all that long itinerary he has never found one who cares to know any more English. He has, however, bowed to the inevitable and is working in the vineyard with "heart whole and fancy free." We heard at Orangeburg that Kay Bradham is in the mercantile business with his father at Bamberg and is mayor of the town. Kay is making a glowing success in the world and still plays ball occasionally.

We left Orangeburg for Washington on the 17th, but were compelled to land at Manning on account of an accident to our ship. Earle Bradham came along just as we struck the town and we walked over to his feed and sale stables which are the best in the state. It was easy to tell what he would do, because ponies always had a soft place in his heart and a large place in his bookcase when he was in college. He ran a pony business with Professor Gamewell for three years and was determined that his college training would do him some practical good in life, so he still deals in horses. Bradham told us of Dr. Dent's fine practice. He took an M. D. course at Johns Hopkins and has become an appendicitis

specialist. He has patients in every county in the state and is familiarly known as the Lorenz of South Carolina. His motto is: "Kill or cure."

Besides Col. Moss our class made three valuable additions to the agricultural profession. Taylor, the most dignified man, is running a fifty-horse farm in Greenwood county and is one farmer that is making money and making it rapidly. Stokes and Dukes are the other two farmers. It was very hard to tell what Stokes would be. He was sometimes two or three things at once, but after counting the cost he decided to cast his lot with the "horny handed sons of toil." Dukes is one of the most influential men of Dorchester county. He was a solid fellow at school and his uprightness and manliness has won for him the love and respect of his fellowmen. He is county chairman and will probably go into politics.

After having spent one night with Bradham at Manning talking of old times we started again for home. On our way back, while crossing Chesapeake bay, we saw a magnificent steamer with the name "Whale" in bold letters on her side. This is the ship in which David Monroe Ellen is spending his life. You know "Sister Ellen" was the best looking co-ed. in college, with about a dozen exceptions, and he has developed into a bold, handsome, daring sea captain. He still persists that there is a specie of fish with two backbones and intends to prove his assertion if it takes a life time.

I saw in the Washington Post recently that Prof. Mortimer W. Sloan, the class historian, has published an historical work with the title, "Compendium of Facts and Figures of the State of Mississippi." The work is meeting with unprecedented success and shows great research. It covers the history of Mississippi from the earliest Archaean age to the present time. I received a letter from Jim Bailie sometime ago. He is practicing medicine in Augusta, Ga., and has won the reputation of being one of the quickest and safest doctors of that great city. Everybody predicted something good for Jim, because he used to think so much of the girls. In fact, it used to be a question as to whether he went to Wof-

ford or Converse. He was called the "Universal" by the Converse girls, because all girls looked alike to him. Many a fair maiden's heart was made to bleed because Jim persisted in going with them all, but he had hardly gotten out of college, the sun of his graduation day had scarcely set, when Cupid's arrow, shot from the bow of a bright, bouncing, buxom widow, riddled his heart and the result was only a logical one,

And this is all. Thus is given a brief account of the parts our classmates are playing in the great outside world, and now as we are walking down life's pathway on the sunset side, let us cast one lingering look backward and bless the days at Wofford, Let us remember that age with the heart of peace is the sweetest season of life, and love, leavened of God, forms a flower strewn path from the tempestuous sea of time to the calm sweet ocean of eternity." Let us live our best the few remaining years allotted us on earth and when the shades of that last dark night begin to fall around us, may each one of the class of 1903 say, with the consciousness of life well spent, "This will I say, that I sought to live worthily while I lived and after my life to leave to the men that come after me a remembering of me in good works."

Wishing for you continued health and happiness I am,  
as in days of old,

Your classmate and friend,

LEWIS Q. CRUM.

# Wofford College Journal.

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## Editorial Department

M. W. SLOAN, Editor.

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**The Southern Town** The historians are fond of describing to us how the difference in climate and soil, as well as the social rank of the emigrants, led the settlers of the northern colonies to build towns, while the high-born adventurers who explored the country farther south, aided by the balmy climate and rich soil became country gentlemen, reproducing in a modified form the social conditions of the mother country. We have learned how the lordly landowner, with his manorial house and broad acres, became the forefather of the Southern planter. The picture of the old ante-bellum mansion with its broad porch and stately white pillars crowning a hill, which overlooked limitless fields white with cotton or green with nodding corn, cultivated by a throng of slaves, happy under the control of a master in whom a high, an almost quixotic ideal of truth, honor, and personal dignity was combined with improvident generosity and violent impulsiveness, and the influence of a mistress who taught the world the full beauty of womanhood, is indelibly impressed upon our memory. While the

South was essentially an agricultural country, and we reasonably seek examples of its true life in the country mansion, we are in danger of overlooking its urban life.

Southern towns divide themselves into three classes. First we find the Southern metropolis, cities like Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans. These were the great marts where the planter shipped his cotton and tobacco and received his supplies. Some abler pen must recall the departed glories of these proud old cities, rich in history and memories, which were the gardens where the fairest flowers of the Southern civilization with its wealth and culture bloomed.

Next, we find the river towns. These were the little settlements which were dotted along the banks of the Mississippi. They were miserable little towns at best, whose lives were dependent upon the traffic of the great river which they overlooked. There was usually only one street that extended from the few stores that the place possessed down to the wharf. The houses were of wood, usually unpainted, and leaned forward with an air of weakness which we usually associate with decrepit old age. The inhabitants were, on the whole, coarse, illiterate and provincial in the extreme. The little stores which looked upon the muddy street were ornamented with dilapidated old awnings. Inland the country was principally covered with virgin forests, relieved here and there by a small farm. As I have said, the town depended for its existence upon the mighty river—which in its capricious moods was liable to undermine the soft clay upon which it was built, or, perchance, when the spring freshets had excited it to unwonted recklessness, to cut out a new channel for itself, leaving the town to die of starvation in the interior. The prosaic dullness of the town was broken when the great steamers, like a bit of fairyland, stopped at its wharves; for in those days steamboats were floating palaces, with their mighty engines and tremendous side-wheels, their glistening decks and gorgeous staterooms, in which the river gambler with his loaded pistols (and



loaded dice, for that matter) added a dashing bit of adventure to the whole.

Along the Atlantic coast the country which extends from the coast to the "up-country," which is the foothills of the Alleghany range is low, flat, and well watered by navigable streams. This country is naturally adapted to agriculture and produced few towns; but in what is known as the Piedmont section, the country which nestling at the foot of the Alleghanies extends from Virginia through the Carolinas into Georgia, we find that many towns were founded and thrived for decades before the War. Thus, we come to our third division—the towns of the Piedmont. We will name and describe in a general way the towns found in South Carolina as they will serve as specific examples of the general type. On a map of those times we find towns bearing such names as Newberry, Abbeville, Pendleton, Union, Spartanburg, Greenville, and Winston.

First, let us get a general idea of these villages, for they were nothing more, having only seven or eight hundred inhabitants of which a large part are negro slaves. There is but one principal street which is very broad and ornamented on both sides by beautiful water oaks, besides having a row extending down its centre. The wooden residences which adorn the street touch the sidewalks in a truly urban manner, and we are puzzled to know why their owners did not enjoy the luxury of a front yard, when we remember how abundant space was in the village. But not all of our Southern burghers follow this custom, for we find many of them have sought the outskirts of the village and erected there a mansion of the conventional Southern type—a brick house with green blinds and ornamented with a piazza with huge white columns.

The heart of the town is marked by a square, closely resembling the plaza of a Mexican city, which contains the court house in its centre. The square is bordered by stores—long wooden structures with low ceilings and small windows, but boasting a hospitable piazza. The front of the store is adorned with crude posters advertising different ar-

ticles of merchandise, or giving a description of "a runaway nigger," or proclaiming to the world the date of the arrival of a circus.

In front of the building are several hitching posts to which are tied horses and mules, whose owners are sitting under the awning discussing the weather or the price of cotton with the proprietor of the store, who is expected to play the part of host as well as sell goods. When we peer into the store our first impression is that the stock of a modern department store has been crowded together in this building, for we see a conglomeration of all kinds of groceries, hardware, millinery, stationery, saddles, paints, medicines, musical instruments, tar, perfumery, jewelry, etc., etc. The storekeeper did business in a lordly way, as most of his transactions were with wealthy planters, who devoted their whole energy to raising the staple crops and bought what manufactured articles they needed from the North. Those who operated the stores hauled their goods from Philadelphia and other Northern cities with their own teams, for you must recall that there were very few miles of railroad in those days. In the fall, the great public highways presented an animated appearance as cotton was being hauled from, and manufactured articles to, the town. Great caravans of sheep, hogs and turkeys were driven over them to the large cities. At times the ordinary traffic of the highway was thrown into confusion when men dashed over it at headlong gallop. These were couriers bringing the latest quotations of the cotton market to the cotton buyers.

The dullness of the town is relieved by the arrival of the stagecoaches, clumsy affairs, resembling very closely the great coaches of the French noblemen, which are drawn by two, four and six horses. As there are relays at short intervals along the route, the driver is always able to enter town with dashing speed. The approach of the stage is heralded by several cheerful blasts upon the bugle, which are carefully counted by the inn-keeper, for this is the way the driver has of informing him how many travelers he will have to prepare for. There is always a crowd awaiting the coach

and one has not only the pleasure of meeting some neighbor but perhaps some important personage, a general or a United States Senator bound for the National Capital, may be among the passengers. The tavern is an unpretentious building, but its splendid table and well stocked barroom make it quite an important center in the village life.

There is one institution of the village, whose essential characteristics have been familiar to many nations for many ages; I refer to the schoolhouse. It is a very dingy, shabby building, whose only furniture is a number of crude pine benches, a platform for the teacher, a large stove red with rust, and a stand for the water bucket. Southerners never aspire to be pedagoges and generally imported these very important factors in civilization from the North. Sometimes, they were foreigners, and one caught the harsh note of Scotland or the brogue of Ireland. Schoolmasters were very despotic in those days and

“Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The disasters in his mourning face  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes; for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.”

He was also a personage of importance outside the school room, for his erudition was held in great respect and many a knotty question or difficult arithmetical problem was referred to him. The range of studies was not very broad and the principal text books used were Webster's "blue-backed" speller and Stephen Pike's Arithmetic, which had a binding of a dirty brick-dust shade. Most of the student's work was done upon a slate.

As in ancient times all roads led to Rome, so in those times all highways led to the court house, which, as I have previously remarked, was located in the center of the square. We meet the Southern type of architecture again in the court house, which is a huge brick structure, oblong in shape and roofed with tin. At each end there is a portico supported by

massive pillars. Under each of the porticos are winding iron stairs by which the court room, which is in the second story of the building, is reached. The first story, which is divided by a long corridor, is given up to the lawyers and county officials to be used for offices.

While the church and school house received the attention of the inhabitants of New England, the life of the Southerner revolved around the around the court house. It was his temple where oratory, in his opinion the highest art of man, found its true field.

There is always life there. During the hot summer months when court is not in session, there is always a congenial group in the cool corridor of the court house, smoking tobacco or perhaps testing the merits of a luscious watermelon and engaging in a lively conversation.

When the time to convene court arrives it is a signal for a good part of the population to come to town. As in older days the populace of Rome turned out to feast their eyes on the fierce death struggles in the arena of tigers and lions or the mortal combat of the captive blue-eyed giants from Gaul, so did the Southerner come to have his blood thrilled at the titanic contests of the noted lawyers of the day. Not only were there interesting criminal cases, but many of the aristocracy gloried in litigations. Planters who had by some chance become at odds sometimes spent a large part of their income disputing the possession of a few rods of land. The square presents a lively appearance. There are the saddled horses which brought many idler to the scene, Enterprising hucksters have cider and ginger-cakes for sale and mountaineers have descended from their coves to peddle apples and chestnuts. Around the wagon there is always a jovial group whose mirth is kept in bounds only by fear of the sheriff's bringing them before the judge for disturbing the court.

Of course the most prominent man around the court house is the lawyer. There are three natural stages in the life of a lawyer. Merriman says that the novice always overdoes the externals, and this statement is true of the young practitioner. He affects a more professional dress, is more careful

of his deportment, and is more oratorical in his speeches than his older brothers at the bar.

The highest development of the lawyer was the successful politician. There was a respect for and interest in politics in those days that we can hardly realize now. To be a prominent statesman was the greatest success a man could achieve in the Old South. As the man who succeeds in statecraft, although probably his position was attained by a reputation gained in the practice of law, has no direct connection with the bar, we will not stop to describe this butterfly state of the jurist.

The "old lawyer" was one of the best known and most popular men in the village. In personal appearance he was always neat, and he had a dignity which could never be confounded with haughtiness because it was combined with genial heartiness. He was noted for his generosity and his improvidence. When his fees had been large he spent his earnings freely and when they were not, he borrowed with equal readiness. His character was above reproach. He scorned all appearance of double dealing and had in an extreme degree the Anglo-Saxon contempt for a lie. He was extremely sensitive about his honor and the two silver pistols in the mahogany case which lay in the desk of his office had been called into service on several occasions when he had received a real or fancied affront. It was said that the only place where the "old lawyer" could be insulted with impunity was in the home. Courtesy and hospitality he considered the true ear marks of a gentlemen. He was a gentleman by instinct and not by art. His courtesy was of a gentle and refined nature, without affectation and without mannerisms. His respect for woman was little less—and I do not speak flippantly—than his reverence for God. She was indeed queen of his civilization. In his relations with woman only the truest, the highest, and the best part of his nature was seen. Never before or since has the weaker sex occupied a higher place in the social life of country than did the women of the Old South. Intellectually the "old lawyer" took a high position in the life of the country. His early training might have been defective,

but he had received a liberal education at Princeton, Harvard, or some other Northern University. Extensive reading and intercourse with men had broadened this education. His activity was seen in the court room for when he had one taken a case it claimed his whole energy, his whole ability, his never wavering support. The "old lawyer" never occupied a neutral position on any question; he always chose one side and espoused it with all the fierce enthusiasm of his nature. He had very decided views on all political questions. These he expressed with power and eloquence and we are forced to add, emphasized at times with profanity—a profanity which was robbed of its coarseness by the manner in which it was uttered. He made the political views of "Mr. Calhoun" his own. His love for the South and his pride in his State knew no bounds. His patriotism was as high and noble as that of the Roman soldier and statesman when the Eternal city was in the flower of its development. It seems to us that in the "old lawyer" we find the true life and chivalry of the "Old South" with its faults and virtues best exemplified.

This was the town of the "Old South."

\* \* \* \* \*

To-day we find that the ante-bellum village has been transformed into a modern city. The three or four hundred inhabitants of the village have now increased to ten or fifteen thousand. The simple, unpretentious homes of the old regime have given way to modern dwellings. The rows of oaks, which were the pride and glory of the little town, have been destroyed that the streets may be widened to make room for clanging electric cars. The old court house has been demolished and the new one has been placed on a side street. On the square (which has been paved, by the way), a Confederate monument occupies a prominent position—a lasting testimony of the love for the Lost Cause which abides in the breast of the Southern people. The gentle calm (which is only a polite phrase for sleepy dullness) which prevailed the life of the village has given place to a life

marked by nervous energy. Boards of Trade and daily newspapers are ever watchful of the civic welfare.

The greatest factor that we notice in the evolution of the town is the cotton mills. On the outskirts of the city we find them with their smoke and dirt and noise. The manufacture of cotton will some day mean as much to the South as the raising of the staple. In the group of houses which surrounds the mill, we find a new and interesting element in Southern life—the factory operatives. They are descendants of the sand-hillers—the lowest strata of the social structure of the old regime. The history of the town of the old days has never been written; will the social economist and the novelist neglect to portray the life of the town of the New South?

. . .

**The University of the South.** Under the elms of New England we see Harvard and Yale, on the rolling plains of the Middle West we find the University of Wisconsin and the University of Michigan, on the Pacific slope we see shaded by semi-tropical foliage Leland Stanford University. Each of these sections has its great university, but we seek in vain on the red hills of the South for the great university of our section, The value of a representative university to each of the other great sections of the country is incalculable. It serves to express and direct the characteristics of each natural division.

One of the crying needs of the South is for an institution, which shall be truly the University of the South. This institution should enjoy the support of the material and intellectual wealth of the South. It should be as broad and high in its standard as any other institution in the country with the same purpose. It would be an agent to guide the thought, direct the energies, and perpetuate the memories and traditions of our sunny land, But you object that it would tend to produce narrowness and provincialism. This would not be the case, for it would encourage patriotism without fanaticism, and pride in our section of the country without bigotry.

This university would give to the South sons imbued with her spirit and familiar with her best life and sentiments. Could we not expect these men to develop her natural resources? Guided by educated captains of industry the South could soon enjoy the material prosperity that blesses the North and West.

We are told that the true story of our part of the nation has never been written and we comfort ourselves that time will remove the unjust beliefs that the world has of our actions; but if the true story of our inner life is held only in the memory of our people, will not the Grim Reaper remove the only record we have of our thought and life in the past? The time has come that our history be written. Could we not expect this University to do it?

Let part of the wealth of the South that we know, with its mines, and foundries, and factories go to creating an agent to uplift the life of our land.

. . .

**Valedictory.** In this issue the staff performs for the last time its duty as editors of the Journal. Our work has been most pleasant. We entered upon our duties with the ambition to reach, as near as our ability permitted the high standard the paper has maintained in the past. We have realized that a college paper should reflect the thought and life of the institution it represents, and, it is the student body upon whom the magazine must depend for support. What the Journal has been is due to it. We wish to thank those who have aided us by their contributions, and we also wish to express our gratitude to those who have by giving medals and prizes quickened the interest of the college body in the Journal.

We wish to explain the attitude of the Journal towards the life of the campus. Many college magazines comment upon all important movements and events that occur in the life of their institutions. Officially they champion the side of any mooted question which seems to be right to them. While in the University where several papers are maintained by the student body



there is no objection to this. In a small college with only one official literary organ, we do not consider this a wise policy to pursue. The magazine is supported by the entire student body and should never be used to advance the claim of any part of it on any question.

The time has come for us to turn over the editorial quill to those chosen to succeed us. We do this with the belief that our successor will make the Journal one of the best magazines in the realm of collegiate journalism.

The moment has come for us to bid farewell to our alma-mater, our literary societies, and the many pleasant associations of the college. We do so with regret, and in departing leave you our best wishes.

## Exchange Department.

W. W. BOYD, Editor.

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The change in the cover of *The Stylus* adds attractiveness to the appearance of the magazine, but we should be more careful of the contents than of the cover of a journal. The Contributors' Department comprises but twelve pages, and about one-half of this is a story re-published from another magazine. "Mamie and I" is very weak and written in an unattractive style. The Local and Exchange departments are well edited.

*The Pine and Thistle* contains two creditable poems, "The Storm King" and "The Ultimate." "Night Brings out the Stars" is an interesting article, applying its title to human life and human sorrow.

The greater part of *The Roanoke Collegian* is taken up with "Notes", of many kinds. While these are interesting to readers, they should not be allowed to usurp the space dedicated to contributions. The three articles in this issue are commendable, and with a little work *The Collegian* could be made a first-class magazine.

The April number of *The Erskinian* is the best number of that magazine we have received. There has been improvement in many respects and especially in the College Notes Department, which has been appreciably shortened.

*The Tulane University Magazine* suffers from a lack of fiction. The only story, "The Wreck of the 'Josephine,'" is of no high order, and the ending is particularly weak. Judging from a short notice in this number, *The Tulane Magazine* expects only favorable criticism, but we are convinced that there is yet room for improvement.

We are pleased to note that the *College of Charleston Magazine* has not only increased its number of pages, but is filled

with excellent reading matter. The translation, "My Uncle Julius" deserves special mention for the fine choice of words and easy flow of sentences.

The greater part of the Editorial Scrapbag in *The College Independent* is almost worthless and does not deserve to be called "Editorial." The Department of Economics and Social Science is very instructive, but may it not be wise to leave the work of a college journal to college students?

One of the most handsome magazines we have received during the year is the May number of the Southeastern University Magazine. This number contains cuts of the University buildings, the classes, literary Societies, and various clubs. These, alongside a large amount of first-rate reading matter, shows that in this University there is life, enthusiasm and literary talent. The range of reading matter is from "Anglo-Saxon vs. Slave" to the "Biography of a Bobcat." and every article shows careful preparation. The debates are excellent and we are not surprised at the outcome of the S. W. U. debate with Baylor.

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#### Clippings.

At a table in a hotel  
 A youth and maiden sat,  
 They didn't know each other  
 But what of that?

The youth picked up the sugar,  
 With a smile you seldom meet  
 And passed it to the girl, saying,  
 "Sweets to the sweet."

She picked up the crackers,  
 And scorn was not lacked  
 As she passed them to him, saying,  
 "Crackers to the cracked."

—Ex.

He sent his boy to college,  
 And now he cries: "Alack!"  
 He spent ten thousand dollars  
 And got a quarter-back.

—Ex.

AFTER LONGFELLOW.

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,  
 With the skin he made him mittens,  
 Made them with the fur side inside,  
 Made them with the skin side outside;  
 He to get the warm side inside,  
 Put the inside skin side outside:  
 He to get the cold side outside,  
 Put the warm side fur side inside.  
 That's why he put the fur side inside,  
 Why he turned them inside outside,

—Ex.

DEDIDATORIAL, DISSERTATION OF THE DICTATOR.

(With special reference to Exams.)

The melancholy days have come,  
 The saddest of the year  
 Of wailing girls and growling boys,  
 Of cuss words and the tear;  
 Heaped in the piles of paper waste.  
 The students hopes lie dead.  
 All hedged around with questions marks  
 And covered o'er with red;  
 The donkey stands within his stall  
 The beast has naught to say,  
 While "sonny" sits and bites his lips  
 Throughout the gloomy day.

—Ex.

THE CO-ED CHEMICALLY DESCRIBED.

Co-ed---Specific gravity little or nothing. A slight pink-

ish substance found in and around all classes in English. Very volatile. At ordinary temperatures gives off a perpetual flow of conversation, but when heated to a high temperature becomes explosive and dangerous. Enters into combinations very readily. Precipitated by exams. Its uses in the arts are varied and the demand exceeds the supply.---Ex.

## Local Department.

LOY D. THOMPSON, Editor

---

A very successful season in the baseball line has just been completed by the Wofford team. From first to last the members of the team have been faithful in their practicing, earnest in their efforts and determined in their purpose to represent the college well. They have played well, and the whole college community appreciates to the fullest the high character of ball playing the boys have done. During the entire season there were fourteen games played with other colleges—out of those fourteen we won eight and yielded six. Not all the games were what would be considered excellent games. Those played with the North Carolina teams, with the possible exception of the one with Trinity College, were splendid exhibitions of base ball playing. The game with the University of North Carolina, in which the University won by a score of 2 to 0, was perhaps the most beautiful game that has ever been play on our grounds. Not a kick coming from either side, not a break, a clean, hard fought contest, leaning in the latter part of the eighth inning in favor of the "Tar Heels."

In the Trinity game, about which mention has been made, neither team played the usual game. Trinity was broken up, having just played several hard games. Wofford's pitcher disabled and the team in general playing at low ebb.

The Davidson game was fast and exciting—keeping the enthusiasts guessing as to which team should strike the decisive blow. Davidson came out in the lead by one point, the score being 3 to 2.

The Wake Forest boys put up a good game, but from the beginning it was evident that Wofford's team was the stronger.

The games in the State, some of them were good. We lost two games to Clemson College, one to Erskine.

The tour through Tennessee resulted most successfully to our team. In the three games played our boys were triumphant, winning two off University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, and taking one from Sewanee University at Sewanee.

The college is most fortunate in having such a man as Mr. Jas. Wilson, an old Wofford man, a business man in town, as manager of the team. He has made a most successful manager in every way. The college owes much to the untiring efforts both of its manager, Mr. Wilson and its captain, Mr. A. M. Brabham, member of the senior class.

Prof. and Mrs. A. G. Rembert entertained most delightfully the members of the base ball team June 8. Among others outside of the team invited were Pres. and Mrs. Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. Warren DuPre.

Mr. George Bates, of the class of 1901, was on the campus During the South Atlantic May Festival.

The senior class went out by Glenn Springs, and Pacolet quarry to the Thompson gold mine on a geological tour. The class every year takes a trip in connection with the science course to study the rock system of the earth. Last year they went to examine specimens at the Charleston Exposition.

Work on the John B. Cleveland Science Hall is progressing rapidly. The Faculty hope to have everything in readiness by opening of the Fall term of college.

The annual election of officers in the Glee Club was held in May, resulting in the selection of the following men as officers for the next term: President, E. K. Hardin; Vice-President, W. C. Ariail; Business Manager, C. L. Smith; Assistant Business Manager, C. F. Wofford; Secretary and Treasurer, M. A. Connelly. With these men at the head of this organization there opens up a bright future for the club. During the past year the members gave one entertainment. The

club donated twenty-five dollars to the Y. M. C. A. to help in defraying the expenses of the delegates to the Summer School at Asheville.

President and Mrs. H. N. Snyder, gave a most delightful reception at their residence to the Senior Class June 4th. Between sixty and seventy young people were present. The reception room was very beautifully decorated in the colors of the college. The guessing contests of the evening were entered into very enthusiastically. There was great variety in the nature of the guessing. The prize was awarded to Mr. A. M. Brabham, who, not only guessed correctly the highest number of questions, but proved himself to be an adept in the art of drawing. Refreshments were served after which the crowd dispersed, all feeling that they had been royally entertained by the president and his wife.

The Preston and Calhoun literary societies gave Saturday evening, May 23, to the seniors. The last regular meeting of the societies each year is given up wholly for exercises by the Senior class.

Elections in the Preston Society resulted as follows: President, W. C. Herbert; Vice-President, E. K. Hardin; First Critic, C. L. Smith; Second Critic, T. L. Celey; Treasurer, D. A. Duncan; Recording Secretary, A. D. Betts; Corresponding Secretary, J. R. Lyles; First Censor, M. K. Meadows; Second Censor, Roy Webster.

The commencement invitations this year have a cut of the college on them. They show up very tastily.

The Journal staff for next year is: Editor-in-Chief, P. W. Bethea; Literary Editor, E. L. Aul; Business Manager, L. M. Oliver; Exchange Editor, R. O. Lawton; Local Editor, S. F. Cannon. Alumni Editor, E. F. McWhirter; Assistant Literary Editor, W. D. Roberts; Assistant Business Manager, M. A. Connelly; Y. M. C. A. Editor, E. K. Hardin, Jr.

The tennis tournament, contesting for the Marshall Moore Trophy Cup, has closed. Mr. Frank C. Rogers being the suc-



cessful contestant. Last year the name of F. S. DuPre was engraved on the cup. This year that of Mr. Rogers' will be on it. Mr. C. I. Wofford came in second best in the contest for the cup.

Prof. and Mrs. A. G. Rembert gave a reception to Mr. Walter K. Greene of the senior class May 26. Quite a large crowd of young people was in attendance, and every one seemed to have a jolly good time.

□ The election of officers in the Calhoun Society for the ensuing term resulted in the selection of the following officers: President, J. P. Lane; Vice-President, G. W. Vaughn; First Critic, T. O. Lawton; Second Critic, Third Critic, ; Recording Secretary, T. M. Breeden; Treasurer, M. A. Connelly; Corresponding Secretary, Troope Crossland.

The Junior debate promises to be of a very high character this year. The speakers selected are men of ability and experience in the speaking line. E. K. Hardin, Jr., and C. L. Smith represent the Prestons, while W. D. Burnett and S. F. Cannon speak for the Calhouns.

"Where is my hat at" exclaimed senior Tom to senior Kay at the recent reception at Converse College.

Frank Tatum, Hewlitt Sullivan, Wash Sullivan, were on the campus during the May Festival at Converse.

Messrs. D. C. Anderson and E. K. Hardin, Jr., spent the Easter holidays with Mr. Loy D. Thompson at his home in Stanley, N. C.

Messrs. B. F. Dent, John Macalla and C. B. Goodlett also spent the Easter holidays at their respective homes.

## Alumni Department.

J. C. REDMON, Editor.

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We are always glad to see the old boys back on the campus. We take a special interest in the success of those whom we have known in the college and who have gone out before us.

Among the first visitors to commencement was Vance Brabham, '01. We are always glad to see Vance. He has been reading medicine for two years at the University of Maryland.

Norman Prince, '02, is back to commencement. He is preaching at Townville, in Anderson county.

Paul Nash, '02, is here. He is in the contractors business at Clinton.

D. S. Murph, '02, came by from Trinity where he has been Assistant Professor of English. Murph took the degree of Master of Arts at Trinity a few days ago.

Marvin Aull is on the campus. Aull conducted chapel services for us one morning some few weeks ago. He is pastor at Rock Hill.

A. E. Montgomery who entered the Junior Class of Wofford and completed his course with the class '02, is back to see commencement pulled off. He is Superintendent of the Marlboro High School at Tatum, S. C.

Prof. A. T. Helms is in Spartanburg. We don't believe Helms came for commencement. A student who stays in Spartanburg four years usually finds attractions elsewhere besides on the campus. Helms has least We are informed that he will take *her* with him. We pity *her*, for the "Salem Folks" in the back-woods of Clarendon is a tough place. Prof. Helms has been selected Principal of the Pine Grove school at Turbeville, S. C.

Frank Watkins, '02, is on the campus. He has been studying law at the University of Virginia.

B. H. Brown, '02, is reading law at Columbia University. We predict for Ben Hill a great future in the political world.

# Wofford College Directory.

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H. N. SNYDER, M. A., President,

J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Secretary,

D. A. DUPRÉ, A. M., Treasurer.

---

## Calhoun Literary Society

President, F. Earle Bradham, '03.  
Vice-President, Franck C. Rogers, '03.  
1st Critic, G. B. Dukes, '03.  
2nd Critic, J. G. Balie, '03.  
Censor, S. M. Dawkins, '03.  
Rec. Sect., J. A. McIntyre, '04.  
Treasurer, G. Wells Vaughan, '04.  
Cor. Sect., J. M. Arial, '05.  
1st Monitor, Jno. G. Stabler, '05.  
2nd Monitor, D. C. Anderson, '05.

## Preston Literary Society

President, L. T. Leitner, '03.  
Vice-President, Loy D. Thompson, '03.  
1st Critic, D. Monroe Ellen, '03.  
2nd Critic, G. W. Grier, '03.  
1st Censor, M. W. Sloan, '03.  
Secretary, Ernest P. All, '04.  
Treasurer, E. F. McWhirter, '04.  
Cor. Sect., W. A. McMillan, '05.  
2nd Censor, J. P. Stockman, '05.

## Wofford College Journal

Editor-in-Chief, M. W. Sloan.  
Business Mgr., F. Earle Bradham.  
Literary Editor, S. M. Dawkins.  
Exchange Editor, W. W. Boyd.  
Alumni Editor, J. C. Redmon.  
Local Editor, Loy D. Thompson.  
Asst. Bus. Mgr., E. K. Hardin.  
Asst. Lit. Ed., Power W. Bethea.  
Y. M. C. A. Editor, W. C. Herbert.

## Y. M. C. A.

President, C. L. Smith.  
Vice-President, E. K. Hardin.  
Secretary, W. D. Roberts.  
Treasurer, A. D. Betts.

## Fraternities

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Chi Phi.  
Kappa Sigma.  
Kappa Alpha.  
Pi Kappa Alpha.  
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

## Senior Class

President, W. C. Owen.  
Vice-President, Loy D. Thompson.  
Secretary, T. C. Moss.

## Junio Class

President, E. K. Hardin.  
Vice-President, J. P. Lane.

## Sophomore Class

President, J. H. Hamell.  
Vice-President, W. L. Glaze.  
Secretary, W. M. Brabham.

## Freshman Class.

President, Ed. Morris.

## Wightman Hall

W. C. Owen, Caterer.

## Ach e Hall

G. B. Dukes, Caterer.

## Base Ball.

A. M. Brabham, Capt.  
J. L. Wilson, Bus. Mgr.  
W. W. Boyd, Asst. Bus. Mgr.

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